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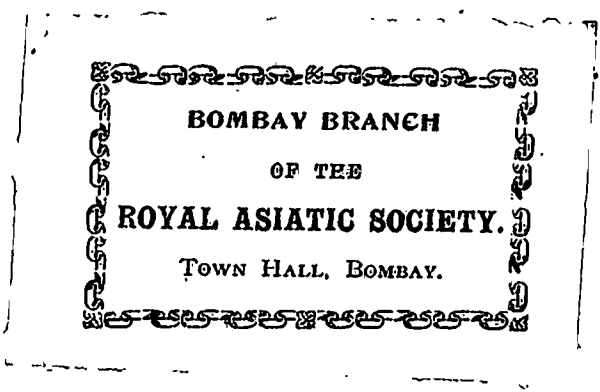

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

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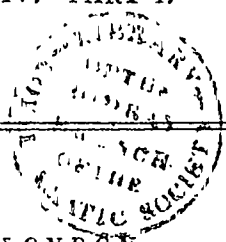
CONTAINING

KING RICHARD II.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.



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KING RICHARD II.*

* The Life and Death of King Richard II.] But this hiſtory compriſes little more than the two laſt years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accuſation of high treaſon, which fell out in the year 1398; and it cloſes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret Caſtle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the enſuing year. Theobald.

It is evident from a paſſage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the ſubject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained buſineſs of the Earl of Eſſex, who was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accuſed, amongſt other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curaſſet."

I have ſince met with a paſſage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in Engliſh. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of depoſing *King Richard the Second*;——when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they ſhould have loſs in playing it, becauſe few would come to it, there was forty ſhillings extraordinary given to play, and ſo thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether ſome of the *rhyming* parts of the preſent play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it muſt have been very different; ſince, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, there are ſome expreſſions in this of Shakſpeare, which ſtrongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeaſible right*. Farmer.

Bacon elſewhere glances at the ſame tranſaction: "And for your compariſon with Richard II. I ſee you follow the example of them that *brought him upon the ſtage, and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time.*" *Works*, Vol. IV. p. 278. The partizans of Eſſex had, therefore, procured the publication as well as the acting of this play. Holt White.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be repreſented, bore the title of Henry IV. and not of Richard II.

Camden calls it—"exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi ſecundi;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which paſſed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others,) ſays: "That the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick*

had procured to be played before them, the play *of depoſing* King *Richard the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding againſt *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is ſtated thus: "The ſtory of *Henry IV.* being ſet forth in a play, and in that play there being ſet forth the killing of the king upon a ſtage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and ſome others of the earl's train having an humour to ſee a play, they muſt needs have *The Play of* HENRY IV. The players told them that was ſtale; they ſhould get nothing by playing that; but no play elſe would ſerve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty ſhillings to *Philips* the player to play this, beſides whatſoever he could get."

Auguſtine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouſe with *Shakſpeare*, in 1603; but the play here deſcribed was certainly not *Shakſpeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakſpeare was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the ſame year. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York; } *Uncles to the*
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter; } *King.*
Henry, *ſurnamed* Bolingbroke, *Duke of* Hereford, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt; *afterwards King* Henry IV.
Duke of Aumerle,[1] *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Saliſbury. *Earl* Berkley.[2]
Buſhy, } *Creatures to King* Richard.
Bagot, }
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland: Henry Percy, *his Son.*
Lord Roſs.[3] *Lord* Willoughby. *Lord* Fitzwater.
Biſhop of Carliſle. *Abbot of* Weſtminſter.
Lord Marſhal; *and another Lord.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton. *Sir* Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Ducheſs of Gloſter.
Ducheſs of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, diſperſedly in England *and* Wales.

[1] *Duke of* Aumerle,] *Aumerle,* or *Aumale,* is the French for what we now call *Albemarle,* which is a town in Normandy. The old hiſtorians generally uſe the French title. STEEVENS.

[2] Earl *Berkley.*] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley till ſome ages after. STEEVENS.

[3] *Lord* Roſs.] Now ſpelt *Roos,* one of the Duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN *of* GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and band,[4]
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon;
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

[4] —— *thy oath and* band,] When theſe publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. iii. ſt. 3:

"The day was ſet, that all might underſtand,
"And *pledges* pawn'd the ſame to keep aright."

The old copies read *land* inſtead of *bond*. The former is right. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My maſter is arreſted on a *land*." STEEVENS.

Band and *Bond* were formerly ſynonymous. See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. ii. MALONE.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,—
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your highneſs, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeak:—
[*Exeunt ſome* Attendants.
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* Bolingbroke *and* Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!

Nor. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. Firſt, (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,

Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn[5] ſword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay:
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him—a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot

[5] ——*right-drawn*—] Drawn in a right or juſt cauſe. JOHNSON.

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[6]
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thée in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us[7]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

[6] —— *inhabitable,*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* Johnson

Ben Jonſon uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Catiline:*

" And pour'd on ſome *inhabitable* place."

Again, in Taylor the water-poet's *Short Relation of a long Journey,* &c. " — there ſtands a ſtrong caſtle, but the town is all ſpoil'd, and almoſt *inhabitable* by the late lamentable troubles." Steevens.

So alſo, Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Hiſtories,* 1614: " Others, in imitation of ſome valiant knights, have frequented deſarts and *inhabited* provinces." Malone.

[7] —— *that can* inherit *us* &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to

Boling. Look, what I ſpeak my life ſhall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,[8]
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious villain.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,—
That all the treaſons, for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloſter's death;[9]
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;[1]
And, conſequently, like a traitor coward,

poſſeſs, though ſuch a uſe of the word may be peculiar to Shakſpeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" ——— ſuch delight
" Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
" *Inherit* at my houſe." Steevens.

See Vol. IV. p. 136, n. 7. Malone.

[8] ——*for* lewd *employments*,] *Lewd* here ſignifies *wicked*. It is ſo uſed in many of our old ſtatutes. Malone.

It ſometimes ſignifies—*idle*.
Thus, in *King Richard III*:

" But you muſt trouble him with *lewd* complaints."
Steevens.

[9] ——*the duke of Gloſter's death*;] Thomas of *Woodſtock*, the youngeſt ſon of Edward III; who was murdered at Calais, in 1397. Malone.

See Froiſſart's *Chronicle*, Vol. II. cap. CC.xxvi. Steevens.

[1] Suggeſt *his ſoon-believing adverſaries*;] i. e. prompt, ſet them on by injurious hints. Thus, in *The Tempeſt*:

" They'll take *ſuggeſtion*, as a cat laps milk."
Steevens.

Sluic'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement;
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Nor. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,[2]
How God, and good men, hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's ſon,)
Now by my ſcepter's awe[3] I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul;
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I duly to his highneſs' ſoldiers:
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent;
For that my ſovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,

[2] ——*this ſlander of his blood,*] i. e. this reproach to his anceſtry. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*my ſcepter's awe*—] The reverence due to my ſcepter. JOHNSON.

Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now ſwallow down that lie.——For Gloſter's death,——
I ſlew him not; but to my own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But, ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom:
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe though no phyſician;[4]
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:

[4] *This we preſcribe, though no phyſician*; &c.] I muſt make one remark in general on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are ſo much inferior to the reſt of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect, without the inſerted rhymes, except in a very few places; and juſt there too, the rhyming verſes are of a much better taſte than all the others, which rather ſtrengthens my conjecture. Pope.

"This obſervation of Mr. Pope's, (ſays Mr. Edwards,) hap-

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age:—
Throw down, my ſon, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry?[5] when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.[6]

Nor. Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

pens to be very unluckily placed here, becauſe the context, without the inſerted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this paſſage as it would ſtand corrected by this rule, and we ſhall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, King Richard begins with diſſuading them from the duel, and, in the very next ſentence, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's cenſure is rather haſty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that ſome rhymes muſt be retained to make out the connection. Steevens.

[5] *When, Harry?*] This obſolete exclamation of impatience, is likewiſe found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Fly into Aſtrick; from the mountains there,
"Chuſe me two venomous ſerpents: thou ſhalt know them:
"By their fell poiſon and their fierce aſpect.
"*When, Iris?*
"*Iris.* I am gone."

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"——I'll cut off thy legs,
"If thou delay thy duty. *When*, proud John?"

Steevens.

[6] ——*no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no uſe*, in delay, or refuſal. Johnson.

(Deſpite of death, that lives upon my grave,)[7]
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;[8]
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their ſpots:[9] take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is—ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt
Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.

[7] ——*my fair name,* &c.] That is, *my name that lives on my grave, in deſpight of death.* This eaſy paſſage moſt of the editors ſeem to have miſtaken. Johnson.

[8] ——*and* baffled *here;*] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greateſt ignominy imaginable. So, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Baſfulling,* ſays he, is a great diſgrace among the Scots, and it is uſed when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reverſed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. V. c. iii. ſt. 37; and B. VI. c. vii. ſt. 27, has the word in the ſame ſignification. Tollet.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Twelfth-Night,* ſc. ult:

"Alas, poor fool! how have they *baffled* thee?"

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act. I. ſc. ii:

"——an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me."

Again, in *The London Prodigal,* 1605: "—chil be *abaſſelled* up and down the town, for a *meſſel*;" i. e. for a *beggar,* or rather a *leper.* Steevens.

[9] ——*but not change* their *ſpots:*] The old copies have—*his* ſpots. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fallen in my father's ſight?
Or with pale beggar-fear[1] impeach my height
Before this outdar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive[2] of recanting fear;
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command:
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate;
Since we cannot atone you,[3] we ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign[4] the victor's chivalry.—

[1] —— *with pale beggar*-fear —] This is the reading of one of the oldeſt quartos, and the folio. The quartos 1608 and 1615, read—beggar-*face*; i. e. (as Dr. Warburton obſerves,) with a face of ſupplication. Steevens.

[2] *The ſlaviſh* motive —] *Motive*, for inſtrument. Warburton.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. Johnson.

[3] —— atone *you*,] i. e. reconcile you. So, in *Cymbeline*:
" I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you."
Steevens.

[4] *Juſtice* deſign —] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope reads—

Marſhal, command[5] our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, *and Ducheſs of* Gloſter.[6]

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had[7] in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he ſees[8] the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

"Juſtice *decide*," but without neceſſity. *Deſigno*, Lat. ſignifies *to mark out*, to point out: "Notat *deſignat*que oculis ad cædem unumquemque noſtrûm." *Cicero in Catilinam.* STEEVENS.

To *deſign* in our author's time ſignified to *mark out*. See Minſheu's DICT. in v: "To *deſigne* or *ſhew by a token*. Ital. *Denotare*. Lat. *Deſignare*." At the end of the article the reader is referred to the words "to *marke, note, demonſtrate* or *ſhew*." —The word is ſtill uſed with this ſignification in Scotland.
MALONE.

[5] *Marſhal, command* &c.] The old copies—*Lord* Marſhall; but (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves,) the metre requires the omiſſion I have made. It is alſo juſtified by his Majeſty's repeated addreſs to the ſame officer, in ſcene iii. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ducheſs of Gloſter.*] The Ducheſs of Gloſter was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, ſon of Edward III.
WALPOLE.

[7] ——*the part I had*—] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to Gloſter. HANMER.

[8] ——heaven;
Who when he ſees—] The old copies erroneouſly read.
Who when they ſee——.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeven fair branches ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dried by nature's courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloſter,—
One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,[9]
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that ſelf-mould, that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent[1]
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,

I have reformed the text by example of a ſubſequent paſſage, p. 17:

" —— *heaven's* ſubſtitute,
" *His* deputy, anointed in *his* ſight," &c. Steevens.

[9] *One phial* &c.] Though all the old copies concur in the preſent regulation of the following lines, I would rather read:

One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpill'd;
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded.

Some of the old copies in this inſtance, as in many others, read *vaded*, a mode of ſpelling practiſed by ſeveral of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the tranſpoſition to be needleſs. Steevens.

[1] —— *thou doſt* conſent &c.] i. e. aſſent. So, in *St. Luke's Goſpel*, xxiii. 51: " The ſame had not *conſented* to the counſel and deed of them." Steevens.

Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhow'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is—to 'venge my Gloſter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myſelf?[2]

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.[3]

[2] —— *may I* complain *myſelf?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here uſed as a verb active. So, in a very ſcarce book entitled *A courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels, &c. Tranſlated from the French, &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] *Gentleman*, 4to. 1578: "I coulde finde no companion, eyther to comforte me, or helpe to *complaine* my great ſorrowe." Again, p. 58: "—wyth greate griefe he *complained* the calamitie of his countrey."

Again, in *The Queenes Majeſties Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, by Thomas Churchyard: "—Cupid encountring the Queene, beganne to *complayne* hys ſtate and his mothers," &c.

Dryden alſo employs the word in the ſame ſenſe in his Fables:

"Gaufride, who couldſt ſo well in rhyme *complain*
"The death of Richard with an arrow ſlain."

Complain myſelf (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves,) is a literal tranſlation of the French phraſe, *me plaindre.* Steevens.

[3] *Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.*] The meaſure of this line being clearly defective, why may we not read:—

Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant[4] to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell: I muſt to Coventry:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.

Why then I will. Now *fare* thee *well, old Gaunt.*
Or thus:
Why then I will. Farewell old John of *Gaunt.*
There can be nothing ludicrous in a title by which the King has already addreſſed him. Ritson.

Sir T. Hanmer completes the meaſure, by repeating the word —*farewell,* at the end of the line. Steevens.

[4] *A* caitiff *recreant*—] *Caitiff* originally ſignified a *priſoner*; next *a ſlave,* from the condition of priſoners; then a *ſcoundrel,* from the qualities of a ſlave:
" Ἡμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δέλιον ἦμαρ."
In this paſſage it partakes of all theſe ſignifications. Johnson.

This juſt ſentiment is in Homer; but the learned commentator quoting, I ſuppoſe from memory, has compreſſed a couplet into a ſingle line:
" Ημισυ γαρ τ' αρετης αποαινυται ευρυοπα Ζευς
" Ανερος, ειτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν."
Odyſſ. Lib. XVII. v. 322. Holt White.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever ſignified *a priſoner.* I take it to be derived, not from *captiff,* but from *chetif,* Fr. poor, miſerable. Tyrwhitt.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go;
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhy viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York there ſee,
But empty lodgings and unfurniſh'd walls,[5]
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what cheer there[6] for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where:[7]
Deſolate, deſolate, will I hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*unfurniſh'd walls,*] In our ancient caſtles the naked ſtone walls were only covered with tapeſtry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was eaſily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to *The Houſehold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in* 1512. STEEVENS.

[6] *And what* cheer *there* &c.] I had followed the reading of the folio, [*hear*] but now rather incline to that of the firſt quarto.—And what *cheer*, there, &c. In the quarto of 1608, *chear* was changed to *hear*, and the editor of the folio followed the latter copy. MALONE.

[7] ——*let him not come there,*
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where:] Perhaps the pointing may be reformed without injury to the ſenſe:
——*let him not come there*
To ſeek out ſorrow:——*that dwells every where.*
WHALLEY.

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, *near* Coventry.

Liſts ſet out, and a Throne. Heralds, *&c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marſhal,[8] *and* AUMERLE.[9]

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUM. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his majeſty's approach.

[8] —— *Lord Marſhal,*] Shakſpeare has here committed a ſlight miſtake. The office of Lord Marſhal was executed on this occaſion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a diſtinct perſon from the Marſhal, in the preſent drama.

Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marſhal of England; but being himſelf one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marſhal for the day. MALONE.

[9] *Aumerle.*] Edward Duke of Aumerle, ſo created by his couſin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldeſt ſon of Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth ſon of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the liſts of Coventry, as High Conſtable of England. MALONE.

Flouriſh of Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his ſeat on his Throne*; GAUNT, *and ſeveral Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is ſounded, and anſwered by another Trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms:
Aſk him his name; and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms:
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And ſo[1] defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor.[2] My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue,[3]

[1] And *ſo*—] The old copies read—As *ſo*—. STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] *Norfolk.*] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, obſerves, from Holinſhed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the liſts firſt; and this, indeed, muſt have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuſer or challenger ſhould be at the place of appointment firſt. STEEVENS.

[3] ——my *ſucceeding iſſue,*] *His* is the reading of the firſt folio; other editions read—*my* iſſue. Mowbray's iſſue, was by this accuſation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he

Againſt the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his ſeat.*

Trumpet ſounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,[4]
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal liſts?

might come, among other reaſons, for their ſake: but the reading of the folio is more juſt and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldeſt quartos read *my*, which Mr. M. Maſon prefers, becauſe, ſays he, Mowbray ſubjoins—

" To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
" A traitor to my God, my king, and *me*." STEEVENS.

—— *and* my *ſucceeding iſſue*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads—his *ſucceeding iſſue*. The firſt quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. MALONE.

[4] *Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,*] Why not, as before: *Marſhal,* demand of *yonder knight in arms.*

The player, who varied the expreſſion, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre. The inſertion, however, of two little words would anſwer the ſame purpoſe.

Marſhal, go *aſk* of *yonder knight in arms.* RITSON.

Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:
For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highneſs,
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear;

As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, [*To Lord* Marſhal.] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle:—
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To* GAUNT.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,[5]
And furbiſh[6] new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

GAUNT. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;

[5] —— waxen *coat,*] *Waxen* may mean *ſoft,* and conſequently *penetrable,* or *flexible.* The brigandines or coats of mail, then in uſe, were compoſed of ſmall pieces of ſteel quilted over one another, and yet ſo flexible as to accommodate the dreſs they form to every motion of the body. Of theſe many are ſtill to be ſeen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

The object of Bolingbroke's requeſt is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adverſary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. HENLEY.

[6] *And* furbiſh —] Thus the quartos, 1608 and 1615. The folio reads—*furniſh.* Either word will do, as to *furniſh* in the time of Shakſpeare ſignified to *dreſs.* So, twice in *As you like it:* "*furniſhed* like a huntſman."—"—*furniſhed* like a beggar." STEEVENS.

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque[7]
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy:
Rouſe up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency,[8] and Saint George to thrive! [*He takes his ſeat.*

Nor. [*Riſing.*] However heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle[9] with mine adverſary.—
Moſt mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,[1]
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

[7] *Fall like* amazing *thunder on the caſque*—] To *amaze*, in ancient language, ſignifies to *ſtun*, to *confound*. Thus, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the third *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"And ſtriking him upon the helme, his foe *amazed* makes."

See alſo, *King John*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[8] *Mine* innocency,] Old copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[9] *This* feaſt *of battle*—] "War is death's *feaſt*," is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection*. Steevens.

[1] *As gentle and as jocund, as to* jeſt,] Not ſo neither. We ſhould read to *juſt*; i. e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of ſport too. Warburton.

The ſenſe would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator ſubſtitutes; but the rhyme, to which ſenſe is too often enſlaved, obliged Shakſpeare to write *jeſt*, and obliges us to read it. Johnson.

The commentators forget that to *jeſt* ſometimes ſignifies in old language *to play a part in a maſk*. Thus, in *Hieronymo*:

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marſhal, and begin.

[*The* King *and the* Lords *return to their ſeats.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Riſing.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants. [*A Charge ſounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.[2]

" He promiſed us in honour of our gueſt,
" To grace our banquet with ſome pompous *jeſt*."
and accordingly a maſk is performed. Farmer.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI:*

" ——— as if the tragedy
" Were play'd in *jeſt* by counterfeited actors." Tollet.

[2] —— *hath thrown his* warder *down.*] A *warder* appears to

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:——
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;[3]
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' ſwords;
[[4]And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on[5]
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;]
Which ſo rous'd up with boiſterous untun'd drums,
With harſh reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,

have been a kind of truncheon carried by the perſon who preſided at theſe ſingle combats. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. I:

"When lo, the king, ſuddenly chang'd his mind,
"Caſts down his *warder* to arreſt them there."

STEEVENS.

[3] *With that dear blood* which it hath foſtered;] The quartos read—

With that dear blood which *it hath* been *foſter'd.*

I believe the author wrote—

With that dear blood with *which it hath* been *foſter'd.*

MALONE.

The quarto, 1608, reads, as in the text. STEEVENS.

[4] *And for we think the eagle-winged pride* &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. POPE.

[5] ——*ſet* you on —] The old copy reads—*on you.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,[6]
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

[6] *To wake our peace,*——
Which ſo rous'd up——
Might——*fright fair* peace,] Thus the ſentence ſtands in the common reading abſurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, inſtead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if theſe latter words could ever, poſſibly, have been blundered into the former by tranſcribers. But his buſineſs is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticiſm direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors, before Mr. Pope, had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text ſtood thus:

——*the dire aſpect*
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
Which ſo rouz'd up——
——*fright fair peace.*

This is ſenſe. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the firſt printed plays in quarto, (very much to the advantage of his edition,) coming to this place, found five lines, in the firſt edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the firſt general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakſpeare himſelf, as not agreeing to the reſt of the context; which, on reviſe, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as ſpurious, but as rejected on the author's reviſe; and, indeed, with great judgment; for—

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep,

as pretty as it is in the image, is abſurd in the ſenſe: for peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep. The difference is, that peace aſleep gives one the notion of a happy people ſunk in ſloth and luxury, which is not the idea the ſpeaker would raiſe, and from which ſtate the ſooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with ſuch an appearance of taſte and judgment, I am afraid every reader will not ſubſcribe. It is true, that *peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of theſe jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images ſufficiently oppoſed to each other for the poet's purpoſe. *To wake peace*, is, *to introduce diſcord*. *Peace aſleep*, is peace exerting

Therefore, we baniſh you our territories:——
You, couſin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,——
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce:
The fly-ſlow hours[7] ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeleſs word of—never to return
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim

its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. Steevens.

[7] *The* fly-ſlow *hours*—] The old copies read—*The* fly-*ſlow hours*. Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was neceſſary or not, let the poetical reader determine.

In Chapman's verſion of the ſecond Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, we have:

"——and thoſe *ſlie hours*
"That ſtill ſurpriſe at length."

It is remarkable, that Pope, in the 4th Book of his *Eſſay on Man*, v. 226, has employed the epithet which, in the preſent inſtance, he has rejected:

"All *ſly* ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes."

See Warton's edit. of Pope's Works, Vol. III. p. 145.

Steevens.

The latter word appears to me more intelligible:—"the thieviſh minutes as they paſs." Malone.

As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved [8] at your highneſs' hand.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego:
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſ'onate;[9]
After our ſentence plaining comes too late.

[8] *A dearer* merit, *not ſo deep a maim*——
Have I deſerved—] To *deſerve* a *merit* is a phraſe of which I know not any example. I wiſh ſome copy would exhibit:
A dearer meed, *and not ſo deep a maim.*
To deſerve a meed or *reward*, is regular and eaſy. JOHNSON.

As Shakſpeare uſes *merit* in this place, in the ſenſe of reward, he frequently uſes the word *meed*, which properly ſignifies reward, to expreſs *merit*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Lucullus ſays:
" ——no *meed* but he repays
" Seven fold above itſelf."
And in *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* Prince Edward ſays:
" We are the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
" Each one already blazing by our *meeds*."
And again, in the ſame play, King Henry ſays:
" That's not my fear, my *meed* hath got me fame."
M. MASON.

[9] ——*compaſſionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.
[*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)[1]
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:—
You never ſhall (ſo help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by adviſed[2] purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far as to mine enemy;[3]—

[1] (*Our part* &c.] It is a queſtion much debated amongſt the writers of the law of nations, whether a baniſhed man may be ſtill tied in his allegiance to the ſtate which ſent him into exile. Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion. Warburton.

[2] —— *adviſed*—] i. e. concerted, deliberated. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" —— with more *adviſed* watch." Steevens.

[3] *Norfolk, ſo far* &c.] I do not clearly ſee what is the ſenſe of this abrupt line; but ſuppoſe the meaning to be this: Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity, addreſſes Norfolk, and, fearing ſome miſconſtruction, turns to the King and ſays—*ſo far as to mine enemy*——that is, *I ſhould ſay nothing to him but what enemies may ſay to each other.*
Reviewing this paſſage, I rather think it ſhould be underſtood

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepúlchre of our fleſh,[4]
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land:
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too ſoon, I fear, the king ſhall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I ſtray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.[5]
[*Exit.*

thus. *Norfolk, ſo far* I have addreſſed myſelf to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my laſt words with kindneſs and tenderneſs, *Confeſs thy treaſons.* JOHNSON.

——*ſo* fare, *as to mine enemy*;] i. e. he only wiſhes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he diſdains to ſay *fare* well as Aumerle does in the next ſcene. TOLLET.

The firſt folio reads *fare*; the ſecond *farre*. Bolingbroke only uſes the phraſe by way of caution, leſt Mowbray ſhould think he was about to addreſs him *as a friend*. Norfolk, ſays he, ſo far as a man may ſpeak to his enemy, &c. RITSON.

Surely *fare* was a miſprint for *farre*, the old ſpelling of the word now placed in the text.—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in ſpeaking this line ſhould ſhow ſome courteſy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be: So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer's marginal direction is—*In ſalutation.*
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *this frail* ſepúlchre *of our fleſh*,] So, afterwards:
" —— thou King Richard's *tomb*,
" And not King Richard——."
And Milton, in *Samſon Agoniſtes*:
" *Myſelf* my *ſepulchre*, a *moving grave*." HENLEY.

[5] —— *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote theſe lines:

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpéct
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters ſpent,
Return [*To* Boling.] with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For, ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give:

" The world was all before them, where to chooſe
" Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide."
Johnson.

The Duke of Norfolk after his baniſhment went to Venice, where, ſays Holinſhed, " for thought and melancholy he deceaſed." Malone.

I ſhould point the paſſage thus:
—— *Now no way can I ſtray,*
Save back to England:—all the world's my way.
There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England.
M. Mason.

Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:[6]
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,[7]
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;[8]
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a ſtranger,[9] not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould have been more mild:
A partial ſlander[1] ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

[6] *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. Johnson.

[7] —— *upon good advice,*] Upon great conſideration. Malone.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

"But with *advice* and ſilent ſecrecy." Steevens.

[8] —— *a* party-*verdict gave*;] i. e. you had yourſelf a part or ſhare in the verdict that I pronounced. Malone.

[9] *O, had it been a ſtranger,*] This couplet is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

[1] *A partial ſlander* —] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a juſt picture of the ſtruggle between principle and affection. Johnson.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, has been arbitrarily placed by ſome of the modern editors at the concluſion of Gaunt's ſpeech. In the three oldeſt quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which ſeems copied from the folio, the paſſage is omitted. Steevens.

Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him ſo;
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt K.* Richard *and Train.*

Aum. Couſin, farewell: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. O, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make[2]
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprenticehood
To foreign paſſages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?[3]

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,[4]
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus;
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the king did baniſh thee;[5]

[2] Boling. *Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make*—] This, and the ſix verſes which follow, I have ventured to ſupply from the old quarto. The alluſion, it is true, to an *apprenticeſhip*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the ſublime taſte; nor, as Horace has expreſſed it: "*ſpirat tragicum ſatis*:" however, as there is no doubt of the paſſage being genuine, the lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt. Theobald.

[3] ——*journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place deſigned a very poor quibble, as *journey* ſignifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be cenſured for what he himſelf rejected. Johnson.

The quarto, in which theſe lines are found, is ſaid in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than moſt of the other ſingle copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. Steevens.

[4] *All places that the* eye of heaven *viſits*, &c.] So, Nonnus: αιθερος ομμα: i. e. the ſun. Steevens.

The fourteen verſes that follow are found in the firſt edition. Pope.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have reſtored were expunged in the reviſion by the author: If theſe lines are omitted, the ſenſe is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to ſhorten their dialogues for the ſtage. Johnson.

[5] —— *did baniſh thee*;] Read:
Therefore, *think not, the king did baniſh thee.* Ritson.

But thou the king:[6] Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, ſay—I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence ſtrew'd;[7]

[6] *Think not, the king did baniſh thee;*
But thou the king:] The ſame thought occurs in *Coriolanus*:
" I baniſh you." M. Mason.

All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:—
Think not the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king:] Shakſpeare, when he wrote the paſſage before us, probably remembered that part of Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, in which *Euphues exhorts Botanio to take his exile patiently*. Among other arguments he obſerves, that " Nature hath given to man a country no more than ſhe hath a houſe, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himſelf an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never account him baniſhed, that had the ſunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blaſt and the ſummer's blaze; where the ſame ſunne and the ſame moone ſhined: whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wiſe man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*—When it was caſt in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had baniſhed him Pontus, yea, ſaid he, I them of Diogenes." Malone.

[7] —— *the preſence ſtrew'd*;] Shakſpeare has other alluſions to the ancient practice of ſtrewing ruſhes over the floor of the *preſence chamber*. Henley.

So, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——— Tarquin thus
" Did ſoftly preſs the *ruſhes*, ere he waken'd
" The chaſtity he wounded:—" Steevens.

See Hentzner's account of the preſence chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, 1598. *Itinerar.* p. 135. Malone.

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure,[8] or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?[9]
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
O, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

[8] —— *than a delightful* meaſure,] A *meaſure* was a formal court dance. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Our dreadful marches to delightful *meaſures*."

Steevens.

[9] *O, who can hold a* fire *in his hand,* &c.] *Fire* is here, as in many other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

It has been remarked, that there is a paſſage reſembling this in Tully's *Fifth Book of Tuſculan Queſtions.* Speaking of Epicurus, he ſays:—" Sed unâ ſe dicit recordatione acquieſcere præteritarum voluptatum: ut ſi quis æſtuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit ſe aliquando in Arpinati noſtro gelidis fluminibus circumfuſum fuiſſe. Non enim video, quomodo ſedare poſſint mala præſentia præteritæ voluptates." *The Tuſculan Queſtions* of Cicero had been tranſlated early enough for Shakſpeare to have ſeen them. Steevens.

Shakſpeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lyly, in the page from which an extract has been already made: " I ſpeake this to this end, that though thy exile ſeem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy ſelfe with the rules of philoſophy, it ſhould be more tolerable: he that is cold, doth not cover himſelfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is waſhed in the raine, drieth himſelfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancy*; and thou which art baniſhed," &c. Malone.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; ſweet ſoil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,——
Though baniſh'd, yet a trueborn Engliſhman.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the King's Caſtle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, *and* Green; Aumerle *following.*

K. Rich. We did obſerve.—Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me:[2] except the north-eaſt wind,

[1] —— *yet a trueborn Engliſhman.*] Here the firſt Act ought to end, that between the firſt and ſecond Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his ſon, return, and fall ſick. Then the firſt ſcene of the ſecond Act begins with a natural converſation, interrupted by a meſſage from John of Gaunt, by which the King is called to viſit him, which viſit is paid in the following ſcene. As the play is now divided, more time paſſes between the two laſt ſcenes of the firſt Act, than between the firſt Act and the ſecond. Johnson.

[2] —— *none by me:*] The old copies read—*for* me. With the other modern editors I have here adopted an emendation made

Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awak'd the ſleeping rheum; and ſo, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,[3]
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen, with the craft of ſmiles,

by the editor of the ſecond folio; but without neceſſity. *For me*, may mean, *on my part*. Thus we ſay, "*For me*, I am content," &c. where theſe words have the ſame ſignification as here. MALONE.

If we read—*for* me, the expreſſion will be equivocal, and ſeem as if it meant—no tears were ſhed *on my account*. So, in the preceding ſcene:

"O, let no noble eye profane a tear
"*For me*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——Bagot here, *and Green*,] The old copies read—*here Bagot*. The tranſpoſition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in 1634. MALONE.

And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,[4]
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.[5]

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland;—
Expedient[6] manage muſt be made, my liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war.
And, for our coffers[7]—with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs,—are grown ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: If that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,

[4] —— *the tribute of his ſupple knee,*] To illuſtrate this phraſe, it ſhould be remembered that *courteſying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women,) was anciently practiſed by men. Steevens.

[5] *And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.*] Spes altera Romæ. *Virg.* Malone.

[6] *Expedient*—] i. e. *expeditious*. So, in *King John*:
" His marches are *expedient* to this town." Steevens.

[7] —— for *our coffers*—] i. e. becauſe. So, at the beginning of this ſcene:
" And, *for* my heart diſdained that my tongue," &c.
Again, in *Othello*:
" —— I ply, *for* I am black—;" Steevens.

And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter BUSHY.

Buſhy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous ſick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath ſent poſt-haſte,
To entreat your majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray God, we may make haſte, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-houſe.*

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of* YORK,[8] *and Others ſtanding by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtaied youth.

[8] —— *the duke of York,*] was Edmund, ſon of Edward III. WALPOLE

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your
breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they ſay, the tongues of dying
men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in
vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to
gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be-
fore:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick at the cloſe,[9]
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt:
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is ſtopp'd with other flattering
ſounds,
As, praiſes of his ſtate: then, there are found.
Laſcivious metres;[1] to whoſe venom ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:

[9] ——*at the* cloſe,] This I ſuppoſe to be a muſical term. So, in *Lingua*, 1607:

"I dare engage my ears, the *cloſe* will jar."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Laſcivious* metres;] The old copies have—*meeters*; but I believe we ſhould read *metres* for *verſes*. Thus the folio ſpells the word *metre* in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV*:

"——one of theſe ſame *meeter* ballad-mongers."

Venom ſound agrees well with *laſcivious ditties*, but not ſo commodiouſly with *one who meets another*; in which ſenſe the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

Report of faſhions in proud Italy;[2]
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.[3]
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe;[4]
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His raſh[5] fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves:
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradiſe;

[2] *Report of faſhions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakſpeare's time, and much lamented by the wiſeſt and beſt of our anceſtors. JOHNSON.

[3] *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels againſt the notices of the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *whoſe way himſelf will chooſe;*] Do not attempt to *guide him, who*, whatever thou ſhalt ſay, *will take his own courſe*. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *raſh* —] That is, *haſty, violent.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"Like aconitum, or *raſh* gunpowder." MALONE.

This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection,[6] and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;[7]
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,[8]

[6] *Againſt* infection,] I once ſuſpected that for *infection* we *might read invaſion; but the copies all agree*, and I ſuppoſe *Shakſpeare meant to ſay, that iſlanders are ſecured* by their ſituation both from *war* and *peſtilence*. JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600, this paſſage is quoted: "Againſt *inteſtion*," &c. Perhaps the word might be *inſeſtion*, if ſuch a word was in uſe. FARMER.

[7] ——leſs happier *lands*;] So read all the editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, which has *leſs happy*. I believe, Shakſpeare, from the habit of ſaying *more happier*, according to the cuſtom of his time, inadvertently writ *leſs happier*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Fear'd* by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth*,] The firſt edition in quarto, 1598, reads:

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* for *their birth.*

The quarto, in 1615:

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth.*

The firſt folio, though printed from the ſecond quarto, reads as the firſt. The particles in this author ſeem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the paſſage, which appears a little diſordered, may be regulated thus:

——————— *royal kings,*
Fear'd for *their breed, and famous* for *their birth,*
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the ſepulchre——. JOHNSON.

The firſt folio could not have been printed from the ſecond quarto, on account of many variations as well as omiſſions. The

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry,)
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon:
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:[9]
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots,[1] and rotten parchment bonds;[2]

quarto 1608 has the ſame reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

Fear'd by *their breed*,] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

[9] *This land*———
Is now leas'd *out* (*I die pronouncing it*,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (ſays Fabian,) the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltſhire, and then treaſurer of England, to Syr John Buſhey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes." MALONE.

[1] *With inky* blots,] I ſuſpect that our author wrote—*inky* bolts. How can *blots* bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correſpond better with *bonds*? *Inky bolts* are *written reſtrictions*. So, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. i:

"———*manacling* itſelf
"In *gyves* of parchment." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*rotten parchment bonds*;] Alluding to the great ſums raiſed by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the Engliſh ſubjects. GREY.

Gaunt does not allude, as Grey ſuppoſes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumſtances of his having actually *farmed* out his royal realm, as he himſelf ſtyles it. In the laſt ſcene of the firſt Act he ſays:

"And, for our coffers are grown ſomewhat light,
"We are enforc'd to *farm* our royal realm."

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf:
O, would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *and* Queen;[3] AUMERLE,[4] BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,[5] *and* WILLOUGHBY.[6]

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.[7]

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name beſits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;

And it afterwards appears that the perſon who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltſhire, one of his own favourites.

M. MASON.

[3] —— *Queen;*] Shakſpeare, as Mr. Walpole ſuggeſts to me, has deviated from hiſtorical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the preſent piece; for Anne, his firſt wife, was dead before the play commences, and Iſabella, his ſecond wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

[4] —— *Aumerle,*] was Edward, eldeſt ſon of Edmund Duke of York, whom he ſucceeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

[5] —— *Roſs,*] was William Lord *Roos*, (and ſo ſhould be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treaſurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

[6] —— *Willoughby.*] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

[7] *For young hot colts, being* rag'd, *do rage the more.*] Read:
—— *being* rein'd, *do rage the more.* RITSON.

And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt—thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.[8]
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick:
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure

[8] *Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.*] I cannot help ſuppoſing that the idle words—*to ſee*, which deſtroy the meaſure, ſhould be omitted. Steevens.

Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
O, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Which art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.[9]
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame, to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;[1]

[9] *Which art* poſſeſs'd *now to depoſe thyſelf.*] *Poſſeſs'd*, in this ſecond inſtance, was, I believe, deſigned to mean—afflicted with madneſs occaſioned by the internal operation of a dæmon. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:—"Both man and maſter is *poſſeſs'd*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Thy* ſtate of law *is bondſlave to the law*;] *State of law*, i. e. *legal ſovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *ſtate o'er law*, i. e. *abſolute ſovereignty*. A doctrine, which, if ever our poet learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, King James's. By *bondſlave to the law*, the poet means his being inſlaved to his *favourite ſubjects*. WARBURTON.

This ſentiment, whatever it be, is obſcurely expreſſed. I underſtand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite ſo zealous for Shakſpeare's political reputation. The reaſoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By ſetting the royalties* to farm *thou haſt reduced thyſelf to a ſtate below ſovereignty, thou art* now no longer king but landlord of England, *ſubject to the ſame reſtraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition* a ſtate of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate*, thou art become a bondſlave to the law; *thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

And thou——

K. Rich. ——a lunatick lean-witted fool,[3]
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native reſidence.

Whether this explanation be true or no, it is plain that Dr Warburton's explanation of *bondſlave to the law*, is not true.
JOHNSON.

Warburton's explanation of this paſſage is too abſurd to requi confutation; and his political obſervation is equally ill-founde. The doctrine of abſolute ſovereignty might as well have bee learned in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of her ſucceſſor. Sl was, in fact, as abſolute as he wiſhed to be.

Johnſon's explanation is in gener[illegible]ſt; but I think that th words, *of law*, muſt mean, *by law*, cording *to law*, as w ſay, *of courſe*, and *of right*, inſtead [illegible] *right*, or *by courſe* —Gaunt's reaſoning is this—"Having let [illegible] kingdom by leaſe, you are no longer the king of England, bu [illegible]e landlord only, and your ſtate is by law, ſubject to the law." T. MASON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *ſtate of law* ſom[illegible]hat differently: "Thy royal *ſtate, which is eſtabliſhed by t[illegible] law*, is now in virtue of thy having leaſed it out, ſubjected," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Gaunt. And thou——*

K. Rich. ——*a lunatick* lean-witted *fool,*] In the diſpoſition of theſe lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the firſt quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:

Gaunt. *And thou——*
K. Rich. ——*a lunatick, lean-witted fool,*—

And thou *a mere cypher in thy own kingdom*, Gaunt was going to ſay. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different ſenſe, applying it to Gaunt, inſtead of himſelf. Of this kind of retort there are various inſtances in theſe plays.

The folio repeats the word *And:*

Gaunt. *And——*
K. Rich. *And thou*, &c. MALONE.

——*lean-witted*—] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me that the ſame expreſſion occurs in the 106th *Pſalm:*

"——and ſent *leanneſs* withal into their *ſoul.*"
STEEVENS.

Now by my ſeat's right royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. O, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood:
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.[4]

And thy unkindneſs be like crooked *age,*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Thus ſtand theſe lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why ſhould Gaunt, already *old,* call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be ſaid to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedneſs* connected with that of *cropping?* I ſuppoſe the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindneſs be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once——

That is, *let thy unkindneſs* be time's ſcythe *to crop.*

Edge was eaſily confounded by the ear with *age,* and one miſtake once admitted made way for another. Johnson.

Shakſpeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was repreſented as carrying a *ſickle* as well as a *ſcythe.* A *ſickle* was anciently called a *crook,* and ſometimes, as in the following inſtances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook.* So, in Kendall's *Epigrams,* 1577:

"The regall king and *crooked* clowne
"All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Give my love, fame, faſter than time waſtes life,
"So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe and *crooked knife.*"

Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!—
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they[5] to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beſeech your majeſty,[6] impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Again, in the 119th:

" Love's not Time's fool, though roſy lips and cheeks
" Within his *bending ſickle's* compaſs come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet beſtowed on age in the tragedy of *Locrine*, 1595:

" Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked* age."

Locrine has been attributed to Shakſpeare; and in this paſſage quoted from it, no alluſion to a *ſcythe* can be ſuppoſed. Our poet's expreſſions are ſometimes confuſed and abortive. Steevens.

Again, in *A Flouriſh upon Fancie*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,] 1577:

" Who, when that he a while hath bin in fancies ſchoole,
" Doth learne in his old *crooked age* to play the doting foole." Malone.

Shakſpeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind; the bend of age, and the ſickle of time, which he confounded together. M. Mason.

[5] *Love they*—] That is, *let them love.* Johnson.

[6] *'Beſeech your majeſty,*] The old copies redundantly read—

" I do *beſeech,*" &c.

Mr. Ritſon would regulate the paſſage differently (and perhaps rightly,) by omitting the words—*in him:*

I do beſeech your majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs and age. Steevens.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.[7]

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays he now?[8]

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:[9]
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,[1]
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,

[7] —— *Northumberland.*] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. WALPOLE.

[8] *What ſays he* now?] I have ſupplied the adverb—*now*, (which is wanting in the old copy,) to complete the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *our pilgrimage muſt be:*] That is, our pilgrimage is yet to come. M. MASON.

[1] —— *where no venom elſe,*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1630:

" ——— that Iriſh Judas,
" Bred in a country where *no venom* proſpers,
" But in his blood."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

" As Iriſh earth doth *poiſon poiſonous* beaſts."

See alſo, Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloſter's death, nor Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[2] nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;[3]
But, when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

[2] *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his baniſhment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

[3] *Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf, for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I ſay true!)
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,[4]
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

[4] ——*deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuſe* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. Johnson.

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, *and* Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts:[5] the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:[6]
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.

[5] *And loſt their hearts:*] The old copies erroneouſly and unmetrically read:

And quite *loſt their hearts:*—

The compoſitor's eye had caught the adverb—*quite*, from the following line. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *daily new exactions are deviſ'd;*
As, blanks, *benevolences, and I wot not what:*] *Stow* records, that Richard II. "compelled all the Religious, Gentlemen, and Commons, to ſet their ſeales to *blankes*, to the end he might as it pleaſed him, oppreſſe them ſeverally, or all at once: ſome of the Commons paid 1000 markes, ſome 1000 pounds," &c. *Chronicle*, p. 319, fol. 1639. HOLT WHITE.

Ross. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.

North. His noble kinſman: moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,[7]
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not,[8] but ſecurely periſh.[9]

Ross. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger[1] now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou' doſt ours.

Ross. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:

[7] —— *we* hear *this fearful* tempeſt ſing,] So, in *The Tempeſt*: "—— another *ſtorm* brewing; I *hear it ſing* in the wind." STEEVENS.

[8] *And yet we* ſtrike *not*,] To *ſtrike* the *ſails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
"Than bear ſo low a ſail, to *ſtrike* to thee."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *but* ſecurely *periſh*.] We periſh by too great confidence in our ſecurity. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Though Ford be a *ſecure* fool," &c.
MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act IV. ſc. v:
"'Tis done like Hector, but *ſecurely* done."
See Dr. Farmer's note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[1] *And* unavoided *is the danger*—] *Unavoided* is, I believe, here uſed for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britanny, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The ſon of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,[2]

[2] [*The ſon of Richard Earl of Arundel,*]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] I ſuſpect that ſome of theſe lines are tranſpoſed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of perſons No copy that I have ſeen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinſhed, whom Shakſpeare followed in great meaſure, more than one is neceſſary.

All the perſons enumerated in Holinſhed's account of thoſe who embarked with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactneſs, except "Thomas Arundell, ſonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinſhed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the perſon to whom alone that circumſtance relates of having *broke from the duke of Exeter*, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the liſt, the archbiſhop was related, he being *uncle* to the young lord, though Shakſpeare by miſtake calls him his *brother*. See Holinſhed, p. 496.

From theſe circumſtances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakſpeare would omit ſo principal a perſonage in his hiſtorian's liſt, I think it can ſcarce be doubted but that a line is loſt in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.

Mr Ritſon, with ſome probability, ſuppoſes Shakſpeare could not have neglected ſo fair an opportunity of availing himſelf of a rough ready-made verſe which offers itſelf in Holinſhed:

[*The ſon and heir of the late earl of Arundel,*]

STEEVENS.

For the inſertion of the line included within crotchets, I am anſwerable; it not being found in the old copies.

The paſſages in Holinſhed relative to this matter run thus: "Aboute the ſame time the Earl of Arundell's ſonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's houſe*, eſcaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c.

His brother, archbiſhop late of Canterbury,[3]
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ſir John Ramſton,
Sir John Norbery, ſir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,——
All theſe well furniſh'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,

"Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earneſt perſuaſion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbiſhoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his ſea, and baniſhed the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his proviſion was made ready, he tooke the ſea, together with the ſaid Archbiſhop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, ſonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were alſo with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt, that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a ſubſequent line (*His* brother) muſt refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inſerted ſuch words as render the paſſage intelligible. In Act V. ſc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was paſſed over by the printer of the firſt folio:

"Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace."

It has been recovered from the quarto. So alſo, in *K. Henry VI.* Part II. the firſt of the following lines was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the preſent inſtance,) by the line which followed the omitted line:

"[*Suf.* Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?]
"Cap. *But* Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be."

In *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. *ult.* a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been ſupplied.

The chriſtian name of Sir *Thomas* Ramſton is changed to *John*, and the two following perſons are improperly deſcribed as knights in all the copies. Theſe perhaps were likewiſe miſtakes of the preſs, but are ſcarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

[3] ——*archbiſhop* late *of Canterbury*,] Thomas Arundel, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been baniſhed by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his ſee, at the requeſt of the King; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury.

STEEVENS.

Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out[4] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,[5]
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away, with me, in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. [*Exeunt.*

[4] Imp *out*—] As this expreſſion frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiſs to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was uſual to ſupply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk.*

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"His plumes only *imp* the muſe's wings."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——— when we deſire
"Time's haſte, he ſeems to loſe a match with lobſters;
"And when we wiſh him ſtay, he *imps his wings*
"With feathers plum'd with thought."

Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-ſoever it be broken or brooſed.*

STEEVENS.

[5] ——gilt,] i. e. gilding, ſuperficial diſplay of gold. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"When thou waſt in thy *gilt* and thy perfume," &c.

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

BUSHY. Madam, your majeſty is too much ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aſide life-harming heavineſs,[6]
And entertain a cheerful diſpoſition.

QUEEN. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles: at ſomething it grieves,[7]
More than with parting from my lord the king.

[6] —— life-*harming heavineſs,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1608, and 1615—*halfe*-harming; the folio—*ſelf*-harming. STEEVENS.

[7] *With* nothing *trembles: at* ſomething *it grieves,*] The following line requires that this ſhould be read juſt the contrary way:

With ſomething *trembles, yet at* nothing *grieves.*

WARBURTON.

All the old editions read:

—— *my inward ſoul*
With nothing trembles; at ſomething it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itſelf an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better ſenſe than that of any copy, but copies muſt not be needleſsly forſaken.

JOHNSON.

I ſuppoſe it is the *unborn ſorrow* which ſhe calls *nothing,* becauſe it is not yet brought into exiſtence. STEEVENS.

Warburton does not appear to have underſtood this paſſage,

Bushy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhow like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form:[8] ſo your ſweet majeſty,

nor Johnſon either. Through the whole of this ſcene, till the arrival of Green, the Queen is deſcribing to Buſhy, a certain unaccountable deſpondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehenſion which ſhe felt of ſome unforeſeen calamity. She ſays, "that her inward ſoul trembles without any apparent cauſe, and grieves at ſomething more than the King's departure, though ſhe knows not what." He endeavours to perſuade her that it is merely the conſequence of her ſorrow for the King's abſence. She ſays it may be ſo, but her ſoul tells her otherwiſe. He then tells her it is only conceit; but ſhe is not ſatisfied with that way of accounting for it, as ſhe ſays that conceit is ſtill derived from ſome fore-father grief, but what ſhe feels was begot by nothing; that is, had no preceding cauſe. *Conceit* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe that it is in *Hamlet*, when the King ſays that Ophelia's madneſs was occaſioned by "*conceit* upon her father." M. Mason.

[8] *Like pérſpectives, which,* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Show nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form:] This is a fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongſt *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perſpective* are *inverted*: ſo that, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perſpective*, it can preſent nothing but confuſion: and to be ſeen in form, and under a regular appearance, it muſt be looked upon from a contrary ſtation; or, as Shakſpeare ſays, *ey'd awry*.
Warburton.

Dr. Plot's *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, p. 391, explains this perſpective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confuſed piece of work; but, if obliquely, you ſee the intended perſon's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were paſted on the flats that

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows

ſtrike the eye holding it obliquely, ſo that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

The following ſhort poem would almoſt perſuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* [perhaps originally written—*aright* and *wryly*,] had exchanged places in the text of our author:

Lines prefixed to "*Melancholike Humours, in Verſes of Diverſe Natures, ſet down by Nich. Breton, Gent.* 1600:

In Authorem.

" That thou wouldſt finde the habit of true paſſion,
" And ſee a minde attir'd in perfect ſtraines;
" Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a faſhion
" In theſe pide times, only to ſhewe their braines;

" Looke here on Breton's worke, the maſter print,
" Where ſuch perfections to the life doe riſe:
" If they ſeeme *wry*, to ſuch as looke aſquint,
" The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.

" For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
" Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perſpective*,
" Wants facultie to make a cenſure true:
" So with this author's readers will it thrive:

" Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
" His proofe their praiſe will meete, as in this line."

Ben Jonſon. STEEVENS.

So, in *Hentzner*, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall: "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monſtroſum quid repræſentans, ſed ſi quis——effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur." FARMER.

The *perſpectives* here mentioned, were not pictures, but round chryſtal glaſſes, the convex ſurface of which was cut into faces, like thoſe of the roſe-diamond; the concave left uniformly ſmooth. Theſe chryſtals—which were ſometimes mounted on tortoiſe-ſhell box-lids, and ſometimes fixed into ivory caſes—if placed as here repreſented, would exhibit the different appearances deſcribed by the poet.

The word *ſhadows* is here uſed, in oppoſition to ſubſtance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occaſioned by their intercepſion of the light that falls upon them.

HENLEY.

Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me, it is otherwiſe: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,[9]—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit,[1] my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:[2]

[9] *As,—though,* in *thinking, on no thought I think,*] Old copy —*on* thinking; but we ſhould read—*As though* in *thinking*; that is, *though, muſing, I have no diſtinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depreſſion of the mind, which every one has ſometime felt, is here very forcibly deſcribed. JOHNSON.

[1] *'Tis nothing but* conceit,] *Conceit* is here, as in *King Henry VIII.* and many other places, uſed for a *fanciful conception.* MALONE.

[2] *For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;*
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:] With theſe lines I know not well what can be done. The Queen's reaſoning as it now ſtands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit,* for *conceit is ſtill derived from* ſome antecedent cauſe, *ſome fore-father grief*; but with me the caſe is, that *either my real grief hath no real cauſe, or ſome real cauſe has produced a fancied grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, becauſe it either has not a cauſe like conceit, or it has a cauſe like conceit.* This can hardly ſtand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Not *ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:*

That is, *my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneaſi-*

'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known;[3] what
I cannot name; 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. God ſave your majeſty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ſhipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope;
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipp'd?

neſs from ſome paſt occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cauſe*; not *a real cauſe with a fanciful ſorrow.* This, I think, muſt be the meaning; harſh at the beſt, yet better than contradiction or abſurdity. JOHNSON.

[3] *'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;*
But what it is, that is not yet known; &c.] I am about to propoſe an interpretation which many will think harſh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *poſſeſs a man*, in Shakſpeare, is to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be poſſeſſed*, is *to be fully informed.* Of this ſenſe the examples are numerous:

" I have *poſſeſs'd* him my moſt ſtay can be but ſhort."
Meaſure for Meaſure.

" —— Is he yet *poſſeſs'd*
" What ſum you would?" *Merchant of Venice.*

I therefore imagine the Queen ſays thus:

'Tis in reverſion——that I do poſſeſs;——

The event is yet in futurity——that I know with full conviction *—but what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpretation ſhe muſt ſay that *ſhe poſſeſſes* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, leſs natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

As the grief the Queen felt, was for ſome event which had not yet come to paſs, or at leaſt not yet come to her knowledge, ſhe expreſſes it by ſaying that the grief which ſhe then actually poſſeſſed, was ſtill in reverſion, as ſhe had no right to feel the grief until the event ſhould happen which was to occaſion it.
M. MASON.

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,[4]
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land:
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with upliſted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worſe,—
The lord Northumberland, his young ſon Henry Percy,
The lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the reſt of the revolting faction
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſehold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:[5]

[4] —— *might have* retir'd *his power,*] Might have *drawn it back.* A French ſenſe. Johnson.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Each one, by him enforc'd, *retires* his ward."

Malone.

[5] —— *my ſorrow's diſmal heir:*] The author ſeems to have uſed *heir* in an improper ſenſe, an *heir* being one that *inherits by*

Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.[6]

Buſhy. Deſpair not, madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!——
Uncle,
For heaven's ſake, ſpeak comfortable words.

ſucceſſion, is here put for one that *ſucceeds*, though he ſucceeds but in order of time, not in order of deſcent. Johnson.

Johnſon has miſtaken the meaning of this paſſage alſo. The Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's ſucceſſion to the crown, an event, of which ſhe could at that time have had no idea. She had ſaid before, that "ſome unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" ſhe calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to ſay, in the ſame metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the diſmal offspring that her foreboding ſorrow was big of; which ſhe expreſſes by calling him her "ſorrow's diſmal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line:

Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy.

M. Mason.

[6] ——*thou art the* midwife *to my woe,*——
And I a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.] So, in *Pericles*:
"I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping."
Malone.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts:[7]
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf:——
Now comes the ſick hour that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, ſo!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,[8]
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.——
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy,[9] to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the ducheſs died.

[7] *Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts:*] This line is found in the three eldeſt quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[8] *The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,*] The old copies, injuriouſly to the metre, read:

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are *cold.*

STEEVENS.

[9] *Get thee to* Plaſhy,] The lordſhip of *Plaſhy*, was a town of the ducheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth[1] had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.[2]—
What, are there poſts deſpatch'd for Ireland?[3]—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay:[4] pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the* Servant.] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus thruſt diſorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;[5]
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.

[1] —— *untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

[2] *The king had cut off my head with my brother's.*] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one elſe. The Duke of Gloſter, to whoſe death he probably alludes, was ſecretly murdered at Calais, being ſmothered between two beds. RITSON.

[3] *What, are there* poſts *deſpatch'd for Ireland?*] Thus the folio. The quartos—*two* poſts—and—*no* poſts. STEEVENS.

[4] *Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

[5] *Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;*] Sir T. Hanmer has compleated this defective line, by reading:

My kinſman is, one *whom the king hath wrong'd.*

STEEVENS.

Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you:—Go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-caſtle.
I ſhould to Plaſhy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and* Queen.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the king in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purſes; and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle;
The earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majeſty.
Farewell: if heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is—numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Gloſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them weariſome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:[6]

[6] ——— *wanting your company;*
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:] So, in *King Leir*, 1605:

"Thy pleaſant company will make the way ſeem ſhort."
Malone.

But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy,[7] is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort; as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the
court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſehold of the king.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake toge-
ther.[8]

Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed
traitor.

[7] *And hope to* joy,] To *joy* is, I believe, here uſed as a verb. So, in the ſecond Act of *King Henry IV*: "Poor fellow never *joy'd* ſince the price of oats roſe." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne—."

The word is again uſed with the ſame ſignification in the play before us. Malone.

[8] *He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake* together.] i. e. converſed: *together* is an interpolation ſufficiently evident from the redundancy of the metre. Steevens.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenſpurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompenſe:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what ſtir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompenſe.

Ross. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.[9]

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is—to Lancaſter;[1]
And I am come to ſeek that name in England:

[9] *My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is* to you.] I ſuſpect that our author deſigned this for a ſpeech rendered abrupt by the impatience of Bolingbroke's reply; and therefore wrote:

My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is——

The words *to you*, only ſerve to deſtroy the metre. Steevens.

[1] ——*my anſwer is—to Lancaſter*;] Your meſſage, you ſay, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My anſwer is, It is not to him; it is to the *Duke of Lancaſter*. Malone.

And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:[2]—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious regent of this land,[3]
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,[4]
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York, *attended.*

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in perſon.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:[5]

[2] *To raze one title of your honour* out:] "How the names of them which for capital crimes againſt majeſtie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and regiſters, or forbidden to be borne by their poſteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could ſhow at large." Camden's *Remains*, p. 136, edit. 1605. Malone.

[3] *From the moſt glorious* regent *of this land,*] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. The word *regent* was accidentally omitted in the quarto, 1598, which was followed by all the ſubſequent copies. Malone.

[4] ——*the* abſent *time,*] i. e. *time of the king's abſence.* Johnson.

[5] *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:*] In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the ſame kind of phraſeology:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But then more why;[6]——Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?[7]

"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."
Again, in *Microcynicon, Six-ſtarling Satires. &c.* 16mo. 1599:
"*Hower me no howers*; howers break no ſquare."
MALONE.

The reading of the folio is preferable:
Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me. RITSON.

[6] *But then more why*;] This ſeems to be wrong. We might read:
But more than this; *why*, &c. TYRWHITT.

But then more why;] But, to add more queſtions. This is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597, which in the ſecond, and all the ſubſequent copies, was corrupted thus: But *more than* why. The expreſſion of the text, though a ſingular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with thoſe immediately preceding:
"*Grace me* no grace, nor *uncle me* no uncle."
A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Twelfth-Night*:
"*More* than I love theſe eyes, *more* than my life,
"More, by all *mores*, than I ſhall e'er love wife."
MALONE.

There ſeems to be an error in this paſſage, which I believe ſhould run thus:
But more then: Why? why have they dar'd, &c.
This repetition of the word *why*, is not unnatural for a perſon ſpeaking with much warmth. M. MASON.

[7] *And oſtentation of* deſpiſed *arms?*] But ſure the oſtentation of deſpiſed arms would not *fright* any one. We ſhould read:
——diſpoſed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array.
WARBURTON.

This alteration is harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *deſp'ghtful*. Mr. Upton gives this paſſage as a proof that our author uſes the paſſive participle in an active ſenſe. The copies all agree. Per-

Com'ſt thou becauſe the anointed king is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf,
Reſcued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
O, then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition[7] ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,—
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,

haps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with ſeverity, and to inſinuate that he deſpiſes his power, as being able to maſter it. In this ſenſe all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make foul weather with *deſpiſed* tears."

STEEVENS.

The meaning of this probably is—*a boaſtful diſplay of arms which we deſpiſe.* M. MASON.

[7] On *what condition*—] It ſhould be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt.* The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's reply ſupports Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

"Even *in* condition," &c. MALONE.

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:[8]
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?[9]
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted, I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt died, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.[1]
I am denied to ſue my livery here,[2]
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold;
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

[8] *Look on my wrongs with an* indifferent *eye:*] i. e. with an *impartial eye.* "Every juryman (ſays Sir Edward Coke,) ought to be impartial and *indifferent.*" MALONE.

[9] —— *Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpoſe ſerves birth and lineal ſucceſſion? I am duke of Lancaſter by the ſame right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

[1] *To rouſe his* wrongs, *and chaſe them to the bay.*] By *his wrongs* are meant *the perſons who wrong him.* This explanation is ſupported by a paſſage in Fletcher's *Double Marriage,* where Juliana ſays—

"With all my youth and pleaſure I'll embrace you,
"Make tyranny and death ſtand ſtill, affrighted,
"And, at our meeting ſouls, amaze our *miſchiefs.*"

M. MASON.

[2] —— *to* ſue my livery *here,*] A law phraſe belonging to the feudal tenures. See notes on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. iii. STEVENS.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It ſtands your grace upon, to do him right.[3]

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the king;

[3] *It* ſtands *your grace* upon, *to do him right.*] i. e: it is your intereſt, it is matter of conſequence to you. So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——— it *ſtands* me much *upon*,
" To ſtop all hopes whoſe growth may danger me."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— It only *ſtands*
" Our lives *upon*, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands."

Steevens.

But, ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your grace, to go with us
To Briſtol caſtle; which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet
I'll pauſe;[4]
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care.[5]

[*Exeunt.*

[4] *It may be, I will go* with you:—*but yet I'll pauſe*;] I ſuſpect, the words—*with you*, which ſpoil the metre, to be another interpolation. Steevens.

[5] *Things paſt redreſs, are with me now paſt care.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"——Things without remedy,
"Should be without regard." Steevens.

SCENE IV.[6]

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY,[7] *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman;
The king repoſeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,[8]

[6] Here is a ſcene ſo unartfully and irregularly thruſt into an improper place, that I cannot but ſuſpect it accidentally tranſpoſed; which, when the ſcenes were written on ſingle pages, might eaſily happen in the wildneſs of Shakſpeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the ſecond ſcene in the enſuing Act, and there I would adviſe the reader to inſert it, though I have not ventured on ſo bold a change. My conjecture is not ſo preſumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakſpeare's time, broken into Acts; the editions publiſhed before his death, exhibit only a ſequence of ſcenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pauſe of action. In a drama ſo deſultory and erratic, left in ſuch a ſtate, tranſpoſitions might eaſily be made. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *Saliſbury,*] was John Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury. WALPOLE.

[8] *The bay-trees* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the higheſt degree poetical and ſtriking. JOHNSON.

And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
Theſe ſigns forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, Richard their king is dead.
[*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament!
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

Some of theſe prodigies are found in Holinſhed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c.

This was eſteemed a bad omen; for, as I learn from Thomas Lupton's *Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l: "Neyther falling ſyckneſs, neyther devyll, wyll infeſt or hurt one in that place whereas a *Bay tree* is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell," &c. Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *priſoners.*

BOLING. Bring forth theſe men.—
Buſhy, and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your death.
You have miſled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and diſfigur'd clean.[9]
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,[1]
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myſelf—a prince, by fortune of my birth;

[9] ——*clean.*] i. e. *quite, completely.* REED.

So, in our author's 75th Sonnet:

"And by and by, *clean* ſtarved for a look." MALONE.

[1] *You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours,*
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,] There is, I believe, no authority for this. Iſabel, the queen of the preſent play, was but nine years old. Richard's firſt queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,——
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks,[2] and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,[3]
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,[4]—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

[2] Dispark'd *my parks,*] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dispépio.* I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. It also occurs in *The Establishment of Prince Henry*, 1610: "Forestes and Parkes of the Prince's *dispparked* and in Leafe," &c. Steevens.

[3] *From my own windows torn my household coat,*] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. Johnson.

[4] *Raz'd out my* impress, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." Steevens.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, ſee them deſpatch'd.

[*Exeunt* Northumberland *and Others, with Priſoners.*

Uncle, you ſay, the queen is at your houſe;
For heaven's ſake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have deſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.[5] [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;*
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken poſſeſſion of all the old copies, I have great ſuſpicion of its being an interpolation: and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The firſt and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was caſual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it muſt argue the poet of forgetfulneſs and inattention to hiſtory. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but juſt arrived; he is now at Briſtol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is ſo far aſſured of the ſucceſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs inſurrections before he is planted in the throne. Beſides, we find the oppoſition of Glendower begins *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the firſt ſcene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very firſt year of King Henry IV. began to be troubleſome, put in for the ſupremacy of Wales, and impriſoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the ſucceeding year that the King employed any force againſt him. Theobald.

This emendation, which I think is juſt, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. Johnson.

It is evident from the preceding ſcene, that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it neceſſary to ſuppreſs; and why might not Shakſpeare call it Glendower's? When we

SCENE II.[6]

The Coaſt of Wales. *A Caſtle in view.*

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After late toſſing on the breaking ſeas?[7]

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy,
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;[8]

next ſee Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are diſperſed.
RITSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that Bolingbroke marched to Cheſter, probably with a view to attack the Welſh army headed by Lord Saliſbury. He thinks, therefore, the line is genuine. See ſc. iii. p. 100. Stowe expreſsly ſays, that "Owen Glendower ſerved King Richard at Flint-Caſtle." MALONE.

[6] Here may be properly inſerted the laſt ſcene of the ſecond Act. JOHNSON.

[7] *After late toſſing* &c.] The old copies redundantly read: *After* your *late toſſing*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſmiles in* meeting;] It has been propoſed to read—in

So, weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee,[9] with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords:
This earth ſhall have a feeling,[1] and theſe ſtones

weeping; and this change the repetition in the next line ſeems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;]

" Ως ειπων, αλοχοιο φιλης εν χερσιν εθηκε
" Παιδ' εον· η δ' αρα μιν κηωδεϊ δεξατο κολπω
" ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ." Hom. *Il.* Z.

Perhaps *ſmiles* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom ſhe has been a long time parted, crying, and at the ſame ſmiling, at meeting him.

It has been propoſed to read—ſmiles in *weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plauſible. But I am now perſuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long parted* mother and her child do not *meet*, and there is no particular cauſe aſſigned for either her ſmiles or her tears. MALONE.

From the actual ſmiles and tears of the long parted mother, &c. we may, I think, ſufficiently infer that ſhe had *met* with her child. STEEVENS.

[9] Guard it, *I pray thee*,] *Guard it*, ſignifies here, as in many other places, *border* it. MALONE.

I think, that—*to guard*, in this place, rather means, to *watch* or *protect*. M. MASON.

[1] *This earth ſhall have a feeling*,] Perhaps Milton had not forgot this paſſage, when he wrote, in his *Comus*—

Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord;[2] that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in ſpite of all.
The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuſe;[3]
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin! know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,[4]

" ——dumb things ſhall be mov'd to ſympathize,
" And the brute *earth ſhall lend her nerves*, and ſhake."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Fear not, my lord*; &c.] Of this ſpeech, the four laſt lines were reſtored from the firſt edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I ſuppoſe, omitted by the players only to ſhorten the ſcene, for they are worthy of the author and ſuitable to the perſonage.
JOHNSON.

[3] ——*elſe*, if *heaven would*,
And we will *not*, *heaven's offer we refuſe*;] Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—*And we* would *not*. The word *if* was ſupplied by Mr. Pope. Both the metre and the ſenſe ſhow that it was accidentally omitted in the firſt copy. MALONE.

[4] ——and *lights the lower world*,] The old copies read—*that* lights. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Senſe might be obtained by a ſlight tranſpoſition, without changing the words of the original text:

That when the ſearching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—

By *the lower world*, as the paſſage is amended by Dr. Johnſon, we muſt underſtand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I ſuppoſe, our *Antipodes*. MALONE.

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terreſtrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,[5]
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day.
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord:[6]

That this is the ſenſe of the paſſage, is obvious from the King's application of the ſimile:

"So, when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
"Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
"Whilſt we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*,—
"Shall ſee us riſing in our throne the eaſt," &c.

HENLEY.

The lower world may ſignify *our world*. MALONE.

[5] *He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,*] It is not eaſy to point out an image more ſtriking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

[6] *The breath of worldly men* &c.] Here is the doctrine of indefeaſible right expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of King James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whoſe opinions are regulated by faſhion or intereſt, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think falſe or fooliſh. JOHNSON.

Far be it from me to palliate the conduct of the wretched

For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

SAL. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;

James; but the truth is, that the inherent rights of the people had been ill underſtood, or rather were not acknowledged by his predeceſſors. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the paſſive obedience of ſubjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this iſland, while the houſe of Tudor ſate on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, compoſed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles to be read in churches, furniſh ſtriking and abundant proof. Take, as an inſtance, the following extract from the Homily *againſt Diſobedience and wilful Rebellion*: "As the name of the king is very often attributed and given unto God in holy ſcriptures, ſo doth God himſelf in the ſame ſcriptures ſometime vouchſafe to communicate his name with earthly *princes, terming them Gods*." 1ſt. *part*. And in the 4th *part*, we are directed to "call to remembrance the heavy wrath and dreadful indignation of Almighty God againſt ſubjects as do *only but inwardly grudge, mutter, and murmur* againſt their governors, though their inward treaſon, ſo privily hatched in their breaſts come not to an open declaration of their doings."

HOLT WHITE.

For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace ſo pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?[7]
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf: Am I not king?
Awake, thou ſluggard[8] majeſty! thou ſleep'ſt.
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?[9]
Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to ſerve our turn. But who
Comes here?

[7] *Have I not reaſon to* look *pale and* dead?] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Even ſuch a man——
"So dull, ſo *dead in look*, ſo woe-begone,
"Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"So ſhould a murderer *look*, ſo *dead*, ſo grim."

MALONE.

[8] ——*ſluggard*—] So the folio. The quartos have—*coward.* MALONE.

[9] *Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?*] Thus, in *King Richard III:*

"Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength."

See a ſpeech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind, Vol. II. p. 199, 4to. Gr. S. W.

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open,[1] and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs, thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo:
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To hear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts harder than ſteel.
White-beards[2] have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps

[1] *Mine ear is open*, &c.] It ſeems to be the deſign of the poet to raiſe Richard to eſteem in his fall, and conſequently to intereſt the reader in his favour. He gives him only paſſive fortitude, the virtue of a confeſſor, rather than of a king. In his proſperity we ſaw him imperious and oppreſſive; but in his diſtreſs he is wiſe, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

[2] *White* beards—] Thus the quartos. The firſt folio, with a ridiculous blunder,—White *tears*. STEEVENS.

Againſt thy majeſty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female joints [3]
In ſtiff unwieldy arms againſt thy crown:
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows [4]
Of double-fatal yew [5] againſt thy ſtate;
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills

[3] ——*and* clap *their female joints*—] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads—and *claſp*—; which has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. But the emendation does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

Clip would be ſtill nearer than *claſp*. RITSON.

Lee, in his *Mithridates*, has imitated this paſſage; Act IV:

"The very boys, like Cupids dreſs'd in arms,
"Clap their young harneſs'd thighs, and truſt to battle."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Thy very* beadſmen *learn to bend their bows*—] Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadſmen* be right, for the *bow* ſeems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadſman*. The King's *beadſmen* were his chaplains. Treviſa calls himſelf the *beadſman* of his patron. *Beadſman* might likewiſe be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads—*the* very beadſman, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys ſtrive to ſpeak big, and claſp their effeminate joints in ſtiff unwieldy arms," &c. "ſo his very *beadſmen* learn to bend their bows againſt him." *Their* does not abſolutely denote that the *bow* was their uſual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occaſion. PERCY.

[5] *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called ſo, becauſe the leaves of the yew are poiſon, and the wood is employed for inſtruments of death. WARBURTON.

From ſome of the ancient ſtatutes it appears that every Engliſhman, while archery was practiſed, was obliged to keep in his houſe either a bow of *yew* or ſome other wood. It ſhould ſeem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their uſe in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being ſecured in encloſed places, their poiſonous quality was kept from doing miſchief to cattle. STEEVENS.

Againſt thy ſeat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?[6]
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?

[6] *Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?*
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judaſſes. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loſs of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle ſays:

" Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire dead?"

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the queſtion: and, indeed he had made the beſt of his way for Cheſter, and from thence had eſcaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of ſo much forgetfulneſs and abſurdity. The tranſcribers muſt have blundered. It ſeems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is he got?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *ſlunk* and *abſconded*.

THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltſhire. I believe the author, rather than tranſcriber, made a miſtake. *Where is he got*, does not ſound in my ear like an expreſſion of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnſon in thinking that this was a miſtake of the author's, becauſe we find a miſtake of the ſame nature in the ſecond Act, where Bolingbroke ſays, that Briſtol Caſtle was held by Buſhy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Briſtol, for we find him afterwards accuſing Aumerle of treaſon; and in the parting ſcene between him, Green, and Buſhy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland.

M. MASON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare intended to mark more ſtrongly the perturbation of the King by making him inquire at firſt for Bagot, whoſe loyalty, on further recollection, might ſhow him the impropriety of his queſtion. MALONE.

If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate:—
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd[7] in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.

[7] —— *grav'd* —] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. III. fol. 58:

"Unto the hound, unto the raven,
"She was none otherwiſe *graven*." STEEVENS.

Let's chooſe executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not ſo,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,[8]
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.[9]
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;[1]
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick ſits,[2]

[8] *And that ſmall* model *of the barren earth,*] He uſes *model* for *mould*. That earth, which cloſing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line ſeems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, all that *model*, in the preſent inſtance, means, is the ſepulchral hillock of earth which aſcertains the length and breadth of the body beneath it. In this ſenſe it may be termed its *model*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare generally uſes *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former ſcene of this play:

"——thou ſee'ſt thy wretched brother die,
"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

See Vol. VIII. p. 352, n. 2. *Model*, however, may be uſed for *mould*. See Minſheu's DICT. in v. MALONE.

[9] *Which ſerves as paſte* &c.] A metaphor, not of the moſt ſublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*the ghoſts they have* depos'd;] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, ſubſtituted *diſpoſſeſs'd*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*there the* antick *ſits,*] Here is an alluſion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whoſe chief part is to deride and diſturb the graver and more ſplendid perſonages. JOHNSON.

If there be any ſuch alluſion intended, it is to the *old Vice*.

Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,—
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle wall; and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition,[3] form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death;[4]
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

who, indeed, appears to have been ſuch a character as Dr. Johnſon deſcribes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at. RITSON.

So, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI:*

" Thou *antick* death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn!" STEEVENS.

[3] *Tradition,*] This word ſeems here uſed for *traditional practices:* that is, *eſtabliſhed* or *cuſtomary homage.* JOHNSON.

[4] —— *death deſtroying death;*] That is, to *die fighting,* is to return the evil that we ſuffer, to deſtroy the deſtroyers. I once read *death* defying *death;* but *deſtroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.——
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort[5] any more.

[5] *I'll hate him everlaſtingly,*
That bids me be of comfort—] This ſentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than theſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter.
Johnson.

Go, to Flint caſtle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, diſcharge; and let them go
To ear the land[6] that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before* Flint *Caſtle.*[7]

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke *and Forces;* York, Northumberland, *and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With ſome few private friends, upon this coaſt.

[6] *To* ear *the land*—] i. e. to *plough* it. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"He that *ears* my land, ſpares my team." Steevens.

[7] Flint *Caſtle.*] In our former edition I had called this ſcene *the ſame* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly caſtle, on the coaſt where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the caſtle of Flint, where this ſcene ſhould be ſaid to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that caſtle.—"Go to Flint caſtle." See above. Steevens.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeem the lord Northumberland,
To ſay—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!

North. Your grace miſtakes me;[8] only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head,[9] your whole head's length.

Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, further than you ſhould.

York. Take not, good couſin, further than you ſhould,
Left you miſ-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not
Myſelf againſt their will.[1]—But who comes here?[2]

[8] *Your grace miſtakes* me;] The word—*me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer. Steevens.

[9] *For taking ſo the head,*] To *take* the *head* is, to act without reſtraint; to take undue liberties. We now ſay, *we give* the horſe *his head*, when we relax the reins. Johnson.

[1] ——*The heavens* ——
——— *and oppoſe not*
Myſelf againſt their will.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" The heavens, &c.———
" Move them no more by croſſing their high will."
Steevens.

[2] *I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not*
Myſelf againſt their will.—But who comes here?] Theſe lines ſhould be regulated thus:
I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not myſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?
Such is the regulation of the old copies. Malone.

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Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this caſtle yield?[3]

PERCY. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

BOLING. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

PERCY. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

NORTH. Belike, it is the biſhop of Carliſle.

BOLING. Noble lord [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle;[4]
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle

I regard the word *myſelf*, as an interpolation, and conceive Shakſpeare to have written—

—— and *oppoſe not*
Againſt their will.

To *oppoſe* may be here a verb neuter. So, in *King Lear*:

" —— a ſervant, thrill'd with remorſe,
" *Oppos'd againſt* the act." STEEVENS.

[3] Well, *Harry*; *what, will not this caſtle yield?*] The old copy deſtroys the metre by reading—*Welcome*, Harry;—. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

[4] *Noble lord,*
Go to the rude ribs &c.] It is obſervable that our author in his addreſſes to perſons, often begins with an hemiſtich. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II. ſc. iii:

" Agam. *Princes*,
" What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?"

This obſervation may be of uſe in other places, where in the old copies, by the miſtake of the tranſcriber, the metre is deſtroyed by this regulation not being obſerved. MALONE.

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiſs king Richard's hand;
And ſends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe the advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhow.
Go, ſignify as much; while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the Caſtle, with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from the caſtle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another Trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle,[5] AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,[6]
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the track
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhow us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſceptre,

[5] ——*the Biſhop of* Carliſle,] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

[6] *See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,*] The following ſix lines are abſurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and diſculp the King's. It is plain the ſix and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It ſhould be obſerved that the four laſt of theſe lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;——
Yet know,—my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;[7]
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;[8]

[7] *The purple teſtament of bleeding war*;] I once thought that Shakſpeare might have had the ſacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts; but the following note renders ſuch a ſuppoſition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uſes the word *teſtament* in its legal ſenſe. Bolingbroke is come to open the teſtament of war, that he may peruſe what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effuſion of blood. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this paſſage. See *Julius Cæſar*:

"Now, while your *purpled* hands do reek and ſmoke
"Fulfil your pleaſure." MALONE.

[8] *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;] By *the flower of England's face* is meant the choiceſt youths of England, who ſhall be ſlaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to deſign her choiceſt youth, is a fine and noble expreſſion. Pericles, by a ſimilar thought, ſaid "that the deſtruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the ſpring from the year." WARBURTON.

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtures' graſs[9] with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! Thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon thy royal grandſire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;[1]

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more ſuitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he ſhould get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be ſo ſettled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery ſurface of England's ſoil*. The ſame kind of expreſſion is uſed in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2: "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "—the ſweet and beautiful *flower of her face*."

Again, Drayton, in *Mortimer's Epiſtle to Queen Iſabell*:

"And in the field advance our plumy creſt,
"And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breaſt*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Her* paſtures' *graſs*—] Old copies—*paſtors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *And by the* buried *hand of* warlike *Gaunt*;] Dr. Warburton would read—

And by the warlike *hand of* buried *Gaunt*;

and this, no doubt, was Shakſpeare's meaning, though he has affectedly miſplaced the epithets. Thus, in *King John*, we have:

"There is no *malice* in this *burning coal*,"

inſtead of—

"There is no *malice burning* in this coal."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"But *earthlier happy*," inſtead of "*earthly happier*."

And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn or ſaid,—
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend [2] to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay,—thus the king returns;——
His noble couſin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not,
[*To* Aumerle.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Theſe hands are free from *guiltleſs bloodſhedding*,"

inſtead of—

"Theſe *guiltleſs hands* are free from bloodſhedding."

Again, *ibid.* in P. III:

"Until my *miſſhap'd trunk* that *bears this head*,"

inſtead of—

"Until *my head* that this miſſhap'd trunk bears."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"We cannot call her *winds and waters, ſighs and tears*,"

inſtead of—

"We cannot call her *ſighs and tears, winds and waters*."

and in the ſame play we have *proof of harneſs*, for *harneſs of proof*; as elſewhere, *miſerable moſt*, for *moſt miſerable*; *deſperately mortal*, for *mortally deſperate*; *action of precept*, for *precept of action*; &c. Ritson.

[2] ——*commend*—] i. e. commit. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. Malone.

To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth![3] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-broke.

K. Rich. What muſt the king do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The king ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel,[4] for an alms-man's gown;

[3] *With words of* ſooth!] *Sooth* is *ſweet* as well as *true*. In this place *ſooth* means *ſweetneſs* or ſoftneſs, a ſignification yet retained in the verb *to ſooth*. Johnson.

[4] *My gay apparel*, &c.] Dr. Grey obſerves, "that King Richard's expence in regard to dreſs, was very extraordinary." Holinſhed has the ſame remark; and adds, that he had "one

My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking-ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obſcure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[5] where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their ſovereign's head:[6]
For on my heart they tread, now whilſt I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; My tender-hearted cou-
ſin!—
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,

cote which he cauſed to be made for him of gold and ſtone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

Stowe, in his *Surveſ*, ſays, "to the value of *three thouſand* markes." So, alſo, in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

[5] *Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,*
Some way of common trade,] So, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"A poſtern with a blind wicket there was,
"A *common trade*, to paſs through Priam's houſe."

"Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et *perrius uſus*,
"Tectorum inter ſe Priami."——

The phraſe is ſtill uſed by common people. When they ſpeak of a road much frequented, they ſay, "it is a road of much *traffick*." Shakſpeare uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in *King Henry VIII*:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more *preferments*."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *on their ſovereign's head:*] Shakſpeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the ſpeech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of ſubmiſſive miſery, conforming its intention to the preſent fortune, and calmly ending its purpoſes in death. JOHNSON.

And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Moſt mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What ſays king Bolingbroke? will his majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays—ay.[7]

North. My lord, in the baſe court[8] he doth attend
To ſpeak with you; may't pleaſe you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, *I* come; like gliſtering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[North. *retires to* Boling.
In the baſe court? Baſe court, where kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court? Come down? Down, court! down king!
For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing. [*Exeunt, from above.*

[7] —— *Bolingbroke ſays—ay.*] Here is another inſtance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakſpeare's word, rhymed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different ſound. See a note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Vol. V. p. 303, n. 7. Tyrwhitt.

In ſome counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a ſound very little differing from that of *I*. Malone.

[8] —— *baſe court*—] *Bas cour*, Fr. So, in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "—— they were, for a public obſervation, brought into the *baſe court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "—— began, at the entrance into the *baſe court*, to uſe theſe words." Steevens.

Boling. What ſays his majeſty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhow fair duty to his majeſty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, [*Touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine; my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve:—They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhow their love, but want their remedies.—
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London :—Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.[9]

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter the Queen, *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainſt the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

[9] *Then I muſt not ſay, no.*] "The duke with a high ſharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horſes, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was ſet on the one, and the earle of Saliſburie on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Cheſter, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocеſters ſonne and to the earle of Arundels ſonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him ſtraight to the caſtle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1005,) from a manuſcript account written by a perſon who was preſent. Malone.

Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?[1]

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.[2]

1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll ſing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep,[3] would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners:
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.—

Enter a Gardener, *and Two* Servants.

My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo
Againſt a change: Woe is forerun with woe.[4]
[Queen *and* Ladies *retire.*

[1] *Of ſorrow, or of* joy?] All the old copies concur in reading · *Of ſorrow, or of* grief?
Mr. Pope made the neceſſary alteration. Steevens.

[2] —— *complain.*] See p. 17, n. 2. Steevens.

[3] *And I could* weep,] The old copies read—*And I could* ſing Steevens.
Mr. Pope made the emendation. Malone.

[4] *Againſt a change: Woe is forerun with* woe.] The poet,

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm eſtate?[5]
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd,[6] and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

according to the common doctrine of prognoſtication, ſuppoſes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of ſorrow when any great diſaſter is impending. The ſenſe is, that publick evils are always preſignified by publick penſiveneſs, and plaintive converſation. Johnson.

[5] ——our *firm eſtate?*] How could he ſay *our*, when he immediately ſubjoins, that it was infirm? we ſhould read:
——*a firm ſtate.* Warburton.

The ſervant ſays *our*, meaning the ſtate of the garden in which they are at work. The ſtate of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reaſoning is very naturally induced. Why (ſays he,) ſhould we be careful to preſerve order in the narrow cincture of this *our ſtate*, when the *great ſtate of the kingdom* is in diſorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have diſcontinued in favour of his own conjecture. Steevens.

[6] *Her* knots *diſorder'd,*] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently interſect each other. So, Milton:

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year[7]
Do wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches[8]
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king ſhall be depos'd?

" Flowers, worthy Paradiſe, which not nice art
" In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
" Pour'd forth." Steevens.

[7] ——We *at time of year*—] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context ſhows that ſome word was omitted at the preſs; and the ſubſequent lines—
" —— ſuperfluous branches
" *We* lop away——,"
render it highly probable that this was the word. Malone.

[8] ——All *ſuperfluous branches*—] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the word—*all*, and thereby hurts the metre; for *ſuperfluous* is never accented on the third ſyllable. Steevens.

Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be:[9] Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am preſs'd to death,
Through want of ſpeaking![1]—Thou, old Adam's likeneſs, [*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dreſs this garden,[2] how dares
Thy harſh-rude tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?[3]

[9] *'Tis doubt, he will be:*] We have already had an inſtance of this uncommon phraſeology in the preſent play:

" He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis *doubt*,
" When time ſhall call him home," &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*doubted*. I have found reaſon to believe that ſome alteration even in that valuable copy was made arbitrarily by the editor. Malone.

[1] *O, I am preſs'd to death,*
Through want of ſpeaking!] The poet alludes to the ancient legal puniſhment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being arraigned, refuſed to plead, remaining obſtinately ſilent. They were *preſſed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. Malone.

[2] —— *to* dreſs *this garden,*] This was the technical language of Shakſpeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: " ——and put him into the *garden* of Eden, *to dreſs* it, and to keep it." *Gen.* ii. 15. Malone.

[3] ——— *how dares*
Thy harſh-rude tongue &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" What have I done, that thou *dar'ſt* wag thy *tongue*
" In noiſe ſo *rude* againſt me?"

I have quoted this paſſage only to juſtify the reſtoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in ſome modern editions.

A line in *King John* may add ſupport to the reſtoration here made from the old copy:

" To whom he ſung in *rude* harſh-ſounding rhymes."

Some words ſeem to have been omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. We might read:

Set to dreſs out *this garden.* Say, *how dares,* &c.

It is always ſafer to add than to omit. Malone.

What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I ſay, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knows it? O, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—

I would read—Set *here* to dreſs this garden—. Mr. Malone's quotation from *Geneſis* ſerves to ſhow that "dreſs *out*" was not the eſtabliſhed phraſe.

Neither can I concur with the ſame gentleman's opinion that "it is always ſafer to add than to omit;" ſince, in Dr. Farmer's judgment as well as my own, the irregularities of our author's meaſure are too frequently occaſioned by groſs and manifeſt interpolations. Steevens.

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.[4]
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would, my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *I would, the plants* &c.] This execration of the Queen is ſomewhat ludicrous, and unſuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the ſtate both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, ſpared the laſt lines of this Act. JOHNSON.

I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"This baſtard graft ſhall never come to growth."

MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Weſtminſter *Hall.*[5]

The Lords ſpiritual on the right ſide of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,[6] NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER,[7] *another Lord, Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *and* Attendants. *Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:——
Now, Bagot, freely ſpeak thy mind;
What thou doſt know of noble Gloſter's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.[8]

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

[5] ——Weſtminſter *Hall.*] The rebuilding of Weſtminſter-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finiſhed in 1399, the firſt meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpoſe of depoſing him. MALONE.

[6] —— *Surrey,*] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21ſt year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the King, being ſons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earle of Kent,) who after the death of her ſecond huſband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

[7] —— *Fitzwater,*] The chriſtian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

[8] —— *his* timeleſs *end.*] *Timeleſs* for *untimely.* WARBURTON.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how bleſt this land would be,
In this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,[9]
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I ſay, thou lieſt,
And will maintain, what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mov'd me ſo.

[9] ——*my fair* ſtars,] I rather think it ſhould be *ſtem*, being of the royal blood. Warburton.

I think the preſent reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is ſuppoſed to be influenced by the *ſtars*, therefore our author, with his uſual licence takes *ſtars* for *birth*. Johnson.

We learn from Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, that the vulgar error aſſigned the bright and fair ſtars to the rich and great: "*Sidera ſingulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus*," &c. Lib. I. cap. viii. Anonymous.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,[1]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun that ſhows me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.[2]

[1] *If that thy valour ſtand on* ſympathies,] Here is a tranſlated ſenſe much harſher than that of ſtars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with ſome heſitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be ſtaked in a duel againſt a baſer. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he ſtands upon *ſympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two ſubjects. This community of affection implies a likeneſs or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *my* rapier's point.] Shakſpeare deſerts the manners of the age in which this drama was placed, very often without neceſſity or advantage. The edge of a ſword had ſerved his purpoſe as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then eſcaped the impropriety of giving the Engliſh nobles a weapon which was not ſeen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Ritſon cenſures this note in the following terms: "It would be well, however, though not quite ſo eaſy, for ſome learned critick to bring ſome proof in ſupport of this and ſuch like aſſertions. Without which the authority of Shakſpeare is at leaſt equal to that of Dr. Johnſon." It is probable that Dr. Johnſon did not ſee the neceſſity of citing any authority for a fact ſo well known, or ſuſpect that any perſon would demand one. If an authority, however, only is wanted, perhaps the following may be deemed ſufficient to juſtify the Doctor's obſervation: "—at that time two other Engliſhmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traytors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man moſt negligent and lazy, but deſperately hardy; he was in his time moſt famous among thoſe who reſpected fencing, having been *the firſt* that brought into

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee that day.

Fitz. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And, that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing; ſeize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forſworn Aumerle;[3]

England *that wicked and pernicious faſhion* to fight in the fields in duels *with a rapier called a tucke, onely for the thruſt: the Engliſh having till that very time uſed to fight with backe ſwords, ſlaſhing and cutting one the other, armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thruſting and ſtabbing, and chiefly under the waſte.*" Darcie's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 4to. 1623, p. 223, ſub anno, 1587.

Again, in Bulleine's *Dialogue between Soarneſſe and Chirurgi*, fol. 1579, p. 20: "There is *a new* kynd of inſtruments to let bloud withall, whych brynge the bloud-letter ſometyme to the gallowes, becauſe hee ſtryketh to deepe. Theſe inſtruments are called the ruffins tucke, and *long ſoining rapier*: weapons more malicious than manly." Reed.

[3] *I take* the earth *to the like*, &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the firſt edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, againſt the mind of the author. For *the earth* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *thy oath*. Johnson.

To *take the earth* is, at preſent, a fox-hunter's phraſe. So, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"I'll follow him until he *take the earth*."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It ſhould ſeem, however, from the following paſſage in Warner's *Albion's Eng*

And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From ſun to ſun: [4] there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

land, 1602. B. III. c. xvi. that the expreſſion is yet capable of another meaning:

" Lo here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'ſt
the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I ſuppoſe, to daſh it on the *earth*. We ſtill ſay to *ground* a muſquet, and to *ground* a bowl.

Let me add, however, in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, quarto 1609, is corrupted in the ſame manner. Inſtead of the " —— untraded *oath*," it gives " —— untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

I taſk thy heart *to the like*,——

i. e. I put thy valour to the ſame trial. So, in *King Henry IV.* Act V. ſc. ii:

" How ſhow'd his *taſking* ? ſeem'd it in contempt ?"

The quarto, 1597, reads—*taſk*; the ſucceeding quartos, viz. 1598, 1608, and 1615, have *take*. STEEVENS.

Taſk is the reading of the firſt and beſt quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the ſeveral editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the firſt, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confeſs I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one. MALONE.

[4] *From* ſun *to* ſun:] i. e. as I think, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" *Imo.* How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
" Twixt hour and hour?
" *Piſa.* One ſcore 'twixt *ſun and ſun*,
" Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too."

" The time appointed for the *duello* (ſays Saviolo,) hath alwaies bene *'twixt the riſing and the ſetting ſun*; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel." *On Honour and honourable Quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This paſſage fully ſupports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. The quartos read—*From* ſun *to* ſun. The emendation, which in my apprehenſion

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,[5]
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;[6]
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou lieſt.

Surrey. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs,[7]

requires no enforcement or ſupport, was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, who explains theſe words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another.* Malone.

However ingenious the conjecture of Mr. Steevens may be, I think the old reading the true one. *From ſin to ſin,* is from one denial to another; for thoſe denials were ſeverally maintained to be *lies.* Henley.

[5] *I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,*] So, in *King Richard III:*

" A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom."

Steevens.

[6] My lord, *'tis true: you were in preſence then;*] The quartos omit—*My lord,* and read—*'Tis very true,* &c. The folio preſerves both readings, and conſequently overloads the metre.

Steevens.

[7] *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me againſt him. So, in *Macbeth:*

And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,[8]
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,[9]
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his land and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt; in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,

" ——or be alive again,
" And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword."
JOHNSON

[8] —— *in this new world,*] In this world where I have juſt begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *here do I throw down this,*] Holinſhed ſays, that on this occaſion " he threw down *a hood* that he had borrowed "
STEEVENS.
He had before thrown down his own hood, when accuſed by Bagot. MALONE.

And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As ſure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoul to the boſom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.[1]
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleſs[2] would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.

[1] *Yet beſt* beſeeming *me to ſpeak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically:

Yet beſt beſeems it *me to ſpeak the truth.*

But I do not think it is printed otherwiſe than as Shakſpeare wrote it. Johnson.

[2] ——*nobleſs*—] i. e. nobleneſs; a word now obſolete, but uſed both by Spenſer and Ben Jonſon. Steevens.

What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,[3]
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhow ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,

[3] *And ſhall the figure* &c.] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in K. James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expreſſed this doctrine in much ſtronger terms. It muſt be obſerved that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this biſhop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has repreſented the character of the biſhop as he found it in Holinſhed, where this famous ſpeech, (which contains, in the moſt expreſs terms, the doctrine of paſſive obedience,) is preſerved. The politicks of the hiſtorian were the politicks of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the biſhop in Holinſhed, is, that it was unjuſt to proceed againſt the king "without calling him openly to his anſwer and defence." He ſays, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to ſo noble a prince;" but does not expreſsly aſſert that he could not be lawfully depoſed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinſhed before him. MALONE.

It does not appear from any better authority than Holinſhed that Biſhop Merkes made this famous ſpeech, or any ſpeech at all upon this occaſion, or even that he was preſent at the time. His ſentiments, however, whether right or wrong, would have been regarded neither as novel nor unconſtitutional. And it is obſervable that uſurpers are as ready to avail themſelves of the doctrine of *divine right*, as lawful ſovereigns; to dwell upon the *ſacredneſs* of their *perſons* and the *ſanctity* of their *character*. Even that "cutpurſe of the empire," Claudius, in *Hamlet*, affects to believe that—

"——ſuch divinity doth hedge a king," &c. RITSON.

Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's ſculls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the woefulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth:
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, child's children,[4] cry againſt you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, ſir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here:—
My lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.[5]—
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons' ſuit.

[4] *Leſt child, child's children,*] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read—*childrens' children*. Steevens.

[5] ——*his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almoſt to the end of the Act, containing the whole proceſs of dethroning and debaſing King Richard, was added after the firſt edition, of 1598, and before the ſecond of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loſs. The author, I ſuppoſe, intended to make a very moving ſcene. Johnson.

The addition was firſt made in the quarto, 1608. Steevens.

The firſt edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is ſaid that this ſcene was added, the reader muſt underſtand that it was added by the *printer*, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was publiſhed by a former. There

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender; ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct.[6] [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To* Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, *with King* Richard, *and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a king,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give ſorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men:[7] Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,

is no proof that the whole ſcene was not written by Shakſpeare at the ſame time with the reſt of the play, though for political reaſons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of his Plays*, Vol. II. Malone.

[6] —— *his* conduct.] i. e. conductor. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Although thou haſt been *conduct* of my ſhame."
Steevens.

[7] *The favours* &c.] The *countenances*, the *features*.
Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

"—— nor ſhould I know him,
"Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd." Steevens

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the king!—Will no man ſay, amen?
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, amen.
God ſave the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what ſervice am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majeſty did make thee offer,——
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, couſin, ſeize the crown;
Here, on this ſide,[8] my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing[9] in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.

[8] *Here, on this ſide,*] The old copy redundantly has—*Here*, couſin, *on this ſide*,——. Steevens.

[9] *The* emptier *ever dancing*—] This is a compariſon not eaſily accommodated to the ſubject, nor very naturally introduced. The beſt part is this line, in which he makes the uſurper the *empty* bucket. Johnson.

My care is—loſs of care, by old care done;[1]
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I reſign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myſelf:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm,[2]
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all achiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave king Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſunſhine days!—
What more remains?

[1] *My care is—loſs of care, by old care done;*] Shakſpeare often obſcures his meaning by playing with ſounds. Richard ſeems to ſay here, that *his cares are not made leſs by the increaſe of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reaſon, that *his care is the loſs of care*,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the ceſſation of the care to which he had been accuſtomed.* Johnson.

[2] ——*my balm,*] The oil of conſecration. He has mentioned it before. Johnson.

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,[3]
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my ſour croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, deſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a fort[4] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,

[3] —— *If thou would'ſt,*] That is, if thou wouldſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds. Johnson.

[4] —— *a fort* —] A *pack*, a *company*. Warburton.
So, in *King Richard III:*
" A *fort* of vagabonds, raſcals, and runaways."
Steevens.

I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory baſe; and ſovereignty, a ſlave;
Proud majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,[5] inſulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,[6]—
But 'tis uſurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
O, that I were a mockery king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight;
That it may ſhow me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs. [*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

[5] ——*haught,*] i. e. *haughty.* So, in *King Richard III:*
"And the queen's ſons and brothers, *haught* and proud."
STEEVENS.

[6] *No, not that name was given me at the font,*] How that name which was given him at the font could be uſurped, I do not underſtand. Perhaps Shakſpeare meant to ſhew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, repreſents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfied.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book indeed
Where all my ſins are writ,[7] and that's—myſelf.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a Glaſs.*

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his houſehold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men?[8] Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd ſo many follies,
And was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Daſhes the Glaſs againſt the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport,—
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

[7] ——*the very* book *indeed*
Where all my *ſins are* writ,] This phraſe is from the 139th *Pſalm*, v. 15: "——and in thy *book were all my* members *written*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Did* keep *ten thouſand men?*] Shakſpeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only ſay "that to his houſhold came every day, to *meate*, ten thouſand men." MALONE.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow? Ha! let's ſee:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of lament[9]
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

[9] —— *my grief lies all within;*
And theſe external manners of lament &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:
" But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow;
" Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe."
MALONE.

Boling. Go, ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,[1]
That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall.[2]

[*Exeunt K.* Richard, *ſome Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.[3]

[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and* Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.[4]

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament

[1] —— Conveyers *are you all,*] To *convey* is a term often uſed in an ill ſenſe, and ſo Richard underſtands it here. Piſtol ſays of *ſtealing,* convey *the wiſe it call*; and to *convey* is the word for ſleight of hand, which ſeems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all,* ſays the depoſed prince, *jugglers,* who riſe with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king.* Johnson.

[2] —— *a true king's fall.*] This is the laſt of the additional lines which were firſt printed in the quarto, 1608. Malone.

[3] *On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet down*
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.] The two firſt quartos, read:

Let it be ſo: and loe on Wedneſday next
We ſolemnly proclaim our coronation:
Lords, be ready all. Steevens.

[4] —— *as ſharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation ſhows that Shakſpeare intended to impreſs his auditors with a diſlike of the depoſal of Richard. Johnson.

To bury[5] mine intents, but to effect[6]
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe:—
I ſee your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to ſupper; I will lay
A plot, ſhall ſhow us all a merry day.[7] [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower,[8]
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke:

[5] *To* bury—] To *conceal*, to *keep ſecret*. Johnson.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, by Ben Jonſon:

"Lock'd up in ſilence, midnight, *buried* here."

Steevens.

[6] ——*but to effect*—] The old copies redundantly read—*but* alſo *to effect*. Steevens.

[7] In the firſt edition there is no perſonal appearance of King Richard, ſo that all to the line at which he leaves the ſtage was inſerted afterwards. Johnson.

[8] *To Julius Cæſar's* ill-erected *tower*,] The Tower of London is traditionally ſaid to have been the work of Julius Cæſar. Johnson.

By—*ill-erected*, I ſuppoſe, is meant—erected for bad purpoſes. Steevens.

Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true king's queen.[9]

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither:[1] Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand;[2]
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,

[9] *Here let us reſt, if* &c.] So, Milton:
"Here reſt, if any reſt can harbour here." JOHNSON.

And Browne, in his *Britannia's Paſtorals*, B. II. Song iii. 1613:
"——Night and day upon the hard'ned ſtones
"*Reſts*, if a *reſt* can be——," &c. HOLT WHITE.

[1] ——————*ſee*,
My fair roſe wither:] Even the *Cronykil* of A. of Wyntown, on this occaſion, is not unpoetical:
"The king Richard of Yngland
"Wes in his ſlowris than regnand:—
"Bot his ſlowris eftyr ſone
"Fadyt, and ware all undone." B. IX. ch. xviii. v. 61, &c.
STEEVENS.

[2] *Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand*;] The Queen uſes comparative terms abſolutely. Inſtead of ſaying, *Thou who appeareſt* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, ſhe ſays:
Ah, thou the model &c
Thou map of honour;——
Thou *picture* of greatneſs. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been obſerved, is uſed by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, ſingular in this uſe of the word. Thou ruined majeſty, ſays the Queen, that *reſembleſt* the deſolated waſte where Troy once ſtood. So, before:
"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."
In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſleep is called "the *map* of death." MALONE.

And not king Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,[3]
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouſe gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief,[4] fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity;[5] and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

[3] ——*beauteous* inn,] *Inn* does not here ſignify a houſe of publick entertainment; but a dignified habitation.

So, in an ancient ſatirical Song, quoted by the Rev. T. Warton, in his *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. 45:

"Syre Simonde de Mountfort hath ſuore bi ys chyn,
"Hevede he nou here the erle of Waryn,
"Shuld he never more come to is *yn*."

Lord Howard's magnificent ſeat in Eſſex is ſtill called Audley-*Inn*. Steevens.

I cannot agree with Steevens. *Inn* means a houſe of entertainment, and is oppoſed to *alehouſe* in the following line.
M. Mason.

[4] *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief againſt me; do not, by thy additional ſorrows, enable grief to ſtrik me down at once. My own part of ſorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately deſtroy me. Johnson.

[5] ——*I am* ſworn brother,——
To grim neceſſity,] I have reconciled myſelf to neceſſity, I am in a ſtate of amity with the conſtraint which I have ſuſtained. Johnson.

The expreſſion—*ſworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the ages of adventure, bound themſelves by mutual oaths, to ſhare fortunes together. See Mr. Whalley's note on *King Henry V.* Act II. ſc. i. Steevens

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiſs the rod;
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A king of beaſts, indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.[6]
Good ſometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,[7]
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,[8]
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.

[6] —— *king of men.*] 'Tis marvellous, that Mr. Upton did not quote this paſſage as an evidence of our author's learning, and obſerve, that a more faithful tranſlation of Homer's ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν could not have been made. Steevens.

[7] —— *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful ſtories. Johnson.

[8] *Tell thou the lamentable* fall *of me,*] Thus the folio. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"And when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
"Speak how I *fell.*"

The reading, however, of the firſt quarto, 1597, is alſo much in our author's manner:

Tell thou the lamentable tale *of me*—. Malone.

For why,[9] the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compaſſion, weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,—
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think,[1] that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;

[9] —— *For why,*] The poet ſhould have ended this ſpeech with the foregoing line, and have ſpared his childiſh prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

This is certainly childiſh prattle, as Johnſon calls it; but it is of the ſame ſtamp with the other ſpeeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a ſtrange medley of ſenſe and puerility. M. MASON.

[1] And *he ſhall think,*] The conjunction—*And*, without which the metre is deficient, was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.[2]—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where ſhivering cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,[3] or ſhort'ſt of day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the king with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy.[4]

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.[5]

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

[2] *Let me* unkiſs the oath *'twixt thee and me;*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.] A kiſs appears to have been an eſtabliſhed circumſtance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613, the Duke, on parting with his wife, ſays to her:
"The *kiſs thou gav'ſt me in the church*, here take."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *Hallowmas,*] *All-hallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the firſt of November. STEEVENS.

[4] *That were ſome love,* &c.] The quartos give this ſpeech to the King. STEEVENS.

[5] *Then whither he goes, thither let me go.*] So, in the Book of *Ruth*, i. 16: —"for whither thou goeſt, I will go."
STEEVENS.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.[6]
Go, count thy way with ſighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.[7]

[*Kiſs again.*

[6] *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly ſpoken in the midland counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, to make no advance towards the good deſired. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Legend of Shore's Wife*, by Thomas Churchyard, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575:

"Compel the hauke to ſit, that is unmann'd,
"Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,
"Or bring the free againſt his will in band,
"Or move the ſad a pleaſant tale to hear,
"Your time is loſt, and *you are never the near*."

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great diſtance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

[7] ——*and* kill *thy* heart.]- So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"—— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."
MALONE.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act II. ſc. i: "—he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days: the king hath *kill'd* his *heart*."
STEEVENS.

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his* Ducheſs.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window's tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cried—God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,[8]—

[8] *With* painted imag'ry, *had* ſaid *at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the

Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre,[9] the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent[1] on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cried, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,—
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,[2]—

ſtreets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures ſometimes had labels iſſuing from their mouths, containing ſentences of gratulation. Malone.

[9] *As in a theatre,* &c.] "The painting of this deſcription (ſays Dryden, in his Preface to *Troilus and Creſſida,*) is ſo livęly, and the words ſo moving, that I have ſcarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language." Steevens.

[1] *Are idly bent*—] That is, *carelęſsly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ſtage. Johnson.

[2] *His face ſtill combating* with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,] There is, I believe, no image, which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former ſcene of this play:

"As a long-parted mother with her child,
"Plays fondly with her *tears,* and *ſmiles* in meeting."

Again, in *King Lear*:

That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events;
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;[3]
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:

" Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
" Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt:
" ——— her *ſmiles and tears*
" Were like a better May."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— nobly he yokes
" A *ſmiling with a ſigh.*"

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" My plenteous *joys,*
" Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
" In drops of *ſorrow.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Where ſenators ſhall mingle *tears* with *ſmiles.*"

Again, in *The Tempeſt:*

" —— I am a fool
" To weep at what I am glad of."

So, alſo, Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

" With thy ſweete kiſſes ſo them both beguile,
" Untill they *ſmiling weep*, and *weeping ſmile.*"

MALONE.

[3] ——— Aumerle *that was*;] The Dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's firſt parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinſhed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my ſon: Who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?[4]

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well[5] in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?[6]

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpoſe ſo.

York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?[7]
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.[8]

[4] *That ſtrew the* green lap *of the new-come ſpring?*] So, in Milton's Song on *May Morning*:

"——who from her *green lap* throws
"The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*bear you well*—] That is, conduct yourſelf with prudence. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*juſts and* triumphs?] *Triumphs* are *Shows*, ſuch as *Maſks*, *Revels*, &c.

So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act V. ſc. vii:

"And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
"With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comick ſhows,
"Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?" STEEVENS.

[7] *What ſeal is that*, that *hangs without thy boſom?*] The ſeals of deeds were formerly impreſſed on ſlips or labels of parchment appendant to them. MALONE.

[8] *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.*] Such harſh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who ſees it:
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear,——

Duch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainſt the triumph day.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhow it.

York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon!—villain! traitor! ſlave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a* Servant.] Saddle my horſe.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.

eaſily ſupplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture looſe on ſuch ſlight occaſions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Boy*, let me ſee the writing. York uſes theſe words a little lower. MALONE.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, fooliſh woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, ſon?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.

Duch. Thy life anſwer!

Re-enter Servant, *with Boots.*

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:[9]—
Hence, villain; never more come in my ſight.—
[*To the* Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I ſay.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

[9] —— *amaz'd:*] i. e. perplexed, confounded. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "That cannot chooſe but amaze him. If he be not *amazed*, he will be mocked; if he be *amazed*, he will every way be mocked." Steevens.

Duch. He ſhall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my ſon,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thoud'ſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.
[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur, poſt; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*; PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongſt the taverns there,[1]
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions;
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers;
While he,[2] young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the prince;
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

[1] *Inquire at London,* &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatneſs in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare ſeldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conſpiracy on which the preſent ſcene is formed, was diſcovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He ſcarcely frequented taverns or ſtews at ſo early an age. MALONE.

[2] While *he,*] All the old copies read—*Which* he. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Percy. His anſwer was,—he would unto the ſtews;
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove,[3]
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſperate: yet, through both
I ſee ſome ſparkles of a better hope,[4]
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, *haſtily.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our couſin, that he ſtares and looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your majeſty,
To have ſome conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt* Percy *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our couſin now?

[3] ——*pluck a* glove.] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, Lamia, the ſtrumpet, ſays:

"Who loves me once is lymed to my heaſt:
"My colour ſome, and ſome ſhall wear my *glove*."

Again, in *The Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

"Or ſhall I undertake ſome martial ſport
"Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
"And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?" Steevens.

[4] *I ſee ſome* ſparkles *of a better hope.*] The folio reads:

——ſparks *of better hope.*

The quarto, 1615:

——ſparkles *of better hope.* Steevens.

The firſt quarto has—*ſparkes of better hope.* The article was inſerted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but[5] the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy deſire.
[Aumerle *locks the door.*

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyſelf;
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, ſecure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[Bolingbroke *opens the door.*

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

[5] *If* but—] Old copies—If *on*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
Thou ſheer, immaculate,[6] and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;[7]
And thy abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe

[6] *Thou ſheer, immaculate,* &c.] *Sheer* is pellucid, tranſparent. Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. ii:

"Who having viewed in a fountain *ſhere*
"Her face," &c.

Again, in B. III. c. xi:

"That ſhe at laſt came to a fountain *ſhere*."

Again, in the fourth Book of Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, 1587:

"The water was ſo pure and *ſheere*," &c.

Tranſparent muſlin is ſtill called *ſheer* muſlin. STEEVENS.

[7] *Thy overflow of good converts* to *bad*;] Mr. Theobald would read:

——— *converts* the *bad*. STEEVENS.

The old reading—*converts to bad*, is right, I believe, though Mr. Theobald did not underſtand it. "The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy ſon*; and that ſame abundant goodneſs *in thee* ſhall excuſe *his* tranſgreſſion." TYRWHITT.

This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon.[8]

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame,
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's ſake let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd,—from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.[9]—

[8] —— digreſſing *ſon*,] Thus the old copies, and rightly. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Digreſſing* from the valour of a man."

To *digreſs* is to deviate from what is right or regular. Some of the modern editors read:—*tranſgreſſing*. Steevens.

[9] —— *The Beggar and the King*.] *The King and the Beggar* ſeems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. Johnson.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a ſong. The reader will find it in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnſon's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roſes*, 1612, 12mo. where it is entitled, ſimply, *A Song of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad, is mentioned in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Provoke thy ſharp Melpomene to ſing
"The ſtory of *a Beggar and the King*." Steevens.

My dangerous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs, proſper may.
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt reſts ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Ducheſs.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here?[1]
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beſeech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,[2]
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

[1] *Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou* make *here?*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"What *make* you here?"

Again, in *Othello:*

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?" Malone.

[2] —— kneel *upon my knees,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

—— walk *upon my knees.* Steevens.

Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace![3]

Duch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and ſoul, and all beſide:
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. Nay, do not ſay—ſtand up;
But, pardon, firſt; and afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez moy.*[4]

Duch. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!—

[3] *Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!*] This line is not in the folio. Malone.

[4] —— *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuſe me*, a phraſe uſed when any thing is civilly denied. The whole paſſage is ſuch as I could well wiſh away. Johnson.

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French[5] we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.[6]

Duch. A god on earth thou art.[7]

Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law,[8]—and the abbot,[9]

[5] *The* chopping *French*—] *Chopping*, I ſuppoſe, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Engliſhmen; or perhaps it may mean—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this ſenſe, in any other place. In the univerſities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the ſame phraſe:

"How now! how now! *chop logick?*" Malone.

[6] *With all my heart*
I pardon him.] The old copies read—*I pardon him with all my heart.* The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Pope.
Malone.

[7] *A god on earth thou art.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"He ſits 'mongſt men, like *a deſcended god.*"
Steevens.

[8] *But for our truſty brother-in-law.*] The brother-in-law, meant, was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own

With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.[1]—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where'er theſe traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and couſin too,[2] adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old ſon;—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, ſiſter of Henry Bolingbroke. Theobald.

[9] —— *the abbot,*] i. e. the Abbot of Weſtminſter. Theobald.

[1] *Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.*] Again, in *King Richard III:*

"Death and deſtruction *dog thee at the heels.*" Steevens.

[2] —— *couſin* too, *adieu:*] *Too*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the ſake of the metre. Malone

Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtfully look'd on me;
As who ſhould ſay,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how I may compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;[3]
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf

[3] —— *people this* little world;] i. e. his own frame;—"the ſtate of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæſar* is ſaid to be "like to a little kingdom." So alſo, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Storming my *world* with ſorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"Strives in this *little world* of man to outſcorn
"The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain." Malone

Againſt the word:[4]
As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,—
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks refuge their ſhame,—
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like,
Thus play I, in one perſon,[5] many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am: Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

[4] ——— *the* word *itſelf*
Againſt the word:] By the *word*, I ſuppoſe, is meant, the *holy word*. The folio reads:
——— *the* faith *itſelf*
Againſt the faith. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the firſt quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[5] *Thus* play I, *in* one perſon,] Alluding, perhaps, to the neceſſities of our early theatres. The title-pages of ſome of our *Moralities* ſhow, that three or four characters were frequently repreſented by *one perſon*. STEEVENS.

Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent old copies have—*priſon*. MALONE.

And ſtraight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How ſour ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check[6] time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But, for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with ſighs, they jar
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,[7]

[6] *To* check —] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. The folio reads —To *hear*. Of this play the firſt quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

[7] *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:*
My thoughts are minutes; and, with ſighs, they jar
Their watches *on to mine eyes, the* outward watch, &c.]
I think this paſſage muſt be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The firſt quarto reads:

My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The quarto, 1615:

My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
There *watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The firſt folio agrees with the ſecond quarto.

Perhaps out of theſe two readings the right may be made. *Watch* ſeems to be uſed in a double ſenſe, for a quantity of time, and for the inſtrument that meaſures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

My thoughts are minui:, and with ſighs they jar
Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto &c. JOHNSON.

I am unable to throw any certain light on this paſſage. A few hints, however, which may tend to its illuſtration, are left for the ſervice of future commentators.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.

figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artiſt *after the operation of a ſecond cup*: therefore neither Mr. Tollet, who communicated it, or myſelf, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the paſſage before us.* Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "—he looks like one of theſe *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently ſignified a *puppet*. Again, in his *Sejanus*:

"Obſerve him, as his *watch* obſerves his *clock*."

Again, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

"The clocke will ſtrike in haſte, I heare the *watch*
"That founds the bell——."

The ſame thought alſo occurs in Greene's *Perimedes*, 1588:

"Diſquiet thoughts the minuts of her *watch*."

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noiſe which is called *ticking*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——I love thee not a *jar* o'the clock behind," &c.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"——the minutes *jarring*, the clock ſtriking."

STEEVENS.

There appears to be no reaſon for ſuppoſing with Dr. Johnſon, that this paſſage is corrupt. It ſhould be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progreſs of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the ſtriking of the hour. To theſe, the King, in his compariſon, ſeverally alludes; his ſighs correſponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the ſame time that it watches or numbers the ſeconds, marks alſo their progreſs in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is ſupplied by a ſucceſſion of tears, or, (to uſe an expreſſion of Milton,) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping theſe away, performs the office of the dial's point: —his clamorous groans are the ſounds that tell the hour.

In *King Henry IV.* P. II. tears are uſed in a ſimilar manner:

"But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe *tears*,
"By number, into *hours* of happineſs." HENLEY.

* Mr. Dutton, of Fleet Street, has ſince confirmed to me this intelligence. STEEVENS.

Now, ſir, the ſound, that tells what hour it is,[8]
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs poſting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.[9]
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;[1]
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,[2]
In me, it ſeems it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch in this all-hating world.[3]

[8] *Now, ſir,* &c.] Should we not read thus:

Now, ſir, the ſounds *that* tell *what hour it is,*
Are *clamorous groans,* &c. RITSON.

[9] ——*his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I ſtrike for him. One of theſe automatons is alluded to in *King Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iii:

"Becauſe that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke,
"Between thy begging and my meditation."

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"——— ſo would I,
"And we their *jacks o'the clockhouſe.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *This* muſick mads *me, let it ſound no more;*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The little birds that tune their morning throats,
"Make her moans *mad* with their ſweet melody."

MALONE.

[2] *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] In what degree muſick was ſuppoſed to be uſeful in curing madneſs, the reader may receive information from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part II. ſect. ii. REED.

The alluſion is perhaps to the perſons bit by the tarantula, who are ſaid to be cured by muſick. MALONE.

[3] ——*and love to Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch *in this all-hating world.*] i.e. is as ſtrange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier,

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that ſad dog[4]
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometimes[5] maſter's face.

wears her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuited, but unſuitable; juſt like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which *wear not now*." MALONE.

That the word *brooch* was applied to a particular kind of ornament is certain; but it alſo ſignifies a jewel in general: and it appears to me, that Richard means to ſay that love to him was a ſtrange jewel in an all-hating world, without any reference to the faſhion of wearing *brooches*. M. MASON.

—— *in this* all-hating *world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am univerſally hated. JOHNSON.

I think, he rather means a world in which the ſpirit of hatred was prevalent. M. MASON.

[4] *Where no man never comes, but that* ſad *dog*—] It ſhould be remembered that the word *ſad* was in the time of our author uſed for *grave*. The expreſſion will then be the ſame as if he had ſaid, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinſhed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *ſad man*, and an honeſt," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— ſometimes *maſter's face.*] *Sometimes* was uſed for *formerly*, as well as *ſometime*, which the modern editors have ſubſtituted. So, in Speed's *Hiſtory of Great Britaine*, 1611:—"A catalogue of the religious houſes, &c. *ſometimes* in England and Wales." MALONE.

The old copy, redundantly—
——*ſometimes* royal *maſter's face*. STEEVENS.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary?[6] Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.[7]

[6] *Rode he on Barbary?*] This ſtory of Roan Barbary might have been of Shakſpeare's own invention. Froiſſart, however, relates a yet more ſilly tale concerning a favourite grey hound of King Richard's, "who was wont to lepe upon the King, but left the King and came to the erle of Derby duke of Lancaſtre, and made to hym the ſame frendly countinaunce and chere as he was wonte to do to the King," &c. Froiſſart, Vol. II. fo. CCC.xxx.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were ſynonymous words. Ben Jonſon uſes *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you ſay the word, ſend me to Jericho."
STEEVENS.

Enter Keeper, *with a Diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the* Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; ſir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the* Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's inſtrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another, then* Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.[8]
[*Dies.*[9]

[8] ——*here to die.*] Shakſpeare in this ſcene has followed Holinſhed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whoſe Chronicle, I believe, this ſtory of Sir Piers of Exton firſt appeared. Froiſſart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finiſhed his Chronicle ſoon after the death of the King, ſays, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he been murdered by eight armed men, (for ſuch is Fabian's ſtory,) "four of whom he ſlew with his own hand," and from whom he muſt have received many wounds, ſurely ſuch an event muſt have reached the ears of Froiſſart, who had a great regard for the King, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of ſilver and gilt, waying two marke of ſilver, and within it a C. nobles; by the wych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and ſhal be as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his ſoule, and wyth muche ſorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this ſtory of his murder conſiſtent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and expoſed in Cheapſide for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quiſhen, and his *vyſage open*,") where it was viewed, ſays Froiſſart, by twenty thouſand perſons. The account given by Stowe, who ſeems to have had before him a Manuſcript Hiſtory of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a perſon who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He ſays, "he was impriſoned in Pomfrait Caſtle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirſt, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with ſuch a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, ſaith Sir John Fortiſcute," probably in his *Declaration touching the Title of the Houſe of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, ſomewhere exiſting in MS. Sir John Forteſcue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore ſo near the time, his teſtimony is of the higheſt weight. And with him Harding, who is ſuppoſed to have been at the battle of Shrewſbury, in 1403, concurs: "Men ſayd *for-hungered* he was." *Chron.* 1543, fol. 199. So alſo, Walſingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies in the Manifeſto which they publiſhed againſt King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewſbury, expreſsly charge him with having "carried

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I ſpilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

his ſovereign lord traiterouſly within the caſtell of Pomfret, without the conſent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the ſpace of fiftene daies and ſo many nightes, (which is horrible among Chriſtian people to be heard.) *with hunger, thirſt, and cold, to periſhe.*" Had the ſtory of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly muſt have reached them. Their not mentioning it is deciſive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of diſpute; for in *The Firſt Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599, after relating the ſtory of King Richard's aſſaſſination, he very gravely tells us, that "after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* theſe words: 'My great grandfather Edward II." &c. Mr. Hume, in his entertaining, but often ſuperficial, *Hiſtory of England*, has not been weak enough to inſert this fictitious dying ſpeech. He might, however, have inſerted it with as much propriety as an abridgement of the oration of the Biſhop of Carliſle, on the depoſition of the King being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himſelf on a few ſentences preſerved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages*. The writers of *The Parliamentary Hiſtory* have in this matter been as careleſs as Mr. Hume. Malone.

[9] *Dies.*] The repreſentation here given of the King's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinſhed. But the fact was otherwiſe. He refuſed food for ſeveral days, and died of abſtinence and a broken heart. See Walſingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Eveſham, the continuator of the Hiſtory of Croyland, and the anonymous Godſtow Chronicle. Ritson.

SCENE VI.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Flouriſh. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Gloſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en, or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs.
The next news is,—I have to London ſent
The heads of Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:[1]
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London.

[1] ——*of* Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, *and* Kent;] So the folio. The quarto reads—of *Oxford*, *Saliſbury*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*. It appears from the hiſtories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *with the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;[2]
But here is Carliſle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:[3]—
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room,
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtriſe:
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee have I ſeen.[4]

[2] *The grand conſpirator, abbot of Weſtminſter,——*
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;] This Abbot of Weſtminſter was William de Colcheſter. The relation here given of his death, after Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, is untrue, as he ſurvived the King many years; and though called "the grand conſpirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conſpiracy; at leaſt nothing was proved againſt him. Ritson.

[3] *Carliſle, this is your doom:*] This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the interceſſion of his friends, obtained leave to change his priſon for Weſtminſter-Abbey. In order to deprive him of his ſee, the Pope, at the King's inſtance, tranſlated him to a biſhoprick *in partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Glouceſterſhire. He died in 1409. Ritson.

[4] *High* ſparks of honour *in thee have I* ſeen.] Thus, in the old Play of *The Hiſtory of King Leir*, &c.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried fear: herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhow thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*[5]

"I *ſee* ſuch *ſparks of honour in your face.*" Hence, perhaps, as Mr. Todd obſerves, Milton, in his *Arcades*, v. 26:

"I *ſee* bright *honour ſparkle in your eyes.*" STEEVENS.

[5] This play is extracted from the *Chronicle* of Holinſhed, in which many paſſages may be found which Shakſpeare has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a

ſpeech of the Biſhop of Carliſle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Jonſon, who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the Roman hiſtorians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakſpeare, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakſpeare had more of his own than Jonſon; and, if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhowed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which Shakſpeare has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakſpeare reviſed this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to ſpeak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this ſubject in *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.*

* KING HENRY IV. PART I.] The tranſactions contained in this hiſtorical drama are compriſed within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotſpur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holy-rood day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it cloſes with the defeat and death of Hotſpur at Shrewſbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21ſt of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wiſe. Again, by M. Wooliff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece ſuppoſed to have been its original, ſee *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has apparently deſigned a regular connection of theſe dramatick hiſtories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpoſe to viſit the Holy Land, which he reſumes in the firſt ſpeech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the laſt Act of Richard the Second, of the wildneſs of his ſon, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales,
Prince John *of* Lancaſter,[1] } *Sons to the King.*

Earl of Weſtmoreland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *Friends to the King.*

Thomas Percy, *Earl of* Worceſter.
Henry Percy, *Earl of* Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *ſurnamed* Hotſpur, *his Son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York.
Archibald, *Earl of* Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto. Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hotſpur, *and Siſter to* Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Mrs. Quickly, *Hoſteſs of a Tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

[1] *Prince* John *of* Lancaſter.] The perſons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaſter* to *Prince John*, a miſtake which Shakſpeare has been no where guilty of in the *firſt* part of this play, though in the *ſecond* he has fallen into the ſame error. *King Henry IV.* was himſelf the laſt perſon that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaſter*. But all his ſons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester,*) were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the royal houſe, as *John of Lancaſter, Humphrey of Lancaſter*, &c. and in that proper ſtyle, the preſent *John* (who became afterwards ſo illuſtrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford,*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils[2]
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty Erinnys of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;[3]

[2] *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,*
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils—] That is, let us ſoften peace to reſt a while without diſturbance, that ſhe may recover breath to propoſe new wars. JOHNSON.

[3] *No more the thirſty* Erinnys *of this ſoil*
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;] See Mr. M. Maſon's note, p. 181. The old copies read—*entrance.*
Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetched, and yet I am willing to venture it, becauſe it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. We might read:
—— *the thirſty* entrants *of this ſoil*;
i. e. thoſe who ſet foot on this kingdom through the thirſt of power or conqueſt, as the ſpeaker himſelf had done, on his return to England after baniſhment.

No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,

Whoever is accuſtomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *conſequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, ſpelt conſequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakſpeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning.

By *her* lips Shakſpeare may mean *the lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the ſecond line; or may uſe the *thirſty entrance* of the ſoil, for the *porous ſurface* of the earth, through which all moiſture enters, and is thirſtily drank, or ſoaked up.

So, in an Ode inſerted by Gaſcoigne in his and Francis Kinwelmerſh's tranſlation of the *Phœniſſæ* of Euripides:

" And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,
" To ſup the blood of murdered bodies up." STEEVENS.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakſpeare meant, however licentiouſly, to ſay, *No more ſhall this ſoil* have *the lips of her thirſty entrance, or mouth*, daubed *with the blood of her own children.*

Her lips, in my apprehenſion, refers to *ſoil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been ſuggeſted. Shakſpeare ſeldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the ſecond of theſe lines he conſiders the ſoil or earth of England as a perſon; (So, in *King Richard II*:

" Tells them, he does beſtride a bleeding *land*,
" *Gaſping* for *life* under great Bolingbroke.")

and yet in the firſt line the ſoil muſt be underſtood in its ordinary material ſenſe, as alſo in a ſubſequent line in which its *fields* are ſaid to be channelled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furniſh innumerable inſtances.

Daub, the reading of the earlieſt copy, is confirmed by a paſſage in *King Richard II.* where we again meet with the image preſented here:

" For that our kingdom's *earth* ſhall not be *ſoil'd*
" With that dear *blood* which it hath foſtered."

The ſame kind of imagery is found in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" Thy brother's *blood* the *thirſty earth* hath *drunk*:"

In which paſſage, as well as in that before us, the poet had perhaps the ſacred writings in his thoughts: " And now art thou curſed from the *earth*, which hath opened *her mouth* to *receive thy brother's blood* from thy hand." *Gen.* iv. 2. This laſt obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer.

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful *earth*,
" Unlawfully made *drunk with* innocent *blood*."

Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs

The earth may with equal propriety be ſaid to *daub her lips with blood*, as to be *made drunk* with blood.

A paſſage in the old play of *King John*, 1591, may throw ſome light on that before us:

" Is all the *blood* y-ſpilt on either part,
" Cloſing *the crannies of the thirſty earth*,
" Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feaſt?"

MALONE.

The *thirſty entrance* of the ſoil is nothing more or leſs, than the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry ſummer. As to its being perſonified, it is certainly no ſuch unuſual practice with Shakſpeare. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The alluſion is to the Barons' wars. RITSON.

The amendment which I ſhould propoſe, is to read *Erinnys*, inſtead of *entrance*.—By *Erinnys* is meant the fury of diſcord. The *Erinnys* of the ſoil, may poſſibly be conſidered as an uncommon mode of expreſſion, as in truth it is; but it is juſtified by a paſſage in the ſecond *Æneid* of Virgil, where Æneas calls Helen—

" —— *Trojæ & patriæ communis* Erinnys."

And an expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* where Sir William Lucy ſays:

" Is Talbot ſlain? the Frenchman's only ſcourge,
" Your kingdom's terror, and black *Nemeſis*?"

It is evident that the words, *her own children, her fields, her flowrets*, muſt all neceſſarily refer to *this ſoil*; and that Shakſpeare in this place, as in many others, uſes the perſonal pronoun inſtead of the imperſonal; *her* inſtead of *its*; unleſs we ſuppoſe he means to perſonify the ſoil, as he does in *King Richard II.* where Bolingbroke departing on his exile ſays:

" ———— ſweet ſoil, adieu!
" My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet."

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture (which I prefer to any explanation hitherto offered reſpecting this difficult paſſage,) may receive ſupport from N. Ling's *Epiſtle* prefixed to *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598: " ——I knowe there is nothing in this worlde but is ſubject to the *Erynnis* of ill-diſpoſed perſons."—The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in the tenth Book of *Lucan*:

" Dedecus Ægypti, Latio feralis *Erinnys*."

Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,

Again, in the 5th *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 202:

" —— cuncta ſuo regnat *Erinnys*
" Pectore."

Amidſt theſe uncertainties of opinion, however, let me preſent our readers with a ſingle fact on which they may implicitly rely; viz. that Shakſpeare could not have deſigned to open his play with a ſpeech, the fifth line of which is obſcure enough to demand a ſeries of comments thrice as long as the dialogue to which it is appended. All that is wanted, on this emergency, ſeems to be—a juſt and ſtriking perſonification, or, rather, a proper name. The former of theſe is not diſcoverable in the old reading—*entrance*; but the latter, furniſhed by Mr. M. Maſon, may, I think, be ſafely admitted, as it affords a natural unembarraſſed introduction to the train of imagery that ſucceeds.

Let us likewiſe recollect, that, by the firſt editors of our author, *Hyperion* had been changed into *Epton*; and that Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613, concludes with a ſpeech ſo darkened by corruptions, that the compariſon in the fourth line of it is abſolutely unintelligible.—It ſtands as follows:

" Night, like a maſque, is entred heaven's great hall,
" With thouſand torches uſhering the way:
" To *Riſus* will we conſecrate this evening,
" *Like Meſſermis cheating of the brack.*
" Weele make this night the day," &c.*

Is it impoſſible, therefore, that *Erinnys* may have been blundered into *entrance*, a transformation almoſt as perverſe and myſterious as the foregoing in Marſton's tragedy?

Being nevertheleſs aware that Mr. M. Maſon's gallant effort to produce an eaſy ſenſe, will provoke the ſlight objections and petty cavils of ſuch as reſtrain themſelves within the bounds of timid conjecture, it is neceſſary I ſhould ſubjoin, that his preſent emendation was not inſerted in our text on merely my own judgment,

* Since my introduction of this corrupted line, I have diſcovered the true ſenſe of it. Read:

" Like *Myccrinus* cheating of the *oracle*,
" We'll make" &c.

brack }
oracle }

The printer took the MS. *c* for a *b*, and the *le* for a *k*. See the *Euterpe* of Herodotus, for the hiſtory of *Mycerinus*, who, changing night into day, by means of lamps and torches, and thus apparently multiplying his predicted ſix years of life into twelve, deſigned to convict the *Oracle* of falſhood.

STEEVENS.

Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,[4]
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,——
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulcher of Chriſt,[5]
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy;[6]

but with the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer.—Having now prepared for controverſy—*ſigna canant!* Steevens.

[4] ——*like the* meteors of a troubled heaven,] Namely, long ſtreaks of red, which repreſent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeneſs to ſuch lines, gave occaſion to all the ſuperſtition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. Warburton.

[5] *As far as to the ſepulcher* &c.] The lawfulneſs and juſtice of the holy wars have been much diſputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the queſtion may be eaſily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the ſword all other religions, it is, by the laws of ſelf-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Chriſtians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, ſimply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chriſtians, and only lying in wait till opportunity ſhall promiſe them ſucceſs. Johnson.

Upon this note Mr. Gibbon makes the following obſervation: "If the reader will turn to the firſt ſcene of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* he will ſee in the text of Shakſpeare, the natural feelings of enthuſiaſm; and in the notes of Dr. Johnſon, the workings of a bigotted, though vigorous mind, greedy of every pretence to hate and perſecute thoſe who diſſent from his creed."

Gibbon's *Hiſtory*, Vol. VI. 9, 4to. edit. Reed.

[6] ——*ſhall we* levy;] To *levy* a power of Engliſh *as far* as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt, is an expreſſion quite unexampled, if

Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelve-month old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:[7]—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmoreland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.[8]

West. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits[9] of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came

not corrupt. We might propoſe *lead*, without violence to the ſenſe, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. In *Pericles*, however, the ſame verb is uſed in a mode as uncommon:

"Never did thought of mine *levy* offence." Steevens.

The expreſſion—"*As far as* to the ſepulchre," &c. does not, as I conceive, ſignify—*to the diſtance of* &c. but—*ſo far only as regards the ſepulchre*, &c. Douce.

[7] *Therefore we meet not now:*] i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now aſſembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. Malone.

[8] —— *this dear* expedience.] For *expedition*. Warburton.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————I ſhall break
"The cauſe of our *expedience* to the queen."

Steevens.

[9] *And many* limits —] *Limits* for *eſtimates*. Warburton.

Limits, as Mr. Heath obſerves, may mean, *outlines*, *rough ſketches*, or *calculations*. Steevens.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the buſineſs in hand. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:—"between the time of the contract and *limit* of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——I'll make ſo bold to call,
"For 'tis my *limited* ſervice." Malone.

A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done,[1] as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. Hen. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Young Harry Percy,[2] and brave Archibald,[3]
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did ſpend a ſad and bloody hour;
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;

[1] *By thoſe Welſhwomen done,*] Thus Holinſhed, p. 528: "—ſuch ſhameful villanie executed upon the careaſſes of the dead men by the *Welſhwomen*; as the like (I doo beleeve) hath never or ſildome beene practiſed." See T. Walſingham, p. 357. Steevens.

[2] ——— *the gallant* Hotſpur *there,*
Young Harry Percy,] Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 240, ſays: "This *Harry Percy* was ſurnamed, for his *often pricking, Henry Hotſpur*, as one that ſeldom times reſted, if there were anie ſervice to be done abroad." Tollet.

[3] ——— *Archibald,*] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas. Steevens.

For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil[4]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,[5] did ſir Walter ſee

[4] *Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil*—]. No circumſtance could have been better choſen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is uſed by Falſtaff in a ſimilar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me, but to *ſtand ſtained with travel*." Henley.

[5] Balk'd *in their own blood*,] I ſhould ſuppoſe, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encruſted over with blood dried upon them. A paſſage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of theſe conjectures:

"Troilus lies *embak'd*
"In his cold *blood*."——

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"————horribly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
"*Bak'd* and impaſted," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*:

"——— *bak'd in blood* and duſt."

Again, *ibid*:

"——— as *bak'd in blood*." Steevens.

Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careleſs manner of expreſſion: "Ten thouſand *bloody* carcaſſes *piled* up together in a long heap."——"A *ridge* of dead bodies *piled* up in *blood*." If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactneſs of conſtruction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

Balk'd, *in their own blood*, &c.

On Holmedon's plains: Of priſoners, Hotſpur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas;[6] and the earls of Athol,

" Piled up in a ridge, *and* in their own blood," &c. But without this punctuation, as at preſent, the context is more poetical, and preſents a ſtronger image.

A *balk*, in the ſenſe here mentioned, is a common expreſſion in Warwickſhire, and the northern counties. It is uſed in the ſame ſignification in Chaucer's *Plowman's Tale*, p. 182, edit. Urr. v. 2428. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, laid in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118, obſerves: "The mole raiſeth *balks* in meads and paſtures." In Leland's *Itinerary*, Vol. V. p. 16 and 118, Vol. VII. p. 10, a *balk* ſignifies a *bank* or *hill*. Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the ſame thought:

" On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,
" And thick'ning round them riſe the *hills* of dead."

TOLLET.

In Chapman's tranſlation of the *Shield of Achilles*, 4to 1598, the word *balk* alſo occurs:

" Amongſt all theſe all ſilent ſtood their king,
" Upon a *balk*, his ſcepter in his hand." STEEVENS.

[6] *Mordake* the *earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon*
To beaten Douglas;] The article—*the*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Pope. Mr. Malone, however, thinks it needleſs, and ſays "the word *earl* is here uſed as a diſſyllable."

Mordake earl of Fife, who was ſon to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *ſon of earl Douglas*, through a miſtake into which the poet was led by the omiſſion of a comma in the paſſage of Holinſhed from whence he took this account of the Scottiſh priſoners. It ſtands thus in the hiſtorian: "—and of priſoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, ſon to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas," &c. The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes theſe words appear to be the deſcription of one and the ſame perſon, and ſo the poet underſtood them; but by putting the ſtop in the proper place, it will then be manifeſt that in this liſt Mordake, who was ſon to the governor of Scotland, was the firſt priſoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the ſecond, and ſo on. STEEVENS.

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.[7]
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is[8] a conqueſt for a prince to boaſt of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the priſoners,[9]

[7] ——*and* Menteith.] This is a miſtake of Holinſhed in his *Engliſh Hiſtory*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he ſpeaks of the Earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the ſame perſon. Steevens.

[8] *In faith,*
It is—] Theſe words are in the firſt quarto, 1598, by the inaccuracy of the tranſcriber, placed at the end of the preceding ſpeech, but at a conſiderable diſtance from the laſt word of it. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*'Faith 'tis* &c. Malone.

[9] ——*the priſoners,*] Percy had an excluſive right to theſe priſoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whoſe redemption did not exceed ten thouſand crowns, had him clearly for himſelf, either to acquit or ranſom, at his pleaſure. It ſeems from Camden's *Bri-*

Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps; and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worceſter,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;[1]
Which makes him prune himſelf,[2] and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And, for this cauſe, awhile we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Jeruſalem.

tannia, that Pounouny caſtle in Scotland was built out of the ranſom of this very Henry Percy, when taken priſoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an anceſtor of the preſent Earl of Eglington. Tollet.

Percy could not refuſe the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (ſon to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might juſtly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. Steevens.

[1] *Malevolent to you in all aſpects;*] An aſtrological alluſion. Worceſter is repreſented as a malignant ſtar that influenced the conduct of Hotſpur. Henley.

[2] *Which makes him* prune *himſelf,*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himſelf*; that is, picks off the looſe feathers to ſmooth the reſt. To *prune* and *to plume*, ſpoken of a bird, is the ſame. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Sith now thou doſt but *prune* thy wings,
"And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, 1613:

"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers ſo."

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is juſtly interpreted. In *The Booke of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans,*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when ſhe fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when ſhe pulleth fethers of anie foule and caſteth them from her."

Steevens.

Couſin, on Wedneſday next our council we
Will hold at Windſor, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.[3]

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches after noon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know.[4] What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and

[3] *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be ſaid than anger will ſuffer me to ſay: more than can iſſue from a mind diſturbed like mine." Johnson.

[4] —— *to demand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know.*] The Prince's objection to the queſtion ſeems to be, that Falſtaff had aſked in the *night* what was the time of the *day*. Johnson.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for preſently after, the Prince himſelf ſays: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, ſweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakſpeare makes the Prince wiſh Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the ſcene commenced at night. Steevens.

the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight ſo fair.*[5] And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God ſave thy grace, (majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;[6] let

[5] Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight ſo fair.*] Falſtaff ſtarts the idea of *Phœbus*, i. e. the ſun; but deviates into an alluſion to *El Donzel del Febo*, the *knight of the ſun* in a Spaniſh romance tranſlated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakſpeare. This illuſtrious perſonage was "moſt excellently *faire*," and a great *wanderer*, as thoſe who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will diſcover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight ſo fair," are part of ſome forgotten ballad on the ſubject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenides, *the wandering knight*, is a character. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonſhine; they could not ſteal the fair day-light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchaſe of honeſt labour and induſtry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Mr. Theobald has obſerved, that they could not ſteal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expreſſion, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us who are body*

us be—Diana's foreſters,[7] gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon:[8] And let men ſay, we be men of good government; being governed as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we—ſteal.

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being governed as the ſea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatched on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morn-

ſquires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a diſgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to diſgrace it. A *ſquire of the body* ſignified originally, the attendant on a knight; the perſon who bore his head-piece, ſpear, and ſhield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is ſo uſed in the ſecond part of Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630. Again, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procureſs*: "Here comes the *ſquire* of her miſtreſs's *body*." Falſtaff, however, puns on the word *knight*. See the *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge, Eſq. Part I. p. 100. Steevens.

There is alſo, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the weſtern counties is pronounced nearly in the ſame manner as *booty*. See *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"So triumph *thieves* upon their conquer'd *booty*."

Malone.

[7] *Diana's foreſters*, &c.]

"Exile and ſlander are juſtly mee awarded,
"My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;
"And me their lord made *dame Diana's knight*."

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*. Henderson.

We learn from Hall, that certain perſons who appeared as *foreſters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. Malone.

[8] —— *minions of the* moon:] Thus, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, Gamaliel Ratſey and his company "became ſervants to the *moone*, for the ſunne was too hot for them." Steevens.

ing; got with ſwearing—lay by;[9] and ſpent with crying—bring in:[1] now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad. And is not my hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?[2]

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of

[9] —— *got with ſwearing*—lay by;] i. e. ſwearing at the paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates theſe old thieves with a new cant phraſe, taken from Bagſhot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug out*.
WARBURTON.

To *lay by*, is a phraſe adopted from navigation, and ſignifies, by ſlackening ſail to become ſtationary. It occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

" Even the billows of the ſea
" Hung their heads, and then *lay by*." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *and ſpent with crying*—bring in:] i. e. more wine.
MALONE.

[2] —— *And is not my hoſteſs of the tavern* &c.] We meet with the ſame kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following ſpeeches, in *The Moſtellaria of Plautus*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" Jampridem ecaſtor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
" Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear eſſe defœcatam.
" *Sca.* Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno meſſis magna fuit.
" *Phi.* Quid ea meſſis attinet ad meam lavationem?
" *Sca.* Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad meſſim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably conſiſts the humour of the Prince's queſtion. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In *The Gallathea* of Lyly, *Phillida* ſays: " It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

" *Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

" *Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpoſe," &c.

Ben Jonſon calls it *a game at vapours*. FARMER.

the caſtle.[3] And is not a buff jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?[4]

[3] *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle.*] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falſtaff was written originally under the name of Oldcaſtle. An ingenious correſpondent hints to me, that the paſſage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the caſtle* ſeems to have a reference to Oldcaſtle. Beſides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* where our author promiſes to continue his ſtory with Sir John in it, ſhould he ſay, "Where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your hard opinions: for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.*—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of King Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying Princeſs Catharine of France. The ſcene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcaſtle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect ſketch, I have a ſuſpicion, Shakſpeare might form his two parts of *King Henry IV.* and his hiſtory of *King Henry V.* and conſequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcaſtle, till ſome deſcendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

——*my old lad of the caſtle.*] This alludes to the name Shakſpeare firſt gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcaſtle; and when he changed the name he forgot to ſtrike out this expreſſion that alluded to it. The reaſon of the change was this: one Sir John Oldcaſtle having ſuffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falſtaff, and endeavours to remove the ſcandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church Hiſtory*:—"Stage-poets have themſelves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royſter, and a coward to boot. The beſt is, Sir John Falſtaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, and of late is ſubſtituted

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in

buffoon in his place." Book IV. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakſpeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never conſidered whom it belonged to. We have a like inſtance in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very reſpectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned phyſician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. Warburton.

The propriety of this note the reader will find conteſted at the beginning of *King Henry V.* Sir John Oldcaſtle was not a character ever introduced by Shakſpeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falſtaff. The play in which Oldcaſtle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.

Old lad is likewiſe a familiar compellation to be found in ſome of our moſt ancient dramatick pieces. So, in *The Trial of Treaſure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. by T. Naſh, 1598, *old Dick of the caſtle* is mentioned.

Again, in Pierce's *Supererogation, or a New Praiſe of the Old Aſſe*, 1593: "And here's a luſty *ladd of the caſtell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden aſſes to death." Steevens.

Old lad of the caſtle, is the ſame with *Old lad of Caſtile*, a *Caſtilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the caſtle* amongſt his romances: and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the caſtell* with their rapping babble."—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falſtaff's appearing firſt under the name of *Oldcaſtle*. There is, however, a paſſage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may ſeem to prove it, unleſs he confounded the different performances:

"——— Did you never ſee
"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcaſtle*,
"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" Farmer.

Fuller, beſides the words cited in the note, has in his *Worthies*, p. 253, the following paſſage: "Sir John Oldcaſtle was firſt made a *thraſonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make-ſport in all plays, for a *coward*." Speed, likewiſe, in his *Chronicle*, edit. 2, p. 178, ſays: "The author of *The Three Converſions* (i. e. Parſons the Jeſuit.) hath made *Oldcaſtle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority, taken from the *ſtage players*, is more befitting the pen of his ſlanderous report, than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from the papiſt

thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

and the poet, of like conſcience for lies, the one ever feigning, and the other ever falſifying the truth." RITSON.

From the following paſſage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcaſtle was repreſented on the ſtage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600:) —"Now, ſignors, how like you mine hoſt? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcaſtle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*." —The hoſt, who is here deſcribed, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them ſtories. After his firſt tale, he ſays: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will ſerve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roaſt beefe."—*Signor Kickſhawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taſte on it, mine hoſt, my noble *fat actor*."

The cauſe of all the confuſion relative to theſe two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcaſtle to Falſtaff, (to which I do not give the ſmalleſt credit,) ſeems to have been this. Shakſpeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falſtaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry Prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John *Oldcaſtle*, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the paſſage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants*, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church Hiſtory*, 1656, when he ſays, "Stage-poets have themſelves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John *Oldcaſtle*, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royſter, and a coward to boot." Speed, in his *Hiſtory*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *King Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcaſtle exhibited in a play of the ſame name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of *The Three Converſions* hath made *Oldcaſtle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *ſtage players*." Oldcaſtle is repreſented as a *rebel* in the play laſt mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Shakſpeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcaſtle, Lord Cobham, in any reſpect: but thought proper to make Falſtaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcaſtle of the old *King Henry V. a mad round knave* alſo. From the firſt appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcaſtle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller ſays, "Sir John Falſtaff has *relieved* the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, and of late is *ſubſtituted* buffoon in his place;" which being miſunderſtood, probably gave riſe to the ſtory, that Shakſpeare changed the name of his character.

A paſſage in his *Worthies*, folio, 1662, p. 253, ſhows his meaning ſtill more clearly; and will ſerve at the ſame time to point out the ſource of the miſtakes on this ſubject.—"Sir John Faſtolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the ſun is bright; though, ſince, the ſtage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thraſonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour.—True it is, Sir John *Oldcaſtle* did *firſt* bear the brunt of the one, being made the makeſport in *all plays* for a coward. It is eaſily known out of what purſe this black penny came. The papiſts railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he muſt be alſo a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

"Now as I am glad that Sir *John Oldcaſtle* is *put out*, ſo I am ſorry that Sir *John Faſtolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this baſe ſervice: to be the anvil for every dull wit to ſtrike upon. Nor is our *comedian* excuſable by ſome alteration of his name, writing him Sir John *Falſtafe*, (and making him the property and pleaſure of King Henry V. to abuſe,) ſeeing the vicinity of ſounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight."

Here we ſee the aſſertion is, not that Sir John *Oldcaſtle* did *firſt* bear the brunt in *Shakſpeare's* play, but in *all plays*, that is, on the ſtage in general, before Shakſpeare's character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of *papiſts*, of which religion it is plain Fuller ſuppoſed the writers of thoſe plays in which Oldcaſtle was exhibited, to have been: nor does he complain of Shakſpeare's *altering* the name of his character from *Oldcaſtle* to Falſtaff, but of the metatheſis of *Faſtolfe* to Falſtaff. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, "put out" and "put in," and "by ſome *alteration of his name*," that theſe words alone, miſunderſtood, gave riſe to the miſapprehenſion that has

Fal. Well, thou haſt called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

prevailed ſince the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? "Sir John Faſtolfe was in truth a very brave man, though he is now repreſented on the ſtage as a cowardly braggart. Before *he* was thus ridiculed, Sir John Oldcaſtle, being hated by the papiſts, was exhibited by *popiſh writers*, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of Falſtaff has appeared, Oldcaſtle has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that 'his memory has been relieved,' that the plays in which he was repreſented have been expelled from the ſcene, ſo on the other, I am ſorry that ſo reſpectable a character as Sir John Faſtolfe has been brought on it, and 'ſubſtituted buffoon in his place;' for however our comick poet [Shakſpeare] may have hoped to eſcape cenſure by *altering* the name from Faſtolfe to Falſtaff, he is certainly culpable, ſince ſome imputation muſt neceſſarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the ſimilitude of the ſounds."

Falſtaff having thus grown out of, and immediately ſucceeding, the other character, (the Oldcaſtle of the old *King Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably repreſented in the ſame dreſs, and with the ſame fictitious belly, as his predeceſſor, the two names might have been indiſcriminately uſed by Field and others, without any miſtake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the ſcenes, in conſequence of the circumſtances already mentioned, Oldcaſtle might have been a cant appellation for Falſtaff for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in ſome playhouſe copy, to one of the ſpeeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

If the verſes be examined, in which the name of Falſtaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcaſtle could not have ſtood in thoſe places. The only anſwer that can be given to this, is, that Shakſpeare new-wrote each verſe in which Falſtaff's name occurred;—a labour which thoſe only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's hiſtory and works, can ſuppoſe him to have undergone.—A paſſage in the Epilogue to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* rightly underſtood, appears to me ſtrongly to confirm what has been now ſuggeſted. See the note there. Malone.

[1] *And is not a* buff jerkin *a moſt ſweet robe of* durance?] To underſtand the propriety of the Prince's anſwer, it muſt be remarked that the ſheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and, where it would not, I have uſed my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fobbed as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.[5]

that when Falſtaff aſks, whether *his hoſtieſs is not a ſweet wench*, the Prince aſks in return whether *it will not be a ſweet thing to go to priſon by running in debt to this ſweet wench.* Johnson.

The following paſſage from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may ſerve to confirm Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

" Look, I have certain goblins *in buff jerkins*,
" Lye ambuſcado."—— [*Enter* Serjeants.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act IV:

" A devil in an *everlaſting garment* hath him,
" A fellow all in *buff*."

Durance, however, might alſo have ſignified ſome laſting kind of ſtuff, ſuch as we call at preſent, *everlaſting*. So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: " Where did'ſt thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a *good ſuit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond?" &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: " Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my ſtrip'd *canvas* ſhoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: " As the taylor that out of ſeven yards, ſtole one and a half of *durance*." Steevens.

[5] —— *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *King Henry V*:

P. Hen. Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of ſuits?[6]

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,[7] or a lugged bear.

"*Hen. V.* Ned, ſo ſoon as I am king, the firſt thing I will do ſhall be to put my *lord chief juſtice* out of office; and thou ſhalt be my *lord chief juſtice* of England."

"*Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief juſtice?* By gogs wounds, I'll be the braveſt *lord chief juſtice* that ever was in England."

STEEVENS.

[6] *For obtaining of* ſuits?] *Suit*, ſpoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; uſed with reſpect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient *Medley*, bl. l:

"The broker hath gay cloaths to ſell
"Which from the *hangman's* budgett fell." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 349, n. 8. The ſame quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, miſtreſs, has a *ſuit* to you; and 'tis a good *ſuit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

[7] ——*a* gib cat,] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonſhire, and all adjacent counties, to expreſs a *he cat*. PERCY.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*," is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. In *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is the following paſſage: "They ſwell like a couple of *gib'd cats*, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madneſs have attempted the ſame, not without ſucceſs, although they have remained ſomewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*." I believe after all, a *gib'd cat* is a cat who has been qualified for the ſeraglio; for all animals ſo mutilated, become

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.[8]

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.[9]

P. Hen. What ſayeſt thou to a hare,[1] or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[2]

drowſy and melancholy. To *glib* has certainly that meaning. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. i:

" And I had rather *glib* myſelf than they
" Should not produce fair iſſue."

In Sidney's *Arcadia*, however, the ſame quality in a cat is mentioned, without any reference to the conſequences of caſtration:

" The hare, her ſleights; the *cat, his melancholy*."

STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *Engliſh Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one, ſays: " *Gibbe* is an *old he cat*." Aged animals are not ſo playful as thoſe which are young; and *glib'd* or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: " —— as melancholy as a *gib cat*, or a *glib'd cat*." TOLLET.

[8] —— *or a lover's lute.*] See Vol. VI. p. 90, n. 5.

MALONE.

[9] —— *Lincolnſhire bagpipe.*] " Lincolnſhire bagpipes" is a proverbial ſaying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnſhire people may be fonder of this inſtrument than others. DOUCE.

I ſuſpect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native muſicians of that wateriſh county.

As a vigorous ſupport to my explanation, I am informed by Sir Joſeph Banks, that in the neighbourhood of Boſton in Lincolnſhire, the noiſy frogs are ſtill humorouſly denominated " the Boſton *waits*."—In *The pleaſaunt and ſtately Morall of Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London*, 1590, 4to. bl. l. there is mention of " The ſweete ballade of *The Lincolnſhire Bagpipes*."

STEEVENS.

[1] —— *a hare,*] A *hare* may be conſidered as melancholy, becauſe ſhe is upon her form always ſolitary; and, according to the phyſick of the times, the fleſh of it was ſuppoſed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the beſt explanation:

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles;[3] and art, indeed, the moſt comparative,[4] raſcallieſt,—

" ——like your *melancholy hare*,
" Feed-after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the ſecond:

" The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers."

The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expreſſed a melancholy man by a *hare* ſitting in her form. See *Pierii Hieroglyph.* Lib. XII. Steevens.

[2] ——*the melancholy of* Moor-ditch?] It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the Hoſpital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than ſtagnant water?

This ditch is alſo mentioned in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: " ——it will be a ſorer labour than the cleanſing of Augeas' ſtable, or the ſcowring of *Moor-ditch*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: " As touching the river, looke how *Moor-ditch* ſhews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reaſon the ſtomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to caſting. So does that; it ſtinks almoſt worſe, is almoſt as poyſonous, altogether ſo muddy, altogether ſo black." Steevens.

So, in Taylor's *Penny-leſſe Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: " —my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*." Malone.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch ſurrounding the city of London, between Biſhopſgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholeſome and impaſſable moraſs, and conſequently not frequented by the citizens, like other ſuburbial fields which were remarkably pleaſant, and the faſhionable places of reſort. T. Warton.

[3] ——*ſimiles*;] Old copies—*ſmiles*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[4] ——*the moſt* comparative,] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*incomparative*, I ſuppoſe for *incomparable, or peerleſs*; but *comparative* here means *quick at compariſons, or fruitful in ſimiles*, and is properly introduced. Johnson.

This epithet is uſed again, in Act III. ſc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the ſame ſenſe:

" ——ſtand the puſh
" Of every beardleſs vain *comparative*."

ſweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought:[5] An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, ſir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wiſely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Hen. Thou did'ſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.[6]

Fal. O thou haſt damnable iteration;[7] and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done

And in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ult. Roſalind tells Biron that he is a man "Full of *compariſons* and wounding flouts."
STEEVENS.

[5] *I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought:*] So, in *The Diſcoverie of the Knights of the Poſie*, 1597, ſign. C: "In troth they live ſo ſo, and it were well if they knew where *a commoditie of names were to be ſould*, and yet I thinke all the money in their purſes could not buy it." REED.

[6] —— *wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.*] This is a ſcriptural expreſſion: "*Wiſdom crieth without*; ſhe uttereth her voice *in the ſtreets*.—I have ſtretched out my hand, *and no man regarded*." *Proverbs*, i. 20, and 24.
HOLT WHITE.

[7] *O, thou haſt damnable* iteration;] For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not underſtand. In the laſt ſpeech a text is very indecently and abuſively applied, to which Falſtaff anſwers, *thou haſt damnable iteration*, or a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it alſo ſignified ſimply *citation* or *recitation*. So, in Marlow's *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1631:

"Here take this book, and peruſe it well,
"The *iterating* of theſe lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. Again, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1614: "King Edward I. diſliking the *iteration* of FITZ, &c. MALONE.

much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Hen. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.[8]

P. Hen. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purſe-taking.

Enter Poins, *at a diſtance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.[9] Poins!—Now ſhall we know if Gadshill have ſet a match.[1]

[8] ——*and* baffle *me.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on *King Richard II.* p. 13. Steevens.

[9] ——*no ſin for a man to labour in his* vocation.] This (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me,) is undoubtedly a ſneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Diſcourſes*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almoſt every paragraph. Thus chapter i:

"That the *vocation* of men hath been a thing unknown unto philoſophers, and other that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this worde *vocation*." Again chap. xxv:

"*Whether a man being diſorderly and unduely entered into any* vocation, *may lawfully brooke and abide in the ſame*; and whether the adminiſtration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force."

Steevens.

[1] ——*have ſet a* match.] Thus the quarto. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Peace, ſir, they'll be angry

O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal.—What ſays monſieur Remorſe? What ſays ſir John Sack-and-Sugar?[2] Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about

if they hear you eves-dropping, now they are *ſetting* their *match*." There it ſeems to mean making *an appointment*.—The folio reads—*ſet a* watch. Malone.

As no *watch* is afterwards ſet, I ſuppoſe *match* to be the true reading. So, as Dr. Farmer obſerved, in *Ratſey's* (Gamaliel) *Ghoſt*, bl. l. 4to. (no date) about 1605: "I have, ſays he, been many times beholding to Tapſters and Chamberlaines for directions and *ſetting of matches*." Steevens.

[2] ——*ſir John Sack-and-Sugar?*] Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, ſpeaking of the manners of the Engliſh, ſays, "*in potum copioſè immittiunt ſaccarum*," they put a great deal of ſugar in their drink. Reed.

Much inquiry has been made about Falſtaff's ſack, and great ſurprize has been expreſſed that he ſhould have mixed ſugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the firſt time in this play, it may not be improper to obſerve, that it is probable that Falſtaff's wine was Sherry, a Spaniſh wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himſelf calls it *Sherris-ſack*.* Nor will his mixing ſugar with ſack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put ſugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (ſays Fynes Moryſon) only uſe large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawſe only in wine, with which they mix ſugar, which I never obſerved in any other place or kingdom to be uſed for that purpoſe. And becauſe the taſte of the Engliſh is thus delighted with ſweetneſs, the wines in taverns (for I ſpeak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleaſant." Itin. 1617, P. III p. 152. See alſo Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal houſehold in 1604 is the following: [MSS. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes paſt, *Spaniſh*

* *Sherris* is poſſibly a corruption from *Xeres*. Steevens.

thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John ſtands to his word, the devil

wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt uſed in our courte,—we now underſtanding that it is now uſed in common drink," &c. *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *poſt*, on the words, "If ſack and ſugar be a ſin," &c. See alſo Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled* Sack, (Vinum mollitum) becauſe ſoftened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *ſugar*."

Since this note was written, I have found reaſon to believe that Falſtaff's *Sack* was the dry Spaniſh wine which we call *Mountain Malaga*. A paſſage in *Via recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Phyſicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, ſeems to aſcertain this:

"*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth [illegible] vehemently and quickly heat the body.—Some affect to drin[illegible] with ſugar, and ſome without, and uponno other grounds, my [illegible]inke, but as it is beſt pleaſing to their palates. I will ſpe[illegible]n his v[illegible] at I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itſelf, is very hot penetrative; being taken with ſugar, the heat is both Sadshilat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof alſo retarded."

The author afterwards thus ſpeaks of the wine which we now denominate Sack, and which was then called *Canary*: "Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the iſlands from whence it is brought, is of ſome termed *a ſacke*, with this adjunct, *ſweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *ſacke* in *ſweetneſs and pleaſantneſs of taſte*, but alſo in colour and conſiſtence, for it is not ſo white in colour as ſack, nor ſo thin in ſubſtance; wherefore it is more nutritive than ſack, and leſs penetrative.—White wine, Rheniſh wine, &c.—do in ſix or ſeaven moneths, or within, according to the ſmallneſs of them, attaine unto the height of their goodneſs, eſpecially the ſmaller ſort of them. But the *ſtronger* ſort of wines, as *ſack*, muſkadell, malmſey, are beſt when they are two or three years old."

From hence, therefore, it is clear, that the wine uſually called ſack in that age was thinner than Canary, and was a ſtrong light-coloured dry wine; *vin ſec*; and that it was a Spaniſh wine is aſcertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrrwhitt, and by ſeveral ancient books. Cole, in his Dict. 1679, renders *ſack* by *Vinum Hiſpanicum*; and Sherwood in his Engliſh and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Eſpagne*. MALONE.

ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Elſe he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes: I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rocheſter; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the blood royal, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.[3]

[3] ——*if thou dareſt not ſtand* &c.] The modern reading [*cry ſtand*] may perhaps be right; but I think it neceſſary to remark, that all the old editions read—*if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.* Johnson.

Falſtaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten ſhillings*. Almoſt the ſame jeſt occurs in a ſubſequent ſcene. The quibble, however, is loſt, except the old reading be preſerved. *Cry*, ſtand, will not ſupport it.

Steevens.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake,) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewell: You ſhall find me in Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter ſpring![4] Farewell All-hallown ſummer![5] [*Exit* Falstaff.

[4] —— thou *latter ſpring!*] Old copies—*the* latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] —— All-hallown *ſummer!*] *All-hallows*, is *All-hallown-tide*, or *All-ſaints'* day, which is the firſt of November. We have ſtill a church in London, which is abſurdly ſtyled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to expreſs the community of ſaints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569, this miſtake, (which might have been a common one,) is pleaſantly expoſed:

" *Pard.* Friends, here you ſhall ſee, even anone,
" Of *All-hallows* the bleſſed jaw-bone,
" Kiſs it hardly, with good devotion:" &c.

The characters in this ſcene are ſtriving who ſhould produce the greateſt falſehood, and very probably in their attempts to excel each other, have out-lied even the Romiſh Kalendar.

Shakſpeare's alluſion is deſigned to ridicule an old man with youthful paſſions. So, in the ſecond part of this play: " —the *Martlemas* your maſter." Steevens.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,[6] ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. Hen. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves: which they ſhall have no ſooner achieved, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut! our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll

[6] *Falſtaff*, Bardolph, Peto, *and Gadshill,*] In former editions —*Falſtaff*, Harvey, Roſſil, *and Gadshill.* Thus have we two perſons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the *dramatis perſonæ.* But let us ſee who they were that committed this robbery. In the ſecond Act we come to a ſcene of the highway. Falſtaff, wanting his horſe, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Preſently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince ſays, —"You four ſhall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower." So that the four to be concerned are Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confeſs the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Roſſil were the names of the actors? Theobald.

tie them in the wood; our viſors we will change, after we leave them; and, ſirrah,[7] I have caſes of buckram for the nonce,[8] to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at ſupper: how thirty, at leaſt, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof[9] of this, lies the jeſt.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night[1] in Eaſtcheap, there I'll ſup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

[7] ——*ſirrah,*] *Sirrah*, in our author's time, as appears from this and many other paſſages, was not a word of diſreſpect. Malone.

It is ſcarcely uſed as a term of *reſpect*, when addreſſed by the king to Hotſpur, p. 223. Steevens.

[8] ——*for the nonce,*] That is, as I conceive, for the occaſion. This phraſe, which was very frequently, though not always very preciſely, uſed by our old writers, I ſuppoſe to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I ſuppoſe, came *for the nunc*, and ſo *for the nonce*; juſt as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spaniſh *entonces* has been formed in the ſame manner from *in-tunc*. Tyrwhitt.

For the nonce is an expreſſion in daily uſe amongſt the common people in Suffolk, to ſignify *on purpoſe*; *for the turn*. Henley.

[9] ——*reproof*—] *Reproof* is *confutation*. Johnson.

[1] ——*to-morrow night*—] I think we ſhould read—*to-night*. The diſguiſes were to be provided for the purpoſe of the

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun;
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds[2]
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.[3]
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,[4]
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,

robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a ſecond inſtance to prove that Shakſpeare could forget in the end of a ſcene what he had ſaid in the beginning. Steevens.

[2] *Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds* &c.] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

" Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
" Flatter the mountain-tops with ſovereign eye,—
" Anon *permit* the *baſeſt clouds* to ride
" With *ugly* rack on his celeſtial face." Malone.

[3] ——*vapours, that did ſeem to* ſtrangle *him.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" And yet dark night *ſtrangles* the travelling lamp." Steevens.

[4] *If all the year were playing holidays,*
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

" Therefore are *feaſts* ſo ſolemn and ſo *rare*,
" Since *ſeldom coming*, in the long year ſet,
" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or captain jewels in the carkanet." Malone.

By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes;[5]
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,[6]
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhow more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.
[*Exit.*

[5] ——*ſhall I falſify men's* hopes;] To *falſify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This ſpeech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuſes to itſelf, and palliating thoſe follies which it can neither juſtify nor forſake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is uſed ſimply for *expectations*, as *ſucceſs* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is ſtill common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth ſpeech, (ſays Puttenham,) did the *Tanner of Tamworth* uſe to King Edward IV. which *Tanner* having a great while miſtaken him, and uſed very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he ſhould be puniſhed for it, and ſaid thus, with a certain rude repentance: 'I *hope* I ſhall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I *fear* me I ſhall be hanged;' whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to ſee the *Tanner's* vaine *feare*, but alſo to hear his miſhapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good ſport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke." P. 214. FARMER.

The following paſſage in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* fully ſupports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the paſſage before us, the ſpeaker:

"My father is gone wild into his grave,—
"And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
"To *mock* the *expectations* of the world;
"To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
"Rotten opinion, who hath written down
"After my ſeeming." MALONE.

[6] ——*like bright metal on a* ſullen *ground*, &c.] So, in *King Richard II*:

"The *ſullen* paſſage of thy weary ſteps
"Eſteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to ſet
"The precious jewel of thy home return." STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;[7]
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,

[7] *I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,*
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the reſentment of an injured king, than ſtill continue in the inactivity and mildneſs of my natural diſpoſition. And this ſentiment he has well expreſſed, ſave that by his uſual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *diſpoſition*.
WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the ſenſe, which was not very difficult, but is miſtaken in ſuppoſing the uſe of *condition* licentious: Shakſpeare uſes it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this ſenſe the vulgar ſtill ſay a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*.
JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry V.* Act V: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." Ben Jonſon uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, in *The New-Inn*, Act I. ſc. vi:
"You cannot think me of that coarſe *condition*,
"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

So alſo all the contemporary writers. See Vol. VII. p. 250, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 31, n. 1. MALONE.

And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I ſee danger[8]
And diſobedience in thine eye: O, ſir,
Your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.[9]
You have good leave[1] to leave us; when we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.—
[*Exit* Worcester.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* North.

North. Yea, my good lord.

[8] ——*I ſee danger*—] Old copies—I *do* ſee &c. Steevens.

[9] *And majeſty might never yet endure*
The moody frontier *of a ſervant brow.*] *Frontier* was anciently uſed for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolſtered hair, which ſtandeth creſted round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces," &c. Steevens.

And majeſty might never yet endure &c.] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
"So much they love it; but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
"They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms."

Malone.

[1] *You have* good leave—] i. e. our ready aſſent. So, in *King John*:

"*Good leave*, good Philip."

See n. 8, p. 364, Vol. X. Steevens.

Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As is deliver'd to your majeſty:
Either envy, therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home;[2]
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[3] which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

[2] —— *at harveſt home:*] That is, a time of feſtivity. JOHNSON.

If we underſtand *harveſt-home* in the general ſenſe of *a time of feſtivity*, we ſhall loſe the moſt pointed circumſtance of the compariſon. *A chin new ſhaven* is compared to *a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home*, not on account of the feſtivity of that ſeaſon, as I apprehend, but becauſe at that time, when the corn has been but juſt carried in, the ſtubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

[3] *A* pouncet-*box,*] A ſmall box for muſk or other perfumes then in faſhion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinſoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. At the chriſtening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioneſs of Dorſet gave, according to Holinſhed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover."

So alſo, in Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of the ninth *Æneid*:

"—— wrogh' richt curiouſly
"With figuris grave, and *punſit* ymagery." STEEVENS.

Took it in ſnuff:[4]—and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the ſoldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms[5]
He queſtion'd me; among the reſt demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,[6]

[4] *Took it in* ſnuff:] *Snuff* is equivocally uſed for anger, and a powder taken up the noſe.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry; I do not touch thy noſe, to the end it ſhould take any thing *in ſnuff*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"———'tis enough,
"Having ſo much fool, to *take him in ſnuff*."

and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's *Eliaſis Litidinoſo*, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter ſo in ſnuff*," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 482, n. 4. MALONE.

[5] *With many* holiday *and lady terms*—] So, in *A Looking Glaſs for London and England*, 1598: "Theſe be but *holiday* terms, but if you heard her working day words—." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "——he ſpeaks *holiday*."
STEEVENS.

[6] *I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being* cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the ſpeech he repreſents himſelf at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil," &c.

I am therefore perſuaded that Shakſpeare wrote and pointed it thus:

I then all ſmarting with my wounds; *being* gall'd
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay, &c. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might ſay of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *ſmart*, and not

Out of my grief[7] and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or he ſhould not;—for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth

before. If any alteration were neceſſary, I ſhould tranſpoſe the lines:

I then all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Anſwer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The ſame tranſpoſition had been propoſed by Mr. Edwards. In John Alday's *Summarie of ſecret Wonders*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that "The *Popingay* can ſpeake humaine ſpeach, they come from the Indias," &c.

From the following paſſage in *The Northern Laſs*, 1632, it ſhould ſeem, however, that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were diſtinct birds:

"Is this a *parrot* or a *popinjay*?"

Again, in Nath's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-ſparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of paradyſe." STEEVENS.

It appears from Minſheu that Dr. Johnſon is right. See his Dict. 1617, in v. *Parret*. MALONE.

The old reading may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Barnes's *Hiſtory of Edward III.* p. 786: "The eſquire fought ſtill, until the wounds began with loſs of blood to *cool* and ſmart." TOLLET.

So, in *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"As when the blood is cold, we feel the wound—."

MALONE.

[7] ——*grief*—] i. e. pain. In our ancient tranſlations of phyſical treatiſes, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*. STEEVENS.

Was parmaceti,[8] for an inward bruiſe;[9]
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,[1]
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not his report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt re-told,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.[2]

[8] —— *parmaceti,*] So the old editions. Some modern editors have altered it to *ſpermaceti*. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage into the South Sea*, 1593, ſpeaking of whales, ſays, "—his ſpawne is for divers purpoſes. This we corruptly call *parmacettie*, of the Latin word *Sperma Ceti*." p. 46. Reed.

[9] —— *parmaceti, for an inward bruiſe*;] So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: "[An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are ſeldom ſkin-deepe; for an *inward bruiſe* lambſtones and ſweete-breads are his only *ſpermaceti*." Bowle.

[1] —— *but for theſe vile guns*, &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Queſtions of profitable and pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594, p. 11: "I confeſſe thoſe gunnes are diuelliſh things, and make many men runne away that other wayes would not turne their heads." Stevens.

[2] *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.] Let what he then ſaid never riſe to impeach him, ſo he unſay it now. Johnson.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer;[3]
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,[4]

[3] *His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer;*] Shakſpeare has fallen into ſome contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his perſonal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly ſpoken of as Hotſpur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expreſsly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact ſhe was, and not his ſiſter. This inconſiſtence may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken priſoners at different times by Glendower; each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, *uncle* to the former, and *brother* to *Lady Percy*. Shakſpeare confounds the two perſons. Steevens.

Another cauſe alſo may be aſſigned for this confuſion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old hiſtorians, married Eleanor, the ſiſter of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March, that appears in the preſent play. But this Edmund had a ſiſter likewiſe named *Eleanor*. Shakſpeare might, therefore, have at different times confounded theſe two Eleanors. In fact, however, the ſiſter of Robert Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*.

Malone.

See my note on Act II. ſc. iii. where this Lady is called—*Kate*.

Steevens.

[4] —— *and* indent *with* fears,] The reaſon why he ſays, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, becauſe he ſuppoſed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next ſpeech.

Warburton.

When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No, on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;

The difficulty ſeems to me to ariſe from this, that the King is not deſired to *article* or *contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with peers,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?

Shall we purchaſe back a traitor? Shall we deſcend to a compoſition with Worceſter, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by diſobedience have *loſt and forfeited their honours* and themſelves? JOHNSON.

Shall we buy treaſon? and indent *with fears,*] This verb is uſed by Harrington in his tranſlation of Arioſto. B. XVI. ſt. 35:

"And with the Iriſh bands he firſt *indents*,
"To ſpoil their lodgings and to burn their tents."

Again, in *The Cruel Brother*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1630:

"——Doſt thou *indent*
"With my acceptance, make choice of ſervices?"

Fears may be uſed in the active ſenſe for *terrors*. So, in the ſecond part of this play:

"——all thoſe bold *fears*
"Thou ſeeſt with peril I have anſwered."

Theſe lords, however, had, as yet, neither forfeited or loſt any thing, ſo that Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is inadmiſſible.

After all, I am inclined to regard Mortimer (though the King affects to ſpeak of him in the plural number) as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *loſt or forfeited itſelf*. Henry afterwards ſays:

"——he *durſt* as well have met the devil alone,
"As Owen Glendower for an enemy."

Indent with fears, may therefore mean, *ſign an indenture or compact with daſtards*. *Fears* may be ſubſtituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongs* has been uſed for *wrongers* in *K. Richard II.*:

"He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
"To rouſe his *wrongs*, and chaſe them to a bay."

"Near Cæſar's angel (ſays the Soothſayer to Antony,) thy own becomes a *fear*," i. e. a ſpirit of cowardice; and Sir Richard Vernon, in the play before us, uſes an expreſſion that nearly reſembles *indenting with fears*:

"I hold as little *counſel with* weak *fear*,
"As you, my lord——."

The King, by *buying treaſon*, and *indenting* with *fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges againſt Mortimer; firſt, that he had treaſonably betrayed his party to Glendower; and, ſecondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with ſo brave an adverſary. STEEVENS.

For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;[5]—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds,[6] which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment[7] with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,[8]

[5] *He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power, but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotſpur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I ſhould not have explained thus tediouſly a paſſage ſo hard to be miſtaken, but that two editors have already miſtaken it. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *To prove that true,*
Needs no more but one tongue for all thoſe wounds, &c.] Hotſpur calls Mortimer's wounds *mouthed*, from their gaping like a mouth, and ſays, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was neceſſary for all theſe mouths. This may be harſh; but the ſame idea occurs in *Coriolanus*, where one of the populace ſays: "For if he ſhows us his wounds, we are to put our *tongues into theſe wounds*, and ſpeak for them."

And again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Antony ſays:

"—— there were an Antony,
"Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a *tongue*
"In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move," &c.

M. MASON.

[7] —— *hardiment*—] An obſolete word, ſignifying hardineſs, bravery, ſtoutneſs. Spenſer is frequent in his uſe of it.

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *three times did they drink,*] It is the property of wounds

Upon agreement, of ſwiſt Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted [9] with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp head [1] in the hollow bank
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy [2]

to excite the moſt impatient thirſt. The poet therefore hath with exquiſite propriety introduced this circumſtance, which may ſerve to place in its proper light the dying kindneſs of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though ſuffering the extremity of thirſt from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithſtanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded ſoldier. HENLEY.

[9] *Who then, affrighted* &c.] This paſſage has been cenſured as ſounding nonſenſe, which repreſents a ſtream of water as capable of fear. It is miſunderſtood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *his* criſp *head* —] *Criſp* is *curled*. So, Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

" —— methinks the river,
" As he ſteals by, *curls* up his head to view."

Again, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" O beauteous Tyber, with thine eaſy ſtreams,
" That glide as ſmoothly as a Parthian ſhaft,
" Turn not thy *criſpy* tides, like ſilver *curls*,
" Back to thy graſs-green banks to welcome us?"

Perhaps Shakſpeare has beſtowed an epithet, applicable only to the ſtream of water, on the genius of the ſtream. The following paſſage, however, in the ſixth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may ſeem to juſtify its propriety:

" Your corſes were diſſolv'd into that chryſtal ſtream;
" Your *curls* to *curled* waves, which plainly ſtill appear
" The ſame in *water* now that once in *locks* they were."

Beaumont and Fletcher have the ſame image with Shakſpeare in *The Loyal Subject*:

" —— the Volga trembled at his terror,
" And hid his ſeven *curl'd heads*."

Again, in one of Ben Jonſon's *Maſques*:

" The rivers run as ſmoothed by his hand,
" Only their *heads* are *criſped* by his ſtroke."

See Vol. VI. (Whalley's edit.) p. 26. STEEVENS.

[2] *Never did* bare *and rotten policy* —] All the quartos which

Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not[3] aſhamed? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licenſe your departure with your ſon:—
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* Henry, Blunt, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them:—I will after ſtraight,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

I have ſeen read *bare* in this place. The firſt folio, and all the ſubſequent editions, have *baſe*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, ſo colour its workings."

Johnson.

The firſt quarto, 1598, reads *bare*; which means ſo *thinly covered by art as to be eaſily ſeen through*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"What *bare* excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!"

Malone.

Since there is ſuch good authority as Johnſon informs us, for reading *baſe*, in this paſſage, inſtead of *bare*, the former word ſhould certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *baſe*, alſo beſt agrees with *rotten*. M. Mason.

[3] *Art not*—] Old copies—*Art* thou *not*. Steevens.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and
pauſe awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* Worcester.

Wor. Who ſtruck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners;
And when I urg'd the ranſome once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,[3]
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

[3] ——*an eye of death.*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotſpur ſeems to deſcribe the King as trembling with rage rather than fear. Johnson.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"And wrapt in ſilence of his angry ſoul,
"Upon his brows were pourtraid ugly death,
"And in his eyes the furies of his heart." Steevens.

Johnſon and Steevens ſeem to think that Hotſpur meant to deſcribe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but ſurely they are miſtaken. The King had no reaſon to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken priſoner in fighting againſt his enemy; but he had much reaſon to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himſelf, which had been proclaimed by Richard II.; and accordingly, when Hotſpur is informed of that circumſtance, he ſays:

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?[4]

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?[5]

"Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king
"That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd."

And Worcester, in the very next line, says: "He cannot blame him for *trembling* at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood." M. Mason.

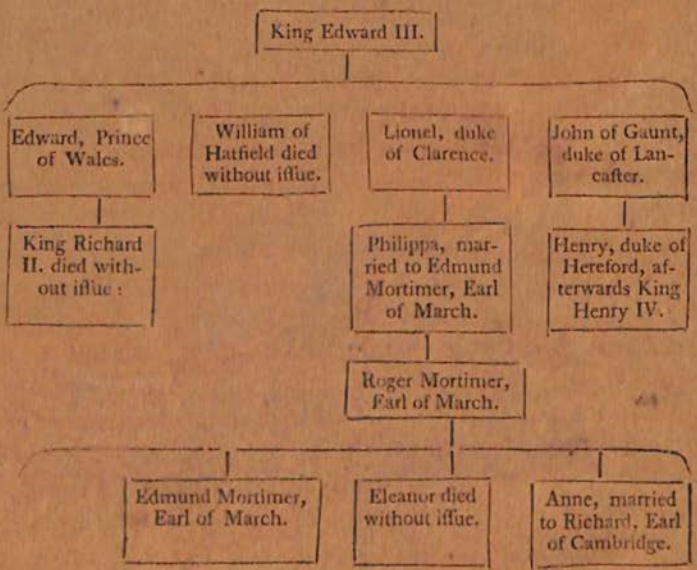
Mr. M. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*. Malone.

[4] ——— *Was he not proclaim'd,*
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?] Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385.) See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. Malone.

[5] *Heir to the crown?*] Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard,

North. He did; myſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin king,

as appears from the following table; in which the three younger children of King Edward III. are not included, as being immaterial to the ſubject before us:


King Edward III.
Edward, Prince of Wales.
William of Hatfield died without iſſue.
Lionel, duke of Clarence.
John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaſter.
King Richard II. died without iſſue:
Philippa, married to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Henry, duke of Hereford, afterwards King Henry IV.
Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Eleanor died without iſſue.
Anne, married to Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

Sandford, in his *Genealogical Hiſtory*, ſays, that the laſt mentioned Edmund, Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walſingham aſſerts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the ſubſequent hiſtorians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welſh writers make no mention of it. Sandford ſays that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the caſtle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an impriſonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a miſtake. There is no proof that he was confined a ſtate-priſoner by King Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military ſervices by his ſon Henry the Fifth. He died at his own caſtle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a ſtate of impriſonment. See note on *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. ſc. ii. Vol. XIII.

That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you,—that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his ſake, wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation,—ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo;
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhow the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king.—
Shall it, for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?[6]
And ſhall it, in more ſhame, be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagoniſt Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinſhed led Shakſpeare into the error of ſuppoſing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the preſent play, was born in November, 1392, and conſequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

[6] —— *this* canker, *Bolingbroke?*] The canker-roſe is the dog-roſe, the flower of the Cynoſbaton. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace." STEEVENS.

Revenge the jeering, and diſdain'd[7] contempt,
Of this proud king; who ſtudies, day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I ſay,——

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more:
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.[8]

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or ſink or ſwim:[9]—
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more ſtirs,
To rouſe a lion, than to ſtart a hare.[1]

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

[7] ——*diſdain'd*—] For *diſdainful*. Johnson.

[8] *On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.*] That is, of a ſpear laid acroſs. Warburton.

[9] ——*ſink or ſwim:*] This is a very ancient proverbial expreſſion. So, in *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 2399:

"Ne receeth never, whether I *ſink or flete*."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"He careth not who doth *ſink or ſwimme*." Steevens.

[1] ——*the blood more ſtirs,*
To rouſe a lion, than to ſtart a hare.] This paſſage will remind the claſſical reader of young Aſcanius's heroic feelings in the fourth *Æneid*:

"——pecora inter inertia votis
"Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem."
Steevens.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;[2]
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

[2] *By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,*
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;] Though I am very far from condemning this ſpeech with Gildon and Theobald, as abſolute madneſs, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory, which Dr. Warburton endeavoured to diſplay. This ſally of Hotſpur, may be, I think, ſoberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition, and fired with reſentment; as the boaſted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the haſty motion of turbulent deſire; as the dark expreſſion of indetermined thoughts. The paſſage from Euripides is ſurely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

Euripides has put the very ſame ſentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, diſguiſe my thoughts; I would ſcale heaven, I would deſcend to the very entrails of the earth, if ſo be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."
WARBURTON.

This is probably a paſſage from ſome bombaſt play, and afterwards uſed as a common burleſque phraſe for attempting impoſſibilities. At leaſt, that it was the laſt, might be concluded from its uſe in Cartwright's poem *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting*, edit. 1651, p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one;
"By Jove 'tis thou muſt leap, or none,
"To *pull bright honour from the moon.*"

Unleſs Cartwright intended to ridicule this paſſage in Shakſpeare, which I partly ſuſpect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, 1641. T. WARTON.

A paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, occurs in Archbiſhop Parker's Addreſs to the Reader, prefixed to his Tract entitled *A Brief Examination for the Tyme*, &c.—"But trueth is to hye ſet, for you to *pluck her out of heaven*, to manifeſtlye knowen to be by your papers obſcured, and ſurely ſtabliſhed, to *drowne* her in the myrie lakes of your ſophiſticall writinges."

In *The Knight of the burning Peſtle*, Beaumont and Fletcher have put the foregoing rant of Hotſpur, into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*. I ſuppoſe a ridicule on Shakſpeare was deſigned. STEEVENS.

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,[3]
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But, out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip![4]

[3] *Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,*] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded."

STEEVENS.

[4] *But out upon this* half-fac'd fellowſhip!] A coat is ſaid to be *faced*, when part of it, as the ſleeves or boſom, is covered with ſomething finer or more ſplendid than the main ſubſtance. The mantua-makers ſtill uſe the word. *Half-fac'd fellowſhip* is then " partnerſhip but half-adorned, partnerſhip which yet wants half the ſhow of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Portraiture of Hypocriſie*, &c. bl. l. 1589: " A gentleman ſhould have a gowne for the night, two for the daie, &c. one all furred, another *half-faced*."

Mr. M. Maſon, however, obſerves, that the alluſion may be to the *half-faces* on medals, where two perſons are repreſented. " The coins of Philip and Mary (ſays he) rendered this image ſufficiently familiar to Shakſpeare." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether the alluſion was to dreſs. *Half-fac'd* ſeems to have meant *paltry*. The expreſſion, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its riſe from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was repreſented. So, in *King John*:

" With that *half-face* would he have all my land,—
" A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"

But then, it will be ſaid, " what becomes of *fellowſhip*? Where is the fellowſhip in a *ſingle* face in profile? The alluſion muſt be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This ſquaring of our author's compariſons, and making them correſpond preciſely on every ſide, is in my apprehenſion the ſource of endleſs miſtakes. See p. 241, n. 7. *Fellowſhip* relates to Hotſpur's " corrival" and himſelf, and I think to nothing more. I find the epithet here applied to it, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: " —— with all other ends of your *half-faced* Engliſh." Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

" Whilſt I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion,—" MALONE.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,[5]
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.—
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots,
That are your priſoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He ſaid, he would not ranſome Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer![6]
Nay,
I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Couſin; a word.

[5] ——*a world of* figures *here,*] *Figure* is here uſed equivocally. As it is applied to Hotſpur's ſpeech it is a rhetorical mode; as oppoſed to form, it means appearance or ſhape. JOHNSON.

Figures mean ſhapes created by Hotſpur's imagination; but not the form of what he ſhould attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propoſe. EDWARDS.

[6] *He ſaid, he would not ranſome Mortimer;*——
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!] So Marlowe, in his *King Edward II:*

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,[7]
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,[8]—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.[9]

Wor. Farewell, kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

" —— and if he will not *ranſome* him,
" *I'll thunder ſuch a peale into his eares,*
" As never ſubject did unto his king." MALONE.

[7] ——*I ſolemnly* defy,] One of the ancient ſenſes of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuſe*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" I do *defy* thy commiſeration." STEEVENS.

[8] *And that ſame* ſword-and-buckler *prince of Wales,*] A royſter or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raiſed diſorders in the ſtreets, was called a Swaſh-buckler. In this ſenſe *ſword-and-buckler* is here uſed. JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the preciſe meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.—" This field, commonly called Weſt-Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians Hall, by reaſon it was the uſual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that ſword and bucklers were in uſe. When every *ſerving-man*, from the baſe to the beſt, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *ſword*." HENLEY.

I have now before me (to confirm the juſtice of this remark) a poem entitled " *Sword* and *Buckler*, or *Serving Man's Defence*." By William Bas, 1602. STEEVENS.

" What weapons bear they?—Some ſword and dagger, ſome *ſword* and *buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler*?—A clowniſh daſtardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman." Florio's *Firſt Fruites*, 1578. MALONE.

[9] ——*poiſon'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey ſuppoſes this to be ſaid in alluſion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (See Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince ſpent ſo much of his time in the meaneſt taverns. STEEVENS.

North. Why, what a waſp-ſtung and impatient fool [1]

[1] *Why, what a waſp-ſtung and impatient fool*—] Thus the quarto, 1598; and ſurely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads:—*waſp*-tongued. That Shakſpeare knew the ſting of a waſp was not ſituated in its mouth, may be learned from the following paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. ſc. ii:

"——is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of waſps*."

STEEVENS.

This reading is confirmed by Hotſpur's reply:

"Why look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
"Nettled and *ſtung* with piſmires, when I hear
"Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke." M. MASON.

The firſt quarto copies of ſeveral of theſe plays are in many reſpects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmoſt attention to them. In the preſent inſtance, however, I think the tranſcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the ſecond quarto, 1599, waſp-*tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but becauſe I believe it to have been the word uſed by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraſeology changed waſp-*tongue* to waſp-*tongued*. There are other inſtances of the ſame unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I ſay, was made from ignorance of Shakſpeare's phraſeology; for in *King Richard III.* we have—his *venom*-tooth, not *venom'd*-tooth; your *widow*-dolour, not *widow'd*-dolour; and in another play,—parted with *ſugar* breath, not *ſugar'd*-breath; and many more inſtances of the ſame kind may be found. Thus, in this play,—ſmooth-*tongue*, not ſmooth-*tongued*. Again: "—ſtolen from my hoſt at St. Albans, or the red-*noſe* innkeeper of Daintry." [not red *noſed*.] Again, in *King Richard III.*:

"Some light-*foot* friend poſt to the Duke of Norfolk."

not light-*footed*.

So alſo, in *The Black Book*, 4to. 1504: "—The *ſpindle-ſhanke* ſpyder, which ſhowed like great leachers with little legs, went ſtealing over his head," &c. In the laſt Act of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* "blew-*bottle* rogue" (the reading of the quarto,) is changed by the editor of the folio to "blew-*bottled* rogue," as he here ſubſtituted waſp-*tongued* for waſp-*tongue*.

Shakſpeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that the ſting of a waſp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehen-

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

ſion any thing couched under the epithet *waſp-tongue*, inconſiſtent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peeviſh and miſchievous (if ſuch terms may be applied to that inſtrument of the mind) as a waſp. Thus, in *As you like it*, *waſpiſh* is uſed without any particular reference to any action of a waſp, but merely as ſynonymous to *peeviſh* or *fretful*:

" By the ſtern brow and *waſpiſh* action
" Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
" It bears an *angry* tenour."

In *The Tempeſt*, when Iris, ſpeaking of Venus, ſays,

" Her waſpiſh-*headed* ſon has broke his arrows,"

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakſpeare knew the ſting of a waſp was in his tail, not in his *head*, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the preſent occaſion.

Though this note has run out to an unreaſonable length, I muſt add a paſſage in *The Taming of the Shrew*; which, while it ſhows that our author knew the ſting of a waſp was really ſituated in its *tail*, proves at the ſame time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the *tongue*:

" *Pet.* Come, come, you *waſp*; i'faith you are too angry.
" *Cath.* If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
" *Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.
" *Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.
" *Pet.* Who knows not where a waſp does wear his *ſting*?
" In his tail.
" *Cath.* In his *tongue*.
" *Pet.* Whoſe tongue?
" *Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails," &c.

This paſſage appears to me fully to juſtify the reading that I have choſen. Independent, however, of all authority, or reference to other paſſages, it is ſupported by the context here. A perſon ſtung by a waſp would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himſelf, as Hotſpur is deſcribed to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the aſſiſtance of thoſe about him; whereas "the waſp-*tongue* fool" may well be ſuppoſed to "break into a woman's mood," and to liſten "to no tongue but his own."

Mr. M. Maſon thinks that the words afterwards uſed by Hotſpur are deciſively in favour of waſp-*ſtung*,—"Nettled and *ſtung* with piſmires;" but Hotſpur uſes that expreſſion to mark the poignancy of his own *feelings*; Northumberland uſes the term

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glouceſterſhire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this king of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.

North. At Berkley caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true:——
Why, what a candy deal of courteſy [2]
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*,[3]
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind couſin*,—
O, the devil take ſuch cozeners![4]——God forgive me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

waſp-tongue to denote the irritability of his ſon's *temper*, and the petulance of his *language*. Malone.

I may ſeem to be overlaid by the foregoing note, but do not think myſelf defeated. The reader's patience, however, ſhall be no further exerciſed on the preſent occaſion. Steevens.

[2] ——*what a* candy *deal of courteſy*—] i. e. what a deal of candy courteſy. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*candy'd*, without neceſſity. See alſo *King Richard III*:

"Groſsly grew captive to his *honey* words."

not *honey'd* words. See the laſt note. Malone.

[3] ——*infant fortune came to age*,] Alluding to what paſſed in *King Richard*, Act II. ſc. iii. Johnson.

[4] ——*the devil take ſuch* cozeners!] The ſame jingle occurs in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

"Come pretty *couſin*, *cozened* by grim death."

Again, in *Monſieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"————, *couſin*,
"*Cozen* thyſelf no more."

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reaſons,
Which I ſhall ſend you written,—be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord,—
[*To* Northumberland.
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbiſhop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,[5]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.[6]

Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot:—

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601: "To ſee my *couſin cozen'd* in this ſort." Steevens.

[5] *I ſpeak not this in* eſtimation,] *Eſtimation* for conjecture. Warburton.

[6] —— *let'ſt ſlip.*] To *let ſlip*, is to looſe the greyhound. Johnson.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
"Lucentio *ſlipp'd* me, like his greyhound." Steevens.

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads by raiſing of a head:[7]
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;[8]
And think we think ourſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin,[9] farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, (which will be ſuddenly,)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will faſhion it,) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we ſhall thrive, I truſt.

[7] ——*by raiſing of a* head:] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"Making another *head*, to fight again." STEEVENS.

[8] *The king will always* &c.] This is a natural deſcription of the ſtate of mind between thoſe that have conferred, and thoſe that have received obligations too great to be ſatisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's diſloyalty, was predicted by King Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

[9] *Couſin,*] This was a common addreſs in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, paſſim. Hotſpur was Worceſter's nephew. MALONE.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rocheſter. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, *with a Lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain [1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packed. What, oſtler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's ſaddle,[2] put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all ceſs.[3]

[1] —— *Charles' wain*—] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the conſtellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* wain (Sax. ceopl, a countryman.) Ritson.

See alſo Thoreſby's Leeds, p. 268. Reed.

Chorl is frequently uſed for a countryman in old books. "Here begynneth the *chorle* and the byrde," printed for Wynkyn de Worde. See alſo the Gloſſaries of Skinner and Junius, v. *Churl.* Douce.

[2] —— Cut's *ſaddle,*] *Cut* is the name of a horſe in *The Witches of Lancaſhire,* 1634, and, I ſuppoſe, was a common one. Steevens.

See Vol. V. p. 304, n. 5. Malone.

[3] —— *out of all* ceſs.] i. e. *out of all meaſure:* the phraſe being taken from a *ceſs,* tax, or ſubſidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of meaſure, it was ſaid to be *out of all ceſs.* Warburton.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank[4] here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:[5] this houſe is turned upſide down, ſince Robin oſtler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed ſince the price of oats roſe; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.[6]

[4] ——*as dank*—] i. e. wet, rotten. Pope.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preſervation of his library, he orders that the cleanſer thereof ſhould, "at leaſt twice a quarter, with clean cloths, ſtrike away the duſt and *moulding* of the books, which will not then continue long with it; now it proceedeth chiefly of the newneſs of the forrels, which in time will be leſs and leſs *dankiſh*." *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, p. 111. Reed.

[5] ——*bots*:] Are worms in the ſtomach of a horſe. Johnson.

"The *bottes* is an yll diſeaſe, and they lye in a horſe mawe; and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and ſtycke faſte in the mawe ſyde: it apperethe by ſtampynge of the horſe or tomblynge; and in the beginninge there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym." *Fitzherbert's Book of Huſbandry*. Reed.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of *The diſobedient Child*, no date:

"That I wiſhed their bellies full of *bottes*."

In *Reginald Scott, on Witchcraft*, 1584, is "a charme for the *bots* in a horſe." Steevens.

[6] ——*I am ſtung like a* tench.] Why like a *tench*? I know not, unleſs the ſimilitude conſiſts in the ſpots of the *tench*, and thoſe made by the bite of vermin. Malone.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſs, there is ne'er a king in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.[7]

I have either read, or been told, that it was once cuſtomary to pack ſuch pond-fiſh as were brought alive to market, in *ſtinging*-nettles. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of this uſage to offer, I do not preſs my intelligence on the publick.

It appears, however, from the following paſſage in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, Book IX. ch. xlvii. that anciently fiſhes were ſuppoſed to be infeſted by *fleas*: "In ſumme, what is there not bred within the ſea? Even the verie *fleas* that ſkip ſo merrily in ſummer time within victualling houſes and innes, and bite ſo ſhrowdly: as alſo lice that love beſt to live cloſe under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found: for many a time the fiſhers twitch up their hookes, and ſee a number of theſe ſkippers and creepers ſettled thick about their baits which they laid for fiſhes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fiſhes in their ſleep by night within the ſea, as well as us on land."

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes that "ſtung like a *tench*," may be a blunder for "like a *trout*." See, ſays he, the repreſentation of a *trout* in Walton's *Complete Angler*, ch. v. Steevens.

[7] ——*breeds fleas like a* loach.] The *loach* is a very ſmall fiſh, but ſo exceedingly prolifick, that it is ſeldom found without ſpawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to ſwallow loaches in wine, becauſe they were conſidered as invigorating, and apt to communicate their prolifick quality. The carrier therefore means to ſay, that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as faſt as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In *As you like it*, Jaques ſays that he "can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weaſel ſucks eggs;" but he does not mean that a weaſel ſucks eggs "out of a ſong."—And in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Neſtor ſays that Therſites is—

"A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,"

he means that his gall coined ſlanders as faſt as a mint coins money. M. Mason.

A paſſage in *Coriolanus* likewiſe may be produced in ſupport of the interpretation here given: "—and he no more remem-

1 *Car.* What, oſtler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,[8] to be delivered as far as Charing-croſs.

bers his mother, than an eight-year-old horſe;" i. e. than an eight-year-old horſe *remembers his dam.*

I entirely agree with Mr. M. Maſon in his explanation of this paſſage, and, before I had ſeen his Comments, had in the ſame manner interpreted a paſſage in *As you like it.* See Vol. VIII. p. 84, n. 4. One principal ſource of error in the interpretation of many paſſages in our author's plays has been the ſuppoſing that his ſimiles were intended to correſpond exactly on both ſides. Malone.

I fear the foregoing ingenious explanation muſt give way to the circumſtance recorded in the ninth Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, ch. xlvii. referred to by me in a note on this paſſage in the edition of 1785, omitted in the laſt, but now quoted at length by Mr. Steevens in the preſent. Again: "Laſt of all, *ſome fiſhes there be which of themſelves are given to breed* fleas *and lice*; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." Reed.

[8] ——*and two* razes *of* ginger,] As our author in ſeveral paſſages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. Theobald.

——*and two* razes of ginger,] So, in the old anonymous play of *Henry V*: "—he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Beſs, &c. was to have had." *A dainty* race *of ginger* is mentioned in Ben Jonſon's maſque of *The Gipſies Metamorphoſed.* The late Mr. Warner obſerved to me, that a ſingle *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in ſmall pieces, as at preſent, would have been ſufficient to load a pack-horſe. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hiſtory of Jamaica*, in ſupport of his aſſertion; and added "that he could diſcover no authority for the word *raze* in the ſenſe appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phraſe that ſeems familiar among our comick writers. So, in *A Looking-Glaſs for London and England*, 1598: "I have ſpent eleven pence, beſides three *raſes* of ginger."—"Here's two *raſes* more." Steevens.

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite ſtarved.[9]—What, oſtler!—A plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Haſt no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.[1]

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.[2]

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

Dr. Grew ſpeaks, in *The Philoſophical Tranſactions*, of a *ſingle root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt, therefore, concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's aſſertion. Theobald's explanation ſeems equally diſputable.
MALONE.

See *Hackluyt's Voyages*, Vol. III. p. 493. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the* turkies *in my pannier are quite ſtarved.*] Here is a ſlight anachroniſm. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

[1] ——*Gadshill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentiſh road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606:

" ——Why, how lies ſhe?

" Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-hill*, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*:

" And I know thee for a taking fellow

" Upon *Gads-hill* in Kent."

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled *The Robbery at Gadshill*, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.
STEEVENS.

[2] *I think it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who ſuſpected Gadshill, ſtrives to miſlead him as to the hour; becauſe the firſt obſervation made in this ſcene is, that it was *four o'clock*.
STEEVENS.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell?[3]—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purſe.[4]

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more from picking

[3] *Ay, when? canſt tell?*] This is a proverbial phraſe. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*Dro. E.* Have at you with a *proverb*, &c.

"*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's—*When? can you tell?*" Steevens.

[4] *At hand, quoth pick-purſe.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion often uſed by Green, Nathe, and other writers of the time, in whoſe works the cant of low converſation is preſerved. Again, in the play of *Apius and Virginia*, 1575, Haphazard, the vice, ſays:

"*At hand, quoth pick purſe*, here redy am I,
"See well to the cutpurſe, be ruled by me."

Again, (as Mr. Malone obſerves, in *The Ducheſs of Suffolk*, by Tho. Drue, (but hitherto aſcribed to Heywood,) 1631: "*At hand, quoth pickpurſe*—have you any work for a tyler?"

Steevens.

This proverbial ſaying probably aroſe from the pick-purſe always ſeizing upon the prey neareſt him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry:

"The thing *at hand* is of all things the beſt." Malone.

of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'ſt the plot how.[5]

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, maſter Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yeſternight: There's a franklin[6] in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter:[7] They will away preſently.

[5] *That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more* &c.] So, in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratſey*, 1605: "—he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the houſe to learne which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he ſhould partake of their fortunes, if they ſped." Steevens.

[6] ——*franklin*—] is a little gentleman. Johnson.

A *franklin* is a *freeholder*. M. Mason.

Forteſcue, ſays the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 202, (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) deſcribes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus poſſeſſionibus*. He is claſſed *with* (but *after*) the *miles* and *armiger*; and is diſtinguiſhed from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though, as it ſhould ſeem, the only real diſtinction between him and other freeholders, conſiſted in the largeneſs of his eſtate. Spelman, in voce *Franklein*, quotes the following paſſage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. mareſcallus Angliæ, apres la mort de ſon pere eſpoſa la fille de *un Franchelyn* apelee Alice." The hiſtorian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the Frankelein. Reed.

[7] ——*and call for eggs and butter:*] It appears from *The Houſehold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the uſual breakfaſt of my lord and lady, during the ſeaſon of Lent. Steevens.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with ſaint Nicholas' clerks,[8] I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhip'ſt ſaint Nicholas as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gads. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old ſir John hangs with me; and, thou knoweſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut! there are other Trojans[9] that thou dreameſt not of, the which, for

[8] ——*ſaint Nicholas' clerks,*] St. Nicholas was the patron ſaint of ſcholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks.* Warburton.

Highwaymen or robbers were ſo called, or *Saint Nicholas's knights:*

" A mandrake grown under ſome *heavy tree,*
" There where *Saint Nicholas knights* not long before
" Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."

Glareanus Vadeanus's Panegyrick upon *Tom Coryat.* Grey.

Again, in Rowley's *Match at Midnight,* 1633: " I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingſton, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks.*" Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk,* 1612:

"——We are prevented;——
" *St. Nicholas's clerks* are ſtepp'd up before us."

Again, in *The Hollander,* a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: " Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and cuſtoms, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas' clerks,* &c.——under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart," &c. Steevens.

This expreſſion probably took its riſe from the pariſh clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. Whalley.

See Vol. IV. 252, n. 9, where an account is given of the origin of this expreſſion as applied to ſcholars. Malone.

[9] ——*other* Trojans—] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:* " Hector was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this." *Trojan* in both theſe

ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be looked into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,[1] no long-ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers;[2] none of theſe mad, muſtachio

inſtances had a cant ſignification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief*. So again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—unleſs you play the *honeſt Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away." STEEVENS.

[1] *I am joined with no foot* land-rakers, &c.] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-ſtaff ſix penny ſtrikers*,—no fellows that infeſt the road with long-ſtaffs, and knock men down for ſix-pence. *None of theſe mad muſtachio, purple-hued malt-worms*,—none of thoſe whoſe faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*ſix-penny ſtrikers*;] A *ſtriker* had ſome cant ſignification with which at preſent we are not exactly acquainted. It is uſed in ſeveral of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, *no ſix-penny ſtriker* ſignifies, *not one who would content himſelf to* borrow, i. e. *rob you for the ſake of ſix-pence*. That to *borrow* was the cant phraſe for to *ſteal*, is well known; and that to *ſtrike* likewiſe ſignified to *borrow*, let the following paſſage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

"*Cor.* You had beſt aſſault me too.
"*Mal.* I muſt *borrow* money,
"And that ſome call a *ſtriking*," &c.

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"The only ſhape to hide a *ſtriker* in."

Again, in an old MS. play entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"——one that robs the mind,
"Twenty times worſe than any highway *ſtriker*."

STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Conycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expreſſions uſed by Thieves*: "——the cutting a pocket or picking a purſe, is called *ſtriking*." Again: "——who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *ſtriking* and foiſting." COLLINS.

See alſo, *The London Prodigal*, 1605: "Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *ſix-penny-purſe* eſcape me." MALONE.

purple-hued malt-worms:[3] but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomaſters, and great oneyers;[4] ſuch

[3] ——*malt-worms*:] This cant term for a tippler I find in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: "You ſhall purchaſe the prayers of all the alewives in town, for ſaving a *malt-worm* and a cuſtomer." Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*burgomaſters, and great* oneyers;] "Perhaps, *oneraires*, truſtees, or commiſſioners;" ſays Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any ſuch conſtruction, I am at a loſs to know. To Mr. Pope's ſecond conjecture, "of cunning men that look ſharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply ſeriouſly: but chooſe to drop it. The reading which I have ſubſtituted, [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendſhip of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Eſq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are alſo taken for bankers, or thoſe that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of theſe acceptations will admirably ſquare with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeſervedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is neceſſary: Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomaſters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great-one-ĕers*, as we ſay, *privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Mr. Hardinge's conjecture may be ſupported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: "—there is a houſe upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, ſometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Monyer*;" i. e. probably *banker*. *Deſcription of Tottenham High-Croſs*, 1631. REED.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men poſſeſſed of large ſums of money belonging to the ſtate.—It is the courſe of the Court of Exchequer, when the ſheriff makes up his accounts for iſſues, amerciaments, and meſne profits, to ſet upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, niſi habeat ſufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he anſwers, become his debtors, and are diſcharged as with reſpect to the King.

as can hold in; ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray:[5] And yet I lie; for they pray

To ſettle accounts in this manner, is ſtill called in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from hence Shakſpeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what." This emendation may derive ſome ſupport from what Gadshill ſays in the next ſcene: "There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The firſt quarto has—*oneyres*, which the ſecond and all the ſubſequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

[5] ——*ſuch as can* hold in; *ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than* drink, *and* drink *&c.*] According to the ſpecimen given us in this play, of this diſſolute gang, we have no reaſon to think they *were leſs ready to drink than ſpeak*. Beſides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *ſpeaking, drinking*, and *praying*, to do with one another? We ſhould certainly read *think* in both places inſtead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* think; *and* think *ſooner than pray*. By which laſt words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this paſſage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *ſuch as can hold in?* It cannot mean *ſuch as can keep their own ſecret*, for they will, he ſays, *ſpeak* ſooner than *think*: it cannot mean *ſuch as will go calmly to work without unneceſſary violence*, ſuch as is uſed by *long-ſtaff ſtrikers*, for the following part will not ſuit with this meaning; and though we ſhould read by tranſpoſition *ſuch as will ſpeak ſooner than ſtrike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I muſt leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean *ſuch as can curb old father antick the law*, or ſuch as *will not blab*. STEEVENS.

Turberville's *Book on Hunting*, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntſmen on horſeback to make young hounds "*hold in* and cloſe"

continually to their ſaint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquored her.[6] We ſteal as in a caſtle,[7] cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed,[8] we walk inviſible.

to the old ones: ſo Gadshill may mean, that he is joined with ſuch companions as will *hold in*, or keep and ſtick cloſe to one another, and ſuch as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and ſpeak their mind freely better than to drink. Tollet.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes. To *hold in*, I believe, meant to "keep their fellows' counſel and their own;" not to diſcover their roguèries by talking about them. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to *keep in*." Gadshill, therefore, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that he keeps company with ſteady robbers; ſuch as will not impeach their comrades, or make any diſcovery by talking of what they have done; men that will ſtrike the traveller ſooner than talk to him; that yet would ſooner ſpeak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and, notwithſtanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the laſt thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in theſe plays, "it were as good a deed as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be,—Men who will knock the traveller down ſooner than ſpeak to him; who yet will ſpeak to him and bid him ſtand, ſooner than drink; (to which they are ſufficiently well inclined;) and laſtly, who will drink ſooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it ſhould be preſerved. Malone.

[6] *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath* liquor'd *her.*] A ſatire on chicane in courts of juſtice; which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. Warburton.

Alluding to boots mentioned in the preceding ſpeech. "They would melt me (ſays Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,)

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more

out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fiſhermen's *boots* with me." See alſo Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 199:

"*Item*, a halfpenny for *liquor* for his boots." Malone.

[7] —— *as in a caſtle*,] This was once a proverbial phraſe. So, Dante, (in *Purgatorio*):

"Sicura quaſi *rocca* in alto monte."

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That noble courage we have ſeen, and we
"Shall fight *as in a caſtle*."

Perhaps Shakſpeare means, we ſteal with as much ſecurity as the ancient inhabitants of *caſtles*, who had thoſe ſtrong holds to fly to for protection and defence againſt the laws. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act III. ſc. i:

"Yes, as an outlaw *in a caſtle* keeps,
"And uſes it to patronage his *theft*."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſſe and force, therfore called giants, who kept themſelves *in a caſtle* ſeated upon the top of a rock, impregnable" &c. Steevens.

[8] —— *we have the receipt of* fern-ſeed,] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed, were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itſelf, they aſcribed to *fern-ſeed* many ſtrange properties, ſome of which the ruſtick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. Johnson.

This circumſtance relative to *fern-ſeed* is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"——had you Gyges' ring,
"Or the herb that gives invifibility?"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

"———— I had
"No medicine, ſir, to go inviſible,
"No *fern-ſeed* in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny, Book XXVII. ch. ix: "Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *ſeede*." Steevens.

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their ſenſes, believed that *fern*

beholden to the night, than to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe,[9] as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.[1] Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

bore *no ſeed*. Our anceſtors imagined that this plant produced ſeed which was inviſible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reaſoning, founded on the fantaſtic doctrine of ſignatures, they concluded that they who poſſeſſed the ſecret of wearing this ſeed about them would become inviſible. This ſuperſtition the good ſenſe of the poet taught him to ridicule. It was alſo ſuppoſed to ſeed in the courſe of a ſingle night, and is called in Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals*, 1613:

"The wond'rous one-night-ſeeding ferne."

Abſurd as theſe notions are, they were not wholly exploded in the time of Addiſon. He laughs at "a doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and *had diſcovered the female fern-ſeed*." *Tatler*, No. 240.

Holt White.

[9] ——*purchaſe*.] Is the term uſed in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. Johnson.

Purchaſe was anciently the cant term for ſtolen goods. So, in *Henry V.* Act III:

"They will ſteal any thing, and call it *purchaſe*."

So, Chaucer:

"And robbery is holde *purchaſe*." Stevens.

[1] ——*Homo is a common name* &c.] Gadshill had promiſed as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promiſe rather as a *falſe thief*; to which Gadshill anſwers, that though he might have reaſon to change the word *true*, he might have ſpared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. Johnson.

This is a quotation from *The Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell ſhould have added to his *Shakſperiana*. Lort.

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at ſome diſtance.*

POINS. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gummed velvet.[2]

P. HEN. Stand cloſe.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed raſcal; What a brawling doſt thou keep?

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go ſeek him. [*Pretends to ſeek* POINS.

FAL. I am accurſed to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath removed my horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquire[3] further afoot, I ſhall break my wind.

See Vol. VI. p. 91, n. 6; p. 119, n. 4; and Vol. IX. p. 48, n. 9. MALONE

[2] ——*like a gummed velvet.*] This alluſion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*four foot by the* ſquire—] The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: inſinuating, that his legs being four foot aſunder, when he advanced four feet, this put together made *four feet ſquare.* WARBURTON.

Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him,[4] I'll be hanged; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further.[5] An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony-hearted villains know

I am in doubt whether there is ſo much humour here as is ſuſpected: *Four foot by the ſquire* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. Biſhop Corbet ſays in one of his poems:

"Some *twelve foot by the ſquare*." FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *ſquire*, which points out the etymology—*eſquierre*, Fr. The ſame phraſe occurs in *The Winter's Tale*: "—not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the ſquire*." Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, P. II. ſect. iv: "—as for a workman not to know his axe, ſaw, *ſquire*, or any other toole," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 177, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] ——*medicines to make me love him*,] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love powder*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"————the is corrupted
"By ſpells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*rub a foot further*.] This is only a ſlight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We ſhould read—*rub* a foot. So we now ſay—*rub* on. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean—*I will not go a foot further to rob?* STEEVENS.

it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whiſtle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horſe, you rogues; give me my horſe, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[6] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horſe; good king's ſon.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler!

Fal. Go, hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters![7] If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon:[8] When a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

[6] ——*to colt*—] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another ſenſe, oppoſes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorſe*. JOHNSON.

In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed by Naſhe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His maſter fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "What, are we bobbed thus ſtill? *colted* and carted?" From Decker's *Bell-man's Night-Walkes*, &c. 1616, it appears that the technical term for any inn-keeper or hackney-man who had been cheated of horſes, was a *colt*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*heir-apparent garters!*] "He may hang himſelf in his own *garters*" is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

[8] *An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy*

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do, againſt my will.

POINS. O, 'tis our ſetter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. What news?[9]

GADS. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hanged.

tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon:] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" Shall have thy treſpaſs cited up in rhymes,
" And ſung by children in ſucceeding times."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— ſaucy lictors
" Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and *ſcald rhymers*
" *Ballad* us out of tune." MALONE.

[9] Bard. *What news?*] In all the copies that I have ſeen, Poins is made to ſpeak upon the entrance of Gadshill thus:

O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news?*

This is abſurd; he knows Gadshill to be the *ſetter*, and aſks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gadshill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gadshill alone, and we find that Falſtaff, who knew their ſtations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horſe, but not to Gadshill, who was poſted at a diſtance. We ſhould therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our ſetter*, &c.
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Caſe ye*, &c. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, ſir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by; ſtand cloſe.

[*Exeunt P.* Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole,[1] ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

[1] ——*dole,*] The portion of alms diſtributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his maſter's charitable intentions, by ſelling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men.

Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in *The Cofily Whore*, 1633:

"——— we came thinking

"We ſhould have ſome *dole* at the biſhop's funeral."

Again:

"Go to the back gate, and you ſhall have *dole*."

Steevens.

See Vol. V. p. 145, n. 1. Malone.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorſon caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied[2] knaves: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[3] I would, your ſtore were

[2] ——*gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Gloſſary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

This word is likewiſe uſed by Sir Thomas North in his tranſlation of Plutarch.

Naſhe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ſays: —"O 'tis an unconſcionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger built'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boiſterous and cumberſome than a payre of Swiſſers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600: "What are theſe thick-ſkinned, heavy-purſed, *gorbellied* churles mad?" Steevens.

[3] ——*ye fat* chuffs;] The term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in *The Muſes' Looking Glaſs*, 1638:

"——the *chuff*'s crowns,

"Impriſon'd in his ruſty cheſt," &c.

The derivation of the word is ſaid to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thieviſh bird that collects his prey on the ſea-ſhore. So, in Chaucer's *Aſſemble of Foules*:

"The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie."

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his *Juſt Italian*, 1630, has the ſame term:

here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men muſt live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, &c. *driving the* Travellers *out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men:[4] Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week,[5] laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

" They're rich *choughs*, they've ſtore
" Of villages and plough'd earth."

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in *The Alchemiſt*, being aſked who had robbed him, anſwers, " a kind of *choughs*, ſir."

STEEVENS.

The name of the Corniſh bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the ſame word with *cuff*, both ſignifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter ſound. RITSON.

[4] —— *the* true men:] In the old plays a *true man* is always ſet in oppoſition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorner*, bl. l. no date:

" And when me liſt to hang a *true man*——
" Theves I can help out of pryſon."

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

" Now, *true man*, try if thou canſt rob a *thief*."

Again:

" Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, ſcorn a *thief*."

See Vol. VI. p. 349, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[5] —— argument *for a week*,] *Argument* is ſubject matter for converſation or a drama. So, in the ſecond part of this play:

" For all my part has been but as a ſcene
" Acting that *argument*."

Mr. M. Maſon adopts the former of theſe meanings, and adds, in ſupport of his opinion, a paſſage from *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Don Pedro ſays to Benedick, [Vol. VI. p. 24.]

" —— if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." STEEVENS.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Ruſhing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are ſharing, the* Prince *and* Poins *ſet upon them.* Falstaff, *after a blow or two, and the reſt, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.[6]
Away, good Ned. Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth[7] as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Each takes his fellow for an officer.*] The ſame thought, a little varied, occurs again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"The thief doth fear each buſh an officer." Steevens.

[7] *And* lards the *lean* earth—] So, in *King Henry V.*:

"In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie
"*Larding the plain.*" Steevens.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a Letter.*[8]

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe.*—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe:—he ſhows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous*;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous*; *the friends you have named, uncertain*; *the time itſelf unſorted*; *and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.*—Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York[9] commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with

[8] *Enter Hotſpur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.
Mr. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

[9] —— *my lord of York*—] Richard Scroop, Archbiſhop of York. STEEVENS.

his lady's fan.[1] Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, ſome of them, ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel? Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimmed milk with ſo honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will ſet forward to-night.

[1] ——*I could train him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards obſerves, in his *Canons of Criticiſm*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"This *feather* grew in her ſweet *fan* ſometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"——for a garter,

"Or the leaſt *feather* in her bounteous *fan*."

Again, as Mr. Whalley obſerves to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*, Act V:

"——Wer't not better

"Your head were broke with *the handle of a fan*?"

See the wooden cut in a note on a paſſage in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France, Ducheſſe de Savoie*, in the fifth Vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*. Plate XI. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ought to be a mementa to all commentators, not to be too poſitive about the cuſtoms of former ages. Mr. Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for ſuppoſing that Hotſpur meant to brain the Earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, inſtead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley ſhew that the ſuppoſition was not ſo wild a one as Mr. Edwards ſuppoſed. MALONE.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate?[2] I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?[3]
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſit'ſt alone?

[2] *How now*, Kate?] Shakſpeare either miſtook the name of Hotſpur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or elſe deſignedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondneſs he ſeems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this ſcene, the ſcene of *Katharine* and Petuchio, and the courtſhip between King Henry V. and the *French Princeſs*. The wife of Hotſpur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, ſiſter to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

The ſiſter of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*: "This Edmonde was ſonne to Erle Roger,—which Edmonde at King Richarde's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the realme; whoſe aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married." *Chron.* fol. 20. So alſo, Holinſhed. But both theſe hiſtorians were miſtaken, for her chriſtian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

[3] ——*golden ſleep*] So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "—he needed now no more once for hat cauſe eyther to wake, or breake hys *golden ſleepe*." HENDERSON.

The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been beſtowed on *ſleep*, may ſerve to ſhow how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us, ſleep is called *golden*, and in *King Richard III.* we have "*leaden* ſlumber." But in Virgil it is "*ferreus* ſomnus;" while Homer terms ſleep *brazen*, or more ſtrictly *copper*, χαλκειος υπνος.
HOLT WHITE.

Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treaſures,[4] and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers,[5] I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires;[6] of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers,[7] parapets;

[4] *And given my* treaſures,] So, in *Othello*:
"To pour our *treaſures* into foreign laps." MALONE.

[5] *In thy faint ſlumbers,*] Such are the remarks of Argia, on the inquietude of her huſband Polynices, at the commencement of the Theban war. See the ſecond *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 333 *& ſeq.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *and* retires;] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10: "—their ſecret ſafe *retire*." Again, in Holinſhed, p. 960: "—the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie ſo termed their ſudden *retire*,") &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *frontiers,*] For *frontiers*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plauſibly—*fortins*.
JOHNSON.

Plauſible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unneceſſary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but alſo the *forts* built along, or near thoſe limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1, it is ſaid: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might ſkantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c. p. 34: "It ſhall not be neceſſary to make the bulwarkes in townes ſo great as thoſe in royall *frontiers*." P. 40: "When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the ſame be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended," &c. This account of the word will, I hope, be thought ſufficient. STEEVENS.

So, in *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitzgeoffery, 1617:
"He'll tell of baſiliſks, trenches, and retires,
"Of paliſadoes, parapets, *frontiers*." MALONE.

Of baſiliſks,[8] of cannon, culverin;
Of priſoner's ranſome, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the 'currents[9] of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat[1] have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte.[2] O, what portents are
theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord [illegible] hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet
gone?

[8] *Of* baſiliſks.] A *baſiliſk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in *Ram Alley*, 1611:

"My cannons, de[illegible]-cannons, *baſiliſks*," &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Ch[illegible]ter*, 1607:

"——— are th[illegible] of *[illegible]iliſks*
"Already moun[illegible] [illegible]arriages?

Again, in Holinſhed, [illegible] March, [illegible] ſetting his *baſiliſkes* a[illegible] other cannon in the [illegible] onde was [illegible] to [illegible]." See [illegible] Houn-[illegible] [illegible]*glana*,' [illegible] [illegible] STEEVENS.

[9] *And all the* 'currents—] i. e. the *occurrences*. In old language *occurrent* was uſed inſtead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

[1] *That* beads *of ſweat*—] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"——— mine eyes,
"Seeing thoſe *beads* of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
"Began to water." MALONE.

[2] *On ſome great* ſudden *haſte*.] The epithet—*ſudden*, which overloads the verſe, may be juſtly ſuſpected as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.[3]

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtraight: O *eſperance!*[4]—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt, my lady?[5]

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horſe,[6]
My love, my horſe.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weaſel hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen,[7]
As you are toſs'd with. In faith,

[3] *He is, my lord, an hour ago.*] I ſuppoſe, our author wrote:
He is, my lord, above *an hour ago.*
The verſe is otherwiſe defective: as is the Servant's next reply, which originally might have run thus:
One horſe, my lord, he brought but *even now.*
Steevens.

[4] —— *eſperance!*] This was the motto of the Percy family.
Malone.

[5] *What ſay'ſt, my lady?*] Old copies—What ſay'ſt *thou,* my lady? Steevens.

[6] *My horſe,*] Old copies—*Why,* my horſe. Steevens.

[7] *A* weaſel *hath not ſuch a* deal of ſpleen,] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"As *quarrellous* as the *weaſel.*" Steevens.

I'll know your buſineſs, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title; and hath ſent for you,
To line his enterprize:[8] But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion that I aſk.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,[9]
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,[1]

[8] *To* line *his enterprize:*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——— did *line* the rebel
" With hidden help and vantage." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*I'll break thy little finger, Harry,*] This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no ſort of kyſſes or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*." AMNER.

See *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" The ſtroke of death is as *a lover's pinch*,
" *Which hurts, and is deſired*." MALONE.

[1] Hot. *Away,*
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,] This, I think, would be better thus:
Hot. *Away, you trifler!*
Lady. *Love!*
Hot. *I love thee not.*
This is no world, &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon ſeems unneceſſary. The paſſage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The firſt *love* is not a ſubſtantive, but a verb:
——*love* [thee?]—*I love thee not.*
Hotſpur's mind being intent on other things, his anſwers are irregular. He has been muſing, and now replies to what Lady Percy had ſaid *ſome time before*,
" Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
" And I muſt know it,—*elſe he loves me not*."
In a ſubſequent ſcene this diſtinguiſhing trait of his character

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets,[2] and to tilt with lips:
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,[3]
And paſs them current too.—Gods me, my horſe!—
What ſay'ſt thou, Kate? what would'ſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his deſcription of a converſation between Hotſpur and Lady Percy: "*O my ſweet Harry*, (ſays ſhe,) *how many haſt thou killed to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench*, (ſays he, and anſwers,)—*ſome fourteen*,—AN HOUR AFTER." MALONE.

[2] ——*mammets*,] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, ſpeaking of ladies dreſt in the faſhion, ſays: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of fleſh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, conſiſting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "—I have ſeen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæſar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date: "—he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *mawmets* and ydolles." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Throughout the Engliſh tranſlation of *Marco Paolo*, 1579, *Mahometans* and other worſhippers of idols are always called *Mahomets* and *Mahmets*. Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of England*, p. 108, ſpeaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This laſt conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add, that Hamlet ſeems to have the ſame idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he ſaw the *puppets dallying*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*crack'd crowns*, &c.] Signifies at once *cracked money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its ſenſe is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it inſinuates that a ſoldier's wounds entitle him to univerſal reception. JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:
"——I'll none of your *cracked* French *crowns*——
"*King*. No *cracked* French *crowns*! I hope to ſee more *cracked* French *crowns* ere long.
"*Prieſt*. Thou mean'ſt of Frenchmen's *crowns*," &c.
STEEVENS.

Well, do not then; for, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I go, nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe,
Than Harry Percy's wife: conſtant you are;
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecy,
No lady cloſer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;[a]
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial ſentence: "A woman conceals what ſhe knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

So, in Naſhe's *Anatomie of Abſurditie*, 1589: "In the ſame place he [Valerius] ſaith, *quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud ſolum poteſt tacere quod neſcit?* who will commit any thing to a woman's tatling truſt, who conceales nothing but that ſhe knows not?" MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*[5]

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. HEN. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers;[6] and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as—Tom, Dick, and

[5] Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*] In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.*, *Eaſtcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry 5.* You know the old tavern in *Eaſtcheap*; there is good wine." Shakſpeare has hung up a ſign for them that he ſaw daily; for the *Boar's Head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-houſe. See Stowe's *Survey*, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

This ſign is mentioned in a Letter from Henry Wyndeſore, 1459, 38 Henry VI. See *Letters of the Paſton Family*, Vol. I. p. 175. The writer of this letter was one of Sir John Faſtolf's houſehold.

Sir John Faſtolf, (as I learn from Mr. T. Warton,) was in his life-time a conſiderable benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, for which his name is commemorated in an anniverſary ſpeech; and though the College cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head* in *Southwark*, (which ſtill retains that name, though divided into tenements, yielding 150*l. per ann.*) and Caldecot manor in Suffolk, were part of the lands, &c. he beſtowed. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *I am* ſworn brother *to a leaſh of drawers.*] Alluding to the *fratres jurati* in the ages of adventure. So, ſays Bardolph, in *King Henry V.* Act II. ſc. i: "—we'll be all three *ſworn brothers* to France." See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Francis. They take it already upon their ſalvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courteſy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falſtaff; but a Corinthian,[7] a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, ſo they call me; and when I am king of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſtcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying ſcarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,[8] they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, ſweet Ned,—to ſweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar,[9] clapped even now

[7] ——*Corinthian*,] A wencher. JOHNSON.

This cant expreſſion is common in old plays. So, Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

"——let him *wench*,
"Buy me all *Corinth* for him."
"Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*."

Again, in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633:

"Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuſe,
"To *Corinth* any man may go." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*and when you breathe* &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the ſchool of Salerno, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage. I meet with a ſimilar expreſſion in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at leaſt as ancient as the time of Shakſpeare:

"——we alſo do enact
"That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;
"Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink*;
"That none go out to——." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*this pennyworth of ſugar*,] It appears from the following paſſage in *Look about you*, 1600, and ſome others, that the drawers kept ſugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to thoſe who called for ſack:

"——but do you hear?
"Bring *ſugar in white paper*, not in brown."

in my hand by an under-ſkinker;[1] one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than—*Eight ſhillings and ſixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this ſhrill addition,—*Anon, anon, ſir! Score a pint of baſtard in the Half-moon*, or ſo. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aſide, and I'll ſhow thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Shakſpeare might perhaps allude to a cuſtom mentioned by Decker, in *The Gul's Horn Book*, 1609: "Enquire what gallants ſup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city faſhion*) ſend them in a pottle of wine, *and your name ſweetened in two pittiful papers of ſugar*, with ſome filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c. Steevens.

See p. 205, n. 2. Malone.

[1] ——*under-ſkinker*;] A tapſter; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *ſkinker* is *one that ſerves drink at table*. Johnson.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glaſs or cup; and *ſchenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glaſſes. An *under-ſkinker* is, therefore, as Dr Johnſon has explained it, an *under-drawer*. Steevens.

Giles Fletcher, in his *Ruſſe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13, ſpeaking of a town built on the ſouth ſide of Moſkow, by Baſilius the emperor, for a garriſon of ſoldiers, ſays: "—to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the dryes or prohibited times, when other *Ruſſes* may drinke nothing but water; and for that cauſe called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *ſkink* or *poure in*."

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, Act IV. ſc. v:

"*Alb.* I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

"*Her.* Heaven is like to have but a lame *ſkinker*." Reed.

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* Poins.

Enter Francis.[2]

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.—Look down into the Pomegranate,[3] Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, ſir! I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee,—About Michaelmas next I ſhall be—

[2] *Enter* Francis.] This ſcene, helped by the diſtraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the Prince, may entertain upon the ſtage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciouſly made it ſhort. Johnson.

[3] *Look down into the Pomegranate,*] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general cuſtom. See note on *King Henry VIII.* Act V. ſc. ii. Steevens.

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, ſir.—Pray you, ſtay a little, my lord.

P. HEN. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the ſugar thou gaveſt me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRAN. O lord, ſir! I would, it had been two.

P. HEN. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

POINS. [*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

P. HEN. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. HEN. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[4] cryſtal-button,[5] nott-pated,[6] agate-ring, puke-ſtocking,[7]

[4] *Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin*, &c.] The Prince intends to aſk the drawer whether he will rob his maſter, whom he denotes by many contemptuous diſtinctions. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *cryſtal-button*,] It appears from the following paſſage in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *cryſtal-buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "—a black taffata doublet, and a ſpruce *leather jerkin* with *chryſtal buttons*, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, ſir, quoth he, a *broker*." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *nott-pated*,] It ſhould be printed as in the old folios, *nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is thus deſcribed:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown viſage."

A perſon was ſaid to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut ſhort and round. Ray ſays the word is ſtill uſed in Eſſex, for *polled* or *ſhorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo. p. 11. vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"—— your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

caddis-garter,[8] ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch,—

Again, in Stowe's *Annals for the Year* 1535, 27th of Henry the Eighth: "He cauſed his own head to bee polled, and from thenceforth his beard to bee *notted* and no more ſhaven." In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the ſame as to *cut* it. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*puke-ſtocking*,] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between ruſſet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of the eighth Satire of Horace, 1567:

"——*nigra* ſuccinctam vadere palla."
"——ytuckde in *pukiſhe* frocke."

In a ſmall book entitled *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke gownes*, and without their chaynes and typets."

Shelton, in his tranſlation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2, ſays: "the reſt and remnant of his eſtate was ſpent on a jerkine of fine *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymiſt's Shop laid open*, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it ſhould appear that the colour was *grey*.

In the time of Shakſpeare the moſt expenſive ſilk ſtockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worſted-ſtocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the ſtuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

Dugdale's *Warwickſhire*, 1730, p. 406, ſpeaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The ſtatute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. vi. mentions cloth of theſe colours "*puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* ſeems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a ruſſet blue, or rather, a ruſſet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alvearie*. TOLLET.

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by *puke*; *puke* muſt ſignify *ruſſet wool that has never been dyed*. HENLEY.

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black ſtockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakſpeare's time, by perſons of inferior condition, on a principle of œconomy. MALONE.

Fran. O lord, ſir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown baſtard[9] is your

[8] ——*caddis-garter,*] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarſe *ferret*. The garters of Shakſpeare's time were worn in ſight, and conſequently were expenſive. He who would ſubmit to wear a coarſer ſort was probably called by this contemptuous diſtinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ——— doſt hear,
" My honeſt *caddis-garters?*"

This is an addreſs to a ſervant. Again, in *Warres, or the Peace is broken*: " —— fine pieed ſilke ſtockens on their legs, tyed up ſmoothly with *caddis garters*—." STEEVENS.

" At this day, [about the year 1625] ſays the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank weare *garters* and ſhoe-roſes of more than *five pound price*." In a note on *Twelfth-Night*, Mr. Steevens obſerves that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. IX. c. xlvii. which may throw a light on the following paſſage:

" Then wore they
" *Garters* of *liſles*; but now of ſilk, ſome edged deep with gold."

In a manuſcript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henſlowe, ſtep-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, of which an account is given in Vol. II. is the following article: " Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramatick writer,] the 1 of ſeptember 1602, to bye him a payre of *ſilver* garters, ijs. vid."

Caddis was worſted galloon. MALONE.

[9] ——*brown* baſtard—] *Baſtard* was a kind of ſweet wine. The Prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to underſtand his inſtigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatick piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the ſecond edition, 1630, Beer ſays to Wine:

" Wine well born? Did not every man call you *baſtard* but t'other day?"

So again, in *The Honeſt Whore*, a comedy by Dekker, 1635:

" ——What wine ſent they for?
" Ro. *Baſtard wine*; for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been aſham'd to come in. Here's ſixpence to pay for the nurſing the *baſtard*."

only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will ſully: in Barbary, ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, ſir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the gueſts within. [*Exit* Fran.]

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"I'll furniſh you with *baſtard*, white or *brown*," &c.

In the ancient metrical romance of *The Squir of low Degre*, bl. l. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:

"You ſhall have Rumney and Malmeſyne,
"Both Ypocraſſe and Vernage wyne:
"Mountroſe, and wyne of Greke,
"Both Algrade and Reſpice eke,
"Antioche and *Baſtarde*,
"Pyment alſo and Garnarde:
"Wyne of Greke and Muſcadell,
"Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,
"The rede your ſtomach to defye,
"And pottes of Oſey ſet you by." Steevens.

Maiſon Ruſtique, tranſlated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, ſays: "——ſuch wines are called *mungrell*, or *baſtard* wines, which (betwixt the ſweet and aſtringent ones) have neither manifeſt ſweetneſs, nor manifeſt aſtriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." Tollet.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, ſays, that "*baſtarde* is muſcadell, ſweet wine."

Steevens.

So alſo in Stowe's *Annals*, 867: "When an argoſie came with Greek and Spaniſh wines, viz. muſcadel, malmſey, ſack, and *baſtard*," &c. Malone.

My lord, old ſir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have ſhow'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* Francis *with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is—up-ſtairs, and down-ſtairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,[1] the Hotſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his

[1] ——*I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's anſwer had interrupted the prince's train of diſcourſe. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have ſhowed themſelves humours*;——*I am not yet of Percy's mind*; that is, I am willing to indulge myſelf in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind*,—who thinks all the time loſt that is not ſpent in bloodſhed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal ſoldier. Johnson.

wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet Harry*, ſays ſhe, *how many haſt thou killed to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench*, ſays he; and anſwers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn ſhall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*,[2] ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

POINS. Welcome, Jack. Where haſt thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of ſack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether-ſtocks,[3] and mend them, and ſoot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. HEN. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of

[2] ——*Rivo,*] This was perhaps the cant of the Engliſh taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has ſupported by a quotation from Marſton:

"If thou art ſad at others' fate,
"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the ſame word uſed in the comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

"——Yet to endear ourſelves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat," &c.

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"——that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo*," &c.

Again: "*Rivo*, here's good juice, freſh borage, boys." Again:

"Sing, ſing, or ſtay: we'll quaffe, or any thing:
"*Rivo*, Saint Mark!" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*nether-ſtocks,*] *Nether-ſtocks* are ſtockings. See *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſon![4] if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

[4] *Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the* ſon!] The uſual reading has hitherto been—*the ſweet tale of the* ſun. The preſent change will be accounted for in the courſe of the following annotations. STEEVENS.

All that wants reſtoring is a parentheſis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) ſhould be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the ſun is figuratively repreſented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or amorous. WARBURTON.

The ſame thought, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, is found among Turberville's *Epitaphs*, p. 142:

"It melts as butter doth againſt the ſunne."

The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will pleaſe to furniſh himſelf with ſome proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever uſed to ſignify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critick's emendation to be juſt.

In the oldeſt copy, the conteſted part of the paſſage appears thus:

—— *at the ſweet tale of* the ſonnes.

Our author might have written—*pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the ſweet tale of* his ſon; i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plauſible ſtory, won on the eaſy nature of his father ſo far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day.

As groſs a mythological corruption as the foregoing, occurs in *Locrine*, 1595:

"The arm-ſtrong offspring of the *doubted knight*,
"Stout Hercules," &c.

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I ſhould not heſitate to read—*doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its uſual proportion, while Jupiter poſſeſſed himſelf of Alcmena; a circumſtance with which every ſchool-boy is acquainted. STEEVENS.

I have followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the ſon's*. *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of courſe in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in conſe-

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too:

quence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

Mr. Theobald reads—*pitiful-hearted* butter, *that melted at the ſweet tale of the* ſun;—which is not ſo abſurd as—*pitiful-hearted* Titan, *that melted at the ſweet tale of the* ſun,—but yet very exceptionable; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale?* or what idea does the *tale of the ſun* convey? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*ſun*, has extracted ſome ſenſe from the paſſage by placing the words—"pitiful-hearted Titan" in a parentheſis, and referring the word *that* to *butter*; but then, beſides that his interpretation *pitiful-hearted*, which he ſays means *amorous*, is unauthorized and inadmiſſible, the ſame objection will lie to the ſentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The Prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald obſerves, by the words, "Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter?" alludes to Falſtaff's entering in a great heat, "his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the ſun." Our author here, as in many other places, having ſtarted an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very ſlight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, ſuggeſts to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted* or ſoftened by the tale of his ſon, Phaëton: a tale, which undoubtedly Shakſpeare had read in the third Book of Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, having, in his deſcription of Winter, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*, imitated a paſſage that is found in the ſame page in which the hiſtory of Phaëton is related. I ſhould add that the explanation now given was ſuggeſted by the foregoing note.—I would, however, wiſh to read—*thy* ſon. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded.

I am now [This concluſion of Mr. Malone's note is taken from his Appendix.] perſuaded that the original reading—*ſon's*, however ungrammatical, is right; for ſuch was the phraſeology of our poet's age. So again in this play:

"This abſence of your *father's* draws a curtain."

not—of your *father*.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——the letters of Hermione's—."

Again, in *King John*:

"With them a baſtard of the *king's* deceas'd."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Nay, but this dotage of our *general's*—."

There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man :[5] Yet a coward is worſe than a cup of

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— or could this carl,
" A very drudge of *nature's*—."

How little attention the reading of the folio (" —— of the *ſun's,*") is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto copy of 1613, we find—" Why then 'tis like, if there comes a hot *ſun,*"—inſtead of a hot *June*. There, as in the inſtance before us, the error is implicitly copied in the folio.—In that copy alſo, in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. ult. we find " ——'twixt natural *ſunne* and fire," inſtead of ——'twixt natural *ſon* and fire." MALONE.

Till the deviation from eſtabliſhed grammar, which Mr. Malone has ſtyled " the phraſeology of our poet's age," be ſupported by other examples than ſuch as are drawn from the moſt incorrect and vitiated of all publications, I muſt continue to exclude the double genitive, as one of the numerous vulgariſms by which the early printers of Shakſpeare have diſgraced his compoſitions.

It muſt frequently happen, that while we ſuppoſe ourſelves ſtruggling with the defects and obſcurities of our author, we are in reality buſied by omiſſions, interpolations, and corruptions, chargeable only on the ignorance and careleſſneſs of his original tranſcribers and editors. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*here's lime in this ſack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:*] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth's ſea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 370, ſays: " Since the Spaniſh ſacks have been common in our taverns, which for conſervation are mingled with the lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the ſtone, the dropſy, and infinite other diſtempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent uſe. Beſides, there is no year that it waſteth not two millions of crowns of our ſubſtance, by conveyance into foreign countries." I think Lord Clarendon, in his *Apology*, tells us, " That ſweet wines before the Reſtoration were ſo much to the Engliſh taſte, that we engroſſed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the baniſhed cavaliers brought home with them the gouſt for French wines, which has continued ever ſince. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not conſider that *ſack*, in Shakſpeare, is moſt probably thought to mean what we now call *ſherry*, which, when it is drank, is ſtill drank with ſugar. JOHNSON.

ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not

Rheniſh is drank with ſugar, but never *ſherry*.

The difference between the true *ſack* and *ſherry*, is diſtinctly marked by the following paſſage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayns*. Some *ſack*, boy, &c.

"*Drawer*. Good *ſherry ſack*, ſir?

"*Rayns*. I meant *canary*, ſir: what, haſt no brains?"

STEEVENS.

Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, ſpeaking of *ſack* and *rheniſh*, ſays: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, ſpecially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

From the following paſſage in Greene's *G[illegible]ſt haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it ſeems as though *lime* w[illegible]xed with the ſack for the purpoſe of giving ſtrength to the liq[illegible]ith[illegible]s —— a chriſtian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not ha[illegible]ne amiſſe, that ſhe ſhould not mixe *lime* with her ale to ma[illegible] *mightie*."

REED.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John [illegible]lſtaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *ſherry, cyder, and ſugar*. Sometimes it ſhould ſeem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falſtaff's charge in the text. It does not ſeem to be at preſent known; the ſweet wine ſo called, being apparently of a quite different nature.

RITSON.

That the ſweet wine at preſent called *ſack*, is different from Falſtaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondneſs of the Engliſh nation for *ſugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this ſubject. If the Engliſh drank only rough wine with *ſugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for *ſugar* was very great, will appear from the following paſſage in Hentzner already quoted, p. 205, as well as the paſſage from Moryſon's *Itinerary*, which being ſince adopted by Mr. Malone in his note, *ibid.* need not to be here repeated. The addition of *ſugar* even to *ſack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taſte habituated to ſweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. REED.

three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I ſay! I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms or any thing:[6] A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

[6] ——*I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms* &c.] In the firſt edition [the quarto 1598,] the paſſage is read thus: *I could ſing pſalms or any thing.* In the firſt folio thus: *I could ſing all manner of ſongs.* Many expreſſions bordering on indecency or profaneneſs are found in the firſt editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three laſt editions, *I could ſing pſalms and all manner of ſongs*, is made without authority out of different copies. JOHNSON.

The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, 3 Jac. I. c. xxi. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the ſame motive. MALONE.

In the perſecutions of the Proteſtants in Flanders under Philip II. thoſe who came over into England on that occaſion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. Theſe were Calviniſts, who were always diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuſe themſelves frequently with ſongs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wiſhes he could ſing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of muſick in *The Merchant of Venice.* [*Twelfth-Night*, Vol. V. p. 292, n. 2.] Perhaps "to ſing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's obſervation may be confirmed by the following paſſage: Ben Jonſon, in *The Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Moroſe, that "the parſon caught his cold by ſitting up late, and ſinging catches with *cloth-workers.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "——but one *puritan* among them, and he *ſings pſalms* to horn-pipes." MALONE.

The Proteſtants who fled from the perſecution of the Duke d'Alva were moſtly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they ſettled in Glouceſterſhire, Somerſetſhire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton obſerves,) being Calviniſts, were diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody. For many years the inhabitants of

P. Hen. How now, wool-ſack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[7] and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds,[8] ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thouſand pound, I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who

theſe counties have excelled the reſt of the kingdom in the ſkill of vocal harmony. Sir J. Hawkins.

[7] —— *a dagger of lath.*] i. e. ſuch a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,
" Your need to ſuſtain:
" Who with *dagger of lath*,
" In his rage and his wrath," &c.

Again, in *Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587, the *Vice* ſays:

" Come no neer me you knaves for your life,
" Leſt I ſtick you both with this *wood knife*.
" Back, I ſay, back, you ſturdy beggar;
" Body o'me, they have tane away my *dagger*."

And in the Second Part of this play, Falſtaff calls Shallow a " *Vice's dagger*." Steevens.

[8] Poins. *'Zounds*, &c.] Thus the firſt quarto and the three ſubſequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to this ſpeech by the careleſſneſs of the printer, the error, with many others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently the copy from which the folio was printed. Malone.

ſees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of ſack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wiped ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'ſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet; four, through the hoſe; my buckler cut through and through;[9] my ſword hacked like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all

[9] ——*my buckler cut through and through*;] It appears from the old comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakſpeare's time growing out of faſhion. The play was publiſhed in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following obſervation:

"I ſee by this dearth of good ſwords, that ſword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am ſorry for it; I ſhall never ſee good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good ſword-and-buckler-man, will be ſpitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 76, n. 3. MALONE.

cowards!—Let them ſpeak: if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. Hen. Speak, ſirs; how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.[1]

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am ſure, I have paid;[2]

[1] ——*an* Ebrew *Jew.*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "—thou art an *Hebrew, a Jew,* and not worth the name of a Chriſtian."

The natives of Paleſtine were called *Hebrews,* by way of diſtinction from the *ſtranger Jews* denominated *Greeks.* Steevens.

Jews, in Shakſpeare's time, were ſuppoſed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "A Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting." Malone.

[2] ——*two, I am ſure, I have* paid;] i. e. drubbed, beaten.

two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou ſaid'ſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.[3]

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.[4]

So, in Marlowe's tranſlation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh, (without date):

"Thou cozeneſt boys of ſleep, and doſt betray them
"To pedants that with cruel laſhes *pay* them."

MALONE.

Paid, here, ſeems to import more than *drubbed, beaten*. I think it means *killed*. In Sir Richard Hawkins's *Obſervations*, we have payments in this ſenſe. See p. 58. REED.

[3] *In buckram.*] I believe theſe words belong to the Prince's ſpeech: "—there were but four even now,—in buckram." Poins concurs with the Prince: "Ay, four, in buckram ſuits;" and Falſtaff perſeveres in the number of ſeven. As the ſpeeches are at preſent regulated, Falſtaff ſeems to aſſent to the Prince's aſſertion, that there were but *four*, if the Prince will but grant they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards aſſerts that the number of his aſſailants was ſeven. The regulation propoſed renders the whole conſiſtent. MALONE.

[4] P. Hen. *Seven? why, there were but four, even now.*
Fal. *In buckram.*
Poins. *Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.*] From the Prince's ſpeech, and Poins's anſwer, I apprehend that Falſtaff's reply ſhould be interrogatively: In buckram? WHALLEY.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So. two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hoſe.[5]

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three miſ-

[5] Fal. *Their points being broken,——*
Poins. *Down fell their hoſe.*] To underſtand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* muſt be remembered, which ſignifies *the ſharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment.* The cleanly phraſe for letting down the hoſe, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruſs a point.* Johnson.

So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "I was ſo near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points.*" Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"—— Help me to tr[illegible]y *points.*——

"I had rather ſee you [illegible] about your heels, than I would help you to truſs a *point.*"

Randle Holme alſo, in his *Ac[illegible] of Arms and Blazon*, Book III. ch. iii. has given us to [illegible]d, that theſe holders "are ſmall wiers made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling."

The ſame jeſt indeed had already occurred in *Twelfth Night.* See Vol. V. p. 261, n. 4. Steevens.

begotten knaves, in Kendal[6] green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

P. Hen. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them; groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreſon, obſcene, greaſy tallow-keech,[7]——

[6] ——*Kendal*—] *Kendal*, in Weſtmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with ſeveral bright colours. To this purpoſe, Drayton, in the 30th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

"——where *Kendal* town doth ſtand,
"For making of our *cloth* ſcarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a ſtate of outlawry, and their leader aſſumed the title of Robin Hood. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this ſubject, 1601:

"——all the woods
"Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
"Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again:

"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

Again, in *The Playe of Robyn Hoode verye proper to be played in Maye Games*, bl. l. no date:

"Here be a ſorte of ragged knaves come in,
"Clothed all in *Kendale grene*." STEEVENS.

Again: "*Kendal*, a towne ſo highly renowned for her commodious clothing and induſtrious trading, as her name is become famous as in that kind." Camd. in Brit. Barnabee's *Journal*. BOWLE.

See alſo Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. p. 6. MALONE.

[7] ——*tallow-keech*,] The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be underſtood. In ſome parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *maſs* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtleſs the word intended here, unleſs we read *tallow-ketch*, that is *tub of tallow*. JOHNSON.

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. tub, is very ingenious. But the Prince's alluſion is ſufficiently ſtriking, if we alter not

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendal green, when it was ſo dark thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon; What ſayeſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ſtrappado,[8] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin; this ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh;——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin,[9] you

a letter; and only ſuppoſe that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*. T. Warton.

Tallow-*keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in uſe now. Percy.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Suſſex, and in its form reſembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. Collins.

Shakſpeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play. Steevens.

[8] —— *the* ſtrappado,] "The *ſtrappado* is when the perſon is drawn up to his height, and then ſuddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but alſo ſhaketh all his joints out of joint; which puniſhment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo." See Randle Holme's *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, Book III. ch. vii. p. 310. Steevens.

[9] —— *you ſtarveling, you* elf-ſkin,] For *elf-ſkin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-ſkin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*: for though the Baſtard in

dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou haſt tired thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them,[1] and were maſters of their wealth.—— Mark now, how plain a tale ſhall put you down.—Then did we two ſet on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhow it you here in the houſe:—and, Falſtaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done;

King John compares his brother's two legs to two eel-ſkins ſtuff'd, yet an eel-ſkin ſimply bears no great reſemblance to a man. Johnson.

In theſe compariſons Shakſpeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whoſe ſhapeleſs uniformity of length, an "*eel-ſkin ſtuff'd*" (for that circumſtance is implied) certainly bears a humorous reſemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or ſmall ſword ſet upright, &c. The compariſons of the *ſtock-fiſh* and dried *neat's tongue* allude to the leanneſs of the Prince. The reading—*eel-ſkin*, is ſupported likewiſe by the paſſage already quoted from *King John*, and by Falſtaff's deſcription of the *lean* Shallow in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

Shakſpeare had hiſtorical authority for the *leanneſs* of the Prince of Wales. Stowe, ſpeaking of him, ſays, "he exceeded the mean ſtature of men, his neck long, body ſlender and lean, and his bones ſmall," &c. Steevens.

[1] ——you *bound them*,] The old copies read—*and* bound them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

and then ſay, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince.[2] Inſtinct is a great matter;[3] I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—— Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

[2] —— *the lion will not touch the true prince.*] So, in *The Mad Lover*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Fetch the Numidian *lion* I brought over;
"If ſhe be ſprung from *royal blood*, the lion
"Will *do her reverence*, elſe he'll tear her," &c.

STEEVENS.

[3] Inſtinct *is a great matter*;] Diego, the hoſt, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuſes a rudeneſs he had been guilty of to one of his gueſts, in almoſt the ſame words:

"—— ſhould I have been ſo barbarous as to have parted brothers?
"*Philippo.* ——You knew it then?
"*Diego.* ——I knew 'twas neceſſary
"You ſhould be both together. *Inſtinct*, ſignior,
"*Is a great matter* in an hoſt." STEEVENS.

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hoſteſs? what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would ſpeak with you: he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[4] and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

[4] ——*there is a nobleman*——*Give him as much as will make him a* royal *man,*] I believe here is a kind of jeſt intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this ſenſe the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and ſend him away. Johnson.

The ſame play on the word—*royal*, occurs in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"This is not noble ſport, but *royal* play.
"It muſt be ſo where *royals* walk ſo faſt." Steevens.

Give him as much as will make him a royal *man,*] The *royal* went for 10*s.*—the noble only for 6*s.* and 8*d.* Tyrwhitt.

This ſeems to allude to a jeſt of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a ſermon before her majeſty, firſt ſaid: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which ſays the Queen: "What am I *ten groats* worſe than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Diſcourſe of ſome Antiquities between Windſor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. Tollet.

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, ſirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—ſo did you, Peto;—ſo did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earneſt, How came Falſtaff's ſword ſo hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs,[5] to make them bleed; and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and to ſwear it was the blood of true men.[6] I did that I did not this ſeven year before, I bluſhed to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[7] and ever ſince thou haſt bluſhed extempore:

[5] ——*to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take *a ſtraw*, and thruſt it into my noſe, and make my noſe bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the blood of true men.*] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honeſt men*, oppoſed to thieves. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*taken* with the manner,] *Taken with the manner* is a

Thou hadſt fire and ſword[8] on thy ſide, and yet thou ran'ſt away; What inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

law phraſe, and then in common uſe, to ſignify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better ſecurity of the ſenſe, to—*taken in the* manor;—i. e. I ſuppoſe, by the lord of it, as a ſtray. WARBURTON.

The expreſſion—*taken* in *the manner*, or with *the manner*, is a forenſick term, and common to many of our old dramatick writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*:

" How like a ſheep-biting rogue *taken in the manner*,
" And ready for a halter, doſt thou look now?"

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" Take them not *in the manner*, though you may."

STEVENS.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*,) ſignifies the thing which a thief takes away or ſteals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour*, is to be taken with the thing ſtolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we ſay, in the fact. The expreſſion is much uſed in the foreſt-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is ſpelt *manner*. HAWKINS.

Dr. Pettingall, in his *Enquiry into the Uſe and Practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans*, 4to. p. 176, obſerves, that "in the ſenſe of *being taken* in the fact, the Romans uſed the expreſſion *manifeſto deprehenſus*, Cic. *pro Cluentio*—*et pro Cœlio*. The word *manifeſto* ſeems to be formed of *manu*. Hence the Saxons expreſſed this idea by words of the ſame import, *hand, habend, having in the hand*, or *back berend, bearing on the back*. The Welſh laws of Hoel-dda, uſed in the ſame ſenſe the words *lledrad un y llaw*—*latrocinium vel furtum in manu, the theft in his hand*. The Engliſh law calls it *taken with the manner*, inſtead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *hand*, in the French language, in which our ſtatute laws were written from *Weſtminſt. primer* 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In *Weſtminſt. primer*, c. xv. it is called *priſe ove le mainer*. In Rot. Parliament. 5 Richard II. Tit. 96, Cotton's *Abridgement*, and Coke's *Inſtitutes*, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner*; and the Engliſh tranſlators of the Bible, following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered *Numbers* v. 13, relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner*."—"In the Scotch law it is called *taken with the fang*. See *Reg. Ma-*

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purſes.[9]

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.[1]

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt?[2] How

jeſt. Lib. IV. c. xxi. And in caſes of murder manifeſt, the murderer was ſaid to be *taken with the red hand* and *hot blade.* All which modes of expreſſion in the Weſtern Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifeſtio deprehenſus.*" Reed.

[8] *Thou hadſt fire and ſword* &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*:

" While I affirm *a fiery face*
" Is to the owner no diſgrace." *Legend of Capt. Jones.*
Johnson.

[9] *Hot livers, and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty.* To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *heat the liver.* Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. ii. as Charmian replies to the Soothſayer:

" *Sooth.* You ſhall be more beloving, than belov'd.
" *Char.* I had rather *heat my liver* with drinking."
Steevens.

[1] *Bard.* Choler, *my lord, if rightly taken.*
P. Hen. *No, if rightly taken,* halter.] The reader who would enter into the ſpirit of this repartee, muſt recollect the ſimilarity of ſound between *collar* and *choler.*
So, in *King John and Matilda*, 1655:
" *O. Bru.* Son, you're too full of *choler.*
" *Y. Bru.* Choler! *halter.*
" *Fitz.* By the maſs, that's near the *collar.*" Steevens.

[2] —— *bombaſt?*] Is the ſtuffing of clothes. Johnson.

long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaweſt thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:[3] A plague of ſighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was ſir John Bracy from your father; you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman upon the croſs of a Welſh hook,[4]—What, a plague, call you him?——

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, obſerves, that in his time "the doublettes were ſo hard quilted, ſtuffed, *bombaſted*, and ſewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, the ſame chapter, he adds, that they were "ſtuffed with foure, five, or ſixe pounde of *bombaſt* at leaſt." Again, in Deckar's *Satiromaſtix*: "You ſhall ſwear not to *bombaſt* out a new play with the old linings of jeſts." *Bombaſt* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombaſt* tree." Steevens.

[3] —— *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring*:] Ariſtophanes has the ſame thought:

"Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν οὖν ἐμὲ γ' ἂν διελκύσαις."

Plutus, v. 1037. Sir W. Rawlinson.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in *The Antipodes*, 1640: "—Item, a diſtich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in *The Northern Laſs*, 1632: "A good man in the city &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640: "—no more wit than the reſt of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The cuſtom of wearing *a ring on the thumb*, is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is ſaid of the rider of the brazen horſe, who advanced into the hall of Cambuſcan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."

Steevens.

[4] —— *upon the croſs of a* Welſh hook,] A *Welſh hook* ap-

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame;—and his ſon-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that ſprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horſe-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with his piſtol[5] kills a ſparrow flying.

pears to have been ſome inſtrument of the offenſive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*:

"——that no man preſume to wear any weapons, eſpecially *welſh-hooks* and foreſt-bills."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Deckar and Webſter, 1607:

"——it will be as good as a *Welſh-hook* for you, to keep out the other at ſtaves-end."

Again, in *The Infatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1613:

"The ancient *hooks* of great Cadwallader."

"The Welſh Glaive," (which I take to be the ſame weapon under another name,) ſays Captain Groſe in his *Treatiſe on ancient Armour*, "is a kind of bill, ſometimes reckoned among the pole-axes;" a variety perhaps of the *ſecuris falcata*, or probably reſembling the *Lochaber axe*, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with ſuch a one at the battle of Preſtoupans. See the repreſentation of an ancient watchman, with a *bill* on his ſhoulder, Vol. VI. p. 97.

STEEVENS.

The *Welſh hook*, I believe, was pointed, like a ſpear, to puſh or thruſt with; and below had a hook to ſeize the enemy if he ſhould attempt to eſcape by flight. I take my ideas from a paſſage in Butler's *Character of a Juſtice of the Peace*, whom the witty author thus deſcribes: "His whole authority is like a *Welſh hook*; for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruſter from her*." *Remains*, Vol. II. p 192. WHALLEY.

Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617, explains a *Welſh hook* thus: "*Armorum genus eſt arve in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longiſſimæ præfixo.*" Cotgrave calls it "a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partiſan." See alſo Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598:

"Falcione. A bending *forreſt bill*, or *Welſh hook*.—

"Pennati. Hedge-bills, foreſt bills, *Welſh hooks*, or weeding hooks." MALONE.

[5] ——*piſtol*——] Shakſpeare never has any care to preſerve

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. O'horſeback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand blue-caps[6] more: Worceſter is ſtolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news;[7] you

the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Piſtols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton ſomewhere makes mention of a *Scottiſh piſtol*. Johnson.

Beaumont and Fletcher are ſtill more inexcuſable. In *The Humourous Lieutenant*, they have equipped Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of the immediate ſucceſſors of Alexander the Great, with the ſame weapon. Steevens.

[6] —— *blue-caps* ——] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets*. Johnson.

There is an old ballad called *Blew Cap for me*, or

"A Scottiſh laſs her reſolute chuſing;
"Shee'll have bonny *blew cap*, all other refuſing."

Steevens.

[7] —— *thy father's* beard is turned white *with the news*;] I think Montaigne mentions a perſon condemned to death, whoſe *hair turned grey* in one night. Tollet.

Naſhe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596, ſays: "——looke and you ſhall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ againſt him; and you ſhall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this book." The reader may find more examples of the ſame phœnomenon in Grimeſton's tranſlation of Goulart's *Memorable Hiſtories*, p. 489, &c. Steevens.

may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackarel.[8]

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſayeſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that ſpirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comeſt to thy father: if thou love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Hen. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.[9]

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair ſhall be my

[8] ——*you may buy land* &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of ſtocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it ſafe to ſerve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw the change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away. Johnson.

[9] *Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the ſame ſtrain of humour is diſcoverable:

"Thou ſhalt be my lord chief juſtice, and ſhall ſit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear," &c.

Steevens.

ſtate,[1] this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown.[2]

P. Hen. Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown![3]

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of ſack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in king Cambyſes'[4] vein.

[1] —— *This chair ſhall be my* ſtate,] A *ſtate* is a chair with a canopy over it. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Our hoſteſs keeps her *ſtate*."

See alſo, Vol. V. p. 323, n. 7.

This, as well as a following paſſage, was perhaps deſigned to ridicule the mock majeſty of *Cambyſes*, the hero of a play which appears from Deckar's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with ſome degree of theatrical pomp. Deckar is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who ſat or ſtood on the ſtage: "on the very ruſhes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the *ſtate of Cambiſes himſelfe*." Steevens.

[2] —— *this cuſhion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, obſerves that the country people in Warwickſhire uſe a *cuſhion* for a *crown*, at their harveſt-home diverſions; and in the play of *King Edward IV.* P. II. 1619, is the following paſſage:

"Then comes a ſlave, one of thoſe drunken ſots,
"In with a tavern reck'ning for a ſupplication.
"Diſguiſed with a *cuſhion* on his head." Steevens.

[3] *Thy ſtate* &c.] This anſwer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falſtaff's mock-royalty. Johnson.

This is an *apoſtrophe* of the Prince to his abſent father, not an *anſwer* to Falſtaff. Farmer.

Rather a ludicrous deſcription of Falſtaff's mock *regalia*. Ritson.

[4] —— *king Cambyſes'* —] The banter is here upon a play called, *A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleaſant Mirth, containing the Life of* Cambiſes, *King of Perſia*. By Thomas Preſton. [1570.] Theobald.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare had ever ſeen this tragedy; for there

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.[5]

Fal. And here is my ſpeech:—Stand aſide, nobility.

Host. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful queen,[6]
For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.[7]

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players,[8] as I ever ſee.

is a remarkable peculiarity of meaſure, which, when he profeſſed to ſpeak in *king Cambyſes' vein*, he would hardly have miſſed, if he had known it. Johnson.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *King Cambiſes*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the meaſure is not preſerved. Farmer.

[5] —— *my leg.*] That is, my obeiſance to my father. Johnson.

[6] —— *my* triſtful *queen,*] Old copies—*truſiful.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *triſtful* is again uſed in *Hamlet.* Malone.

[7] —— *the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This paſſage is probably a burleſque on the following in Preſton's *Cambyſes*:

"*Queen.* Theſe words to hear makes ſtilling teares iſſue from chryſtall eyes."

Perhaps, ſays Dr. Farmer, we ſhould read—*do* ope *the flood-gates* &c. Steevens.

The alluſion may be to the following paſſage in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"How can mine eyes dart forth a pleaſant look,
"When they are *ſtop'd* with *floods* of flowing tears?"
Ritson.

[8] —— harlotry *players,*] The word is uſed in *The Plowman's Tale*: "Soche *harlotre* men," &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27:

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.[9]—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile,[1] the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. That thou

" I had lever hear an *harlotry*, or a ſomer's game." Junius explains the word by " *inhoneſta* paupertinæ ſortis fœditas."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *tickle-brain*,] This appears to have been the nick name of ſome ſtrong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

" A cup of Nipſitate britk and neat,
" The drawers call it *tickle-brain*."

In *The Antipodes*, 1640, *ſettle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *though the camomile*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comick. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a late writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that " though Bedlam be in the road to Hogſden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of Epigrams, 1608, is the following paſſage:

" The *camomile* ſhall teach thee patience,
" Which thriveth beſt when trodden moſt upon."

Again, in *Paraſitaſter, or the Fawne*, a comedy, by Marſton, 1606:

" For indeed, ſir, a repreſs'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down, the more it grows." STEEVENS.

The ſtyle immediately ridiculed, is that of Lyly, in his *Euphues*: " Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and preſſed downe, the more it ſpreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the ſooner it withereth and decayeth," &c.
FARMER.

Again, in *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwaller's Nightingale*, by Robert Greene, bl. l. 1593, ſign. I 4: " The palme tree, the more it is preſt downe, the more it ſprowteth up: *the camomill, the more it is troden, the ſweeter ſmell it yeildeth*." REED.

art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lies the point;—Why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven[2] prove a micher,[3] and eat blackberries? a queſtion not to be aſked. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often

[2] *Shall the bleſſed* ſun *of heaven*—] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſecond quarto, 1599, the word *ſun* was changed to *ſon*, which conſequently is the reading of the ſubſequent quartos and the folio: and ſo I ſuſpect the author wrote. The orthography of theſe two words was formerly ſo unſettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine what is meant. MALONE.

[3] ——*a micher*;] i. e. truant; to *mich* is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is to a truant boy, who unwilling to go to ſchool, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London, in 1493, by Richard Pynſon, I find the word thus uſed:

"They make Goddes houſe a den of theyves; for commonly in ſuch feyrs and markets, whereſoever it be holden, ther ben many theyves, *michers*, and cutpurſe."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

Again, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"How like a *micher* he ſtands, as though he had *truanted* from honeſty."

Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:

"Wanton wenches and alſo *michers*." STEEVENS.

A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief diſtinguiſhed from one more daring. Lambard in his *Eirenarcha*, 1610, p. 186, ſpeaking of the powers which may be exerciſed by one juſtice, ſays, he may charge the conſtables to arreſt ſuch as ſhall be ſuſpected to be "draw-latches, waſtors, or robertſmen, that is to ſay, either *miching* or mightie theeves, for the meaning muſt remaine howſoever the word be gone out of uſe." REED.

heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;[4] ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for, Harry, now I do not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majeſty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is Falſtaff: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree[5]

[4] —— *this* pitch, *as ancient writers do report,* doth defile;] Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

"Who toucheth *pitch* muſt be *defil'd.*" Steevens.

Or perhaps to Lyly's *Euphues*:

"He that toucheth *pitch* ſhall be *defiled.*" Holt White.

Dr. Farmer has pointed out another paſſage exhibiting the ſame obſervation, but omitted to ſpecify the work to which it belongs: "—It is harde for a man to *touch pitch,* and not to be *defiled* with it." Steevens.

The quotation is from the apocryphal Book of *Eccleſiaſticus,* xiii. 1: "He that toucheth *pitch* ſhall be *defiled* therewith." Harris.

[5] —— *If then the tree* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit,* &c. and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well ſupported by Mr. Heath, who obſerves, that "Virtue is conſidered as the fruit, the man as the tree; conſequently the old reading muſt be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit,* as the *fruit* by the *tree,*—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I ſee in his looks, he muſt be a virtuous man." Malone.

may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that Falſtaff: him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Hen. Doſt thou ſpeak like a king? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me? if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker,[6] or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand:—judge, my maſters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eaſtcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearſt thou, ungracious boy? hence-

I am afraid here is a profane allufion to the 33d verſe of the 12th chapter of *St. Matthew*. Steevens.

[6] ——*rabbet-ſucker*, &c.] Is, I ſuppoſe, a *ſucking rabbet*. The jeſt is in comparing himſelf to ſomething thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a ſkin, is long and ſlender. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon is right; for in the account of the ſerjeant's feaſt, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-ſuckers*.

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "I prefer an old coney before a *rabbet-ſucker*." Again, in *The Tryal of Chivalry*, 1599: "——a bountiful benefactor for ſending thither ſuch *rabbet-ſuckers*."

A *poulterer* was formerly written *powlterer*, and ſo the old copies of this play. Thus, in *Pierce his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We muſt be furniſht like *poulters'* ſtalles." Steevens.

forth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man [7] is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch [8] of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack,[9] that ſtuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted Manningtree ox [1] with the pudding in his

[7] ——*a tun of man*—] Dryden has tranſplanted this image into his *Mac Flecknoe*:

"*A tun of man* in thy large bulk is writ,
"Yet ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*bolting-hutch*—] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that huge* bombard *of ſack*,] A *bombard* is a barrel. So, in *The Tempeſt*: "—like a foul *bombard* that would ſhed his liquor." STEEVENS.

[1] ——Manningtree *ox*—] *Manningtree* in Eſſex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richneſs of paſture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unuſual ſize was, I ſuppoſe, roaſted there on an occaſion of publick feſtivity, or expoſed for money to publick ſhow.

This place likewiſe appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "—you ſhall have a ſlave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitſun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from [illegible]'s *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* for [illegible], enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of ſtage-plays yearly. See alſo *The chooſing of Valentines*, a poem, by Thomas Naſhe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, Vol. XLIII:

"——or ſee a play of ſtrange moralitie,
"Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
"Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale ſwarme."

Again, in Decker's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this ſeaſon of feſtivity, we may preſume it was cuſtomary to roaſt an ox whole. "Huge volumes, (ſays Oſborne, in his *Advice to his Son*,) like the ox

belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?[2] Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,[3] but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you;[4] Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witneſs it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence,) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault,[5] God help the wicked! If to be

roaſted whole at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford leſs of what is delicate, ſavoury, and well concocted, than ſmaller pieces." Malone.

[2] ——*that reverend vice, that grey* iniquity,——*that* vanity *in years?*] The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were perſonages exhibited in the old moralities. Malone.

[3] ——*cunning,*] *Cunning* was not yet debaſed to a bad meaning; it ſignified *knowing*, or *skilful*. Johnson.

[4] ——*take me with you;*] That is, go no faſter than I can follow. Let me know your meaning. Johnson.

Lyly, in his *Endymion*, ſays: "Tuſh, tuſh, neighbours, *take me with you*." Farmer.

The expreſſion is ſo common in the old plays, that it is unneceſſary to introduce any more quotations in ſupport of it. Steevens.

[5] *If ſack and ſugar be a fault,*] *Sack with ſugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakſpeare's time. In a Letter deſcribing

old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins: but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy Harry's company, baniſh not him thy Harry's company; baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hoſteſs, Francis, *and* Bardolph.

er [illegible]

V. 1

Queen Elld wartainment at Killingworth caſtle, 1575, by R. L. veizabeth's for l. 12mo. the writer ſays, (p. 86,) "ſipt I no [illegible] all b *ſugar* than I do malmzey, I ſhould not bluſh ſo more *ſac* ed z az I doo." And in another place, deſcribing a no much a , being ſome what iraſcible, had been offended at ti minſtrel, , he adds: "at laſt, by ſum entreaty, and many fair he com with *ſack and ſugar*, we ſweeten him again." P. 52 wo

In an old M. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worceſter, I alſo find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *ſack*, [Fr. *ſec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *ſeck*, and a pound of *ſugar*, geven to ſir John Ruſſell, iiij.s."—This Sir John Ruſſell, I believe, was their repreſentative in parliament, or at leaſt had proſecuted ſome ſuit for them at the court.—In the ſame book is another article, which illuſtrates the hiſtory of the ſtage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij Item, Beſtowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij lb."

Percy.

This liquor is likewiſe mentioned in *Monſieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639, and in *The Wild Gooſe Chaſe* of the ſame authors:

"——You ſhall find us at the tavern,
"Lamenting in *ſack and ſugar* for your loſſes."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"I uſe not to be drunk with *ſack and ſugar*."

Steevens.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

BARD. O, my lord, my lord; the ſheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter Hoſteſs, *haſtily.*

HOST. O Jeſu, my lord, my lord!—

FAL. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick:[6] What's the matter?

HOST. The ſheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe. Shall I let them in?

FAL. Doſt thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad,[7] without ſeeming ſo.

P. HEN. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

FAL. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the

[6] —— *a fiddle-ſtick:*] I ſuppoſe this phraſe is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— for certain, gentlemen,
" *The fiend rides on a fiddle-ſtick.*" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *mad,*] Old copies—*made.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that I underſtand this ſpeech. Perhaps Falſtaff means to ſay,—We muſt now look to ourſelves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the theriff to enter here, you will deſerve that appellation. The firſt words, however, " Never call," &c. may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the ſubſequent words only, *eſſential* and *ſeeming* madneſs. MALONE.

ſheriff, ſo;[8] if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;[9]—the

[8] *I deny your* major: *if you will deny the* ſheriff, *ſo*;] Falſtaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *ſheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical propoſition.

RITSON.

P. He[illegible]er this ſuppoſition probable, it ſhould be proved that the [illegible] of a corporation was called in Shakſpeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called ſo at an earlier period, appears from ſeve[illegible] books, among others from *The Hiſtory of Edward V.* [illegible] to Hardynge's *Chronicle*, 1543, where we find the old [illegible] was *maire*:—"he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower[illegible] for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307, b.-[Langba[illegible]all be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation w[illegible]ed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's *Poem* [illegible] much a[illegible]te, but printed about 1661,) may ſerve to ſhow that it [illegible] likely that ſhould have been the caſe, the pronunciat[illegible] the Reſtoration the ſame as it is now:

"—— woor[illegible] the *major*

"Shall [illegible] zealous Iſaac from the *chaire*." MALONE.

Major is the [illegible] word, and occurs, with the requiſite pronunciation, as a diſſyllable, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. (folio edition):

"*Major*, farewell; thou doſt but what thou may'ſt."

RITSON.

[9] ——*hide thee behind the arras*;] The bulk of Falſtaff made him not [illegible] fitteſt to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet [illegible]es ſomething to the ſcenery. If Falſtaff had not been hidd[illegible] he could not have been found aſleep, nor had his pockets ſearched. JOHNSON.

When arras was firſt brought into England, it was ſuſpended on ſmall hooks driven into the bare walls of houſes and caſtles. But this practice was ſoon diſcontinued; for after the damp of the ſtone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapeſtry, it was fixed on frames of wood at ſuch a diſtance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houſes, therefore, long before the time of Shakſpeare, there were large ſpaces left between the arras and the walls, ſufficient

reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* Poins.

P. Hen. Call in the ſheriff.——

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, maſter ſheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;[1]

to contain even one of Falſtaff's bulk. Such are thoſe which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*.

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"Does not the *arras* laugh at me? it ſhakes methinks.

"*Kat.* It cannot chooſe, there's one *behind* doth tickle it."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—but ſoftly as a gentleman courts a wench *behind the arras*."

Again, in *King John*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"Heat me theſe irons hot, and look thou ſtand
"*Within the arras*."

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio ſays, "I whipped me behind the *arras*." Polonius is killed behind the arras. See likewiſe Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 594. See alſo my note on the ſecond ſcene of the firſt Act of *King Richard II.*

Steevens.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place *an elephant behind the arras*." Malone.

[1] ——*my* gracious *lord*;] We have here, I believe, another playhouſe intruſion. Strike out the word *gracious*, and the metre becomes perfect:

P. Hen. *What men?*
Sher. *One of them is well known, my lord.*

Steevens.

A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.[2]

P. Hen. The man, I do aſſure you, is not here;[3]
For I myſelf at this time have employ'd him.
And, ſheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me entreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falſtaff!—faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

[2] *As fat as butter.*] I ſuppoſe our author, to complete the verſe, originally wrote—
A man *as fat as butter*. Steevens.

[3] *The man, I do aſſure you, is not here;*] Every reader muſt regret that Shakſpeare would not give himſelf the trouble to furniſh Prince Henry with ſome more pardonable excuſe; without obliging him to have recourſe to an abſolute falſehood, and that too uttered under the ſanction of ſo ſtrong an aſſurance. Steevens.

[4] Poins. *Falſtaff!* &c.] This ſpeech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been transferred to *Poins* on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon. *Peto* is again printed elſewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being uſed in the MS.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [Poins *ſearches.*] What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.[5]

"What had Peto done, (Dr. Johnſon obſerves,) to be truſted with the plot againſt Falſtaff? Poins has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but Poins, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers." Malone.

[5] ——*Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that ſack was not many years after Shakſpeare's death, about two ſhillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his uſual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he ſet down the price at random. He has, however, as a learned friend obſerves to me, fallen into an anachroniſm; in furniſhing his tavern in Eaſtcheap with ſack in the time of King Henry IV. "The *vintners* ſold no other ſacks, muſcadels, malmſies, baſtards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of King Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All thoſe ſweet wines were ſold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other uſe but for medicines." Taylor's *Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to. Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falſtaff got drunk with ſack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs. Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Reverend Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demoſthenes.

Since this note was written, I have learnt from a paſſage in Florio's *Firſt Fruites*, 1578, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle, that *ſack* was at that time but ſixpence a quart. "Claret wine, red and white, is ſold for five pence the quart, and *ſacke* for ſixpence: muſcadel and malmſey for eight." Twenty years afterwards ſack had probably riſen to eight pence or eight pence halfpenny a quart, ſo that our author's computation is very exact. Malone.

Item, Anchovies, and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack!—What there is elſe, keep cloſe; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-ſcore.[6] The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me

[6] —— *I know, his death will be a march of* twelve-ſcore.] i. e. It will kill him to march ſo far as twelve-ſcore yards. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Sejanus*:

" That look'd for ſalutations *twelve-ſcore* off."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606:

" I'll get me *twelve-ſcore* off, and give aim."

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

" —— one word near it;
" There was no ſyllable but was *twelve-ſcore* off." STEEVENS.

That is, twelve ſcore *feet*; the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which ſignifies a *meaſure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnſon ſuppoſes that he means twelve ſcore *yards*; he might as well extend it to twelve ſcore *miles*. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed that " twelve-ſcore" meant twelve ſcore *yards*, becauſe that was the common phraſeology of the time. When archers talked of ſending a ſhaft *fourteen ſcore*, they meant fourteen ſcore *yards*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſily as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank *twelve-ſcore*." See alſo, *King Henry IV.* P. II. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Maſon was intended. If not, Mr. Pope's interpretation [twelve-ſcore *foot*] is wrong, and Dr. Johnſon's right. MALONE.

Twelve-*ſcore* always means ſo many *yards* and not *feet*. There is not the ſmalleſt reaſon to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare meant any quibble. DOUCE.

betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's Houſe.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction[7] full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and couſin Glendower,—
Will you ſit down?——
And, uncle Worceſter:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy; ſit, good couſin Hotſpur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

[7] ——*induction*—] That is, entrance; beginning. Johnson.

An *induction* was anciently ſomething introductory to a play. Such is the buſineſs of the Tinker previous to the performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Shakſpeare often uſes the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous." Steevens.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,[8]
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets;[9] and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would have done[1]
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.

[8] —— *at my nativity*, &c.] Moſt of theſe prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakſpeare. Holinſhed ſays only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the ſame night he was born, all his father's horſes in the ſtable were found to ſtand in blood up to their bellies." Steevens.

In the year 1402, a blazing ſtar appeared, which the Welſh bards repreſented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakſpeare had probably read an account of this ſtar in ſome Chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. Malone.

[9] *Of burning* creſſets;] A *creſſet* was a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower: from the French word *croiſſette*, a little croſs, becauſe the beacons had anciently croſſes on the top of them. Hanmer.

The ſame word occurs in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"Come, Creſſida, my *creſſet*-light,
"Thy face doth ſhine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinſhed ſays: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *creſſet*-light, and torch-light, to Sir T. Greſham's houſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet." Again, in *The ſtately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"Watches in armour, triumphs, *creſſet-lights*."

The *creſſet-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or croſs, like a turnſtile, and were carried on poles, in proceſſions. I have ſeen them repreſented in an ancient print from Van Velde. See alſo a wooden cut in Vol. IX. p. 359. Steevens.

[1] *Why, ſo it would have done* &c.] A ſimilar obſervation occurs in Cicero *de Fato*, cap. 3: "Quid mirum igitùr, ex ſpeluncâ ſaxum in crura Icadii incidiſſe? Puto enim, etiàm ſi Icadius in ſpeluncâ non fuiſſet, ſaxum tamèn illud caſurum fuiſſe."

Steevens.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature[2] oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth,[3] and topples down

[2] *Diseased nature*—] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a [illegible] and philosophical confutation of superstitious error.

[3] ——*oft the teeming earth*
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning *of unruly* wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes *the old beldame* earth,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As when the *wind, imprison'd* in the ground,
"Struggling for passage, *earth's* foundation *shakes*,
"Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound."

The same thought is found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. ix:

"—— like: as a *boyst'rous wind*,
"Which in th' *earth's* hollow caves hath long been hid,
"And, shut up fast within her *prisons* blind,
"Makes the huge element against her kind
"To *move*, and *tremble*, as it were aghast,
"Untill that it an issue forth may find;
"Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blast
"Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast."

Steeples, and moſs-grown towers.[4] At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.[5]

So alſo, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton*, 1594:

" As when within the ſoft and ſpongie ſoyle
" The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,
" Where hurlyburly with a reſtleſs coyle
" Shakes all the centre, wanting iſſue forth," &c.

Malone.

Beldame is not uſed here as a term of contempt, but in the ſenſe of *ancient mother*. *Belle-age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th Song of his *Polyolbion*, uſes *bel-fire* in the ſame ſenſe:

" As his great *bel-fire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won."

Again, in the 14th Song:

" When he his long deſcent ſhall from his *bel-fires* bring."

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton ſeems to have no ſuch meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grandmother. So, in Shakſpeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" To ſhow the *beldame* daughters of her daughter."

Steevens.

[4] —— *and* topples *down*
Steeples, and moſs-grown towers.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" Though caſtles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Steevens.

[5] *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.] Shakſpeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phænomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in *The Philoſophical Tranſactions*, No. 207, deſcribing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen thouſand perſons were deſtroyed, mentions one of the circumſtances that are here ſaid to have marked the birth of Glendower: " There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been

Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhow,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,——
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better Welſh:——
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I; or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, couſin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,[6]
By telling truth; Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.—

diſcharged at once; the ſea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about aſtoniſhed; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*" MALONE.

—— to *the frighted fields.*] We ſhould read—*in* the frighted fields. M. MASON.

In the very next ſcene, *to* is uſed where we ſhould at preſent uſe—*in*:

"He hath more worthy intereſt *to* the ſtate—."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to ſhame the devil,*] "Speak the truth, and ſhame the devil," was proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, 163. REED.

If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I have power to ſhame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Againſt my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severn, have I ſent him,
Bootleſs[7] home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it[8]
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,[9]
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

[7] *Bootleſs*—] Unleſs we read *bootleſs* as a triſyllable, the metre will be defective. In *As you like it*—*wreſtler* is apparently to be thus pronounced.

"The parts and graces of the *wreſtler*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *him* from the former line to this; and perhaps he was right. MALONE.

[8] *The archdeacon hath divided it*—] The metre is here deficient. I ſuppoſe the line originally ran thus:

The archdeacon hath divided it already. STEEVENS.

[9] *England, from Trent and Severn* hitherto,] i. e. to this ſpot (pointing to the map). MALONE.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:—
Within that ſpace, [*To* GLEND.] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come:
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,[1]
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,[2]

[1] *Methinks, my* moiety, *north from Burton here,*] The diviſion is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently uſed by the writers of Shakſpeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. iv. MALONE.

[2] —— cranking *in,*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*crankling*. So, Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 7, ſpeaking of a river, ſays that Meander—

"Hath not ſo many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as ſhe."
STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. *Cranking*, however, is right. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"He *cranks* and croſſes with a thouſand doubles."
MALONE.

And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monſtrous cantle out.[3]
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide;
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land;
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

[3] ——cantle *out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the ſame ſenſe that Horace uſes *angulus*:

" ——O ſi *angulus* ille
" Proximus arridet!"

Canton, Fr. *canto*, Ital. ſignify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb uſed in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

" That this vaſt globe terreſtrial ſhould be *cantled*."

The ſubſtantive occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

" Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

" Not ſo much as a *cantell* of cheeſe or cruſt of bread."

STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the ſhield. *Cant* of cheeſe, is now uſed in Pembrokeſhire. LORT.

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,[4]
Speak it in Welſh.

Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:[5]
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue[6] a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

[4] *Let me not underſtand* you *than,*] *You,* an apparent interpolation, deſtructive to the metre, ſhould, I think, be omitted. Steevens.

[5] *For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:*] The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan,* and he was originally a barriſter of the Middle Temple. Steevens.

Owen Glendower, whoſe real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendowr* from the lordſhip of Glyndourdwy, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverſe to the Mortimers, becauſe Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally deſcended from Gladys the daughter of Lhewelyn, and ſiſter of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himſelf claimed the principality of Wales.

He afterwards became eſquire of the body to K. Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint Caſtle, when Richard was taken priſoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the Engliſh. He died in great diſtreſs in 1415. Malone.

[6] —— *the tongue* —] The Engliſh language. Johnson.

Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of ſinging. Ritson.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation the true one. Malone.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canſtick turn'd,[7]
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:

[7] ——*a brazen* canſtick *turn'd*,] The word *candleſtick*, which deſtroys the harmony of the line, is written *canſtick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and ſo it was pronounced. Heywood, and ſeveral of the old writers, conſtantly ſpell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canſtick* is one of the ſpirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. Again, in *The Famous Hiſtory of Thomas Stukely*, 1605, bl. l: "If he have ſo much as a *canſtick*, I am a traitor."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Batrachomuomachia*:

"——Their fenceful bucklers were
"The middle rounds of *canſticks*; but their ſpear
"A huge long needle was."

The note to which Hotſpur alludes, is likewiſe mentioned in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
"Where they *turn braſs candleſticks*."

And again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Witches Metamorphoſed*:

"From the *candleſticks* of Lothbury,
"And the loud pure wives of Banbury." STEEVENS.

I'll haſte the writer,[8] and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fye, couſin Percy! how you croſs my father!

Hot. I cannot chooſe: ſometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,[9]

[8] *I'll haſte the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles. Pope.

I ſuppoſe, to complete the meaſure, we ſhould read:
I'll in and *haſte the writer*;
for he goes out immediately.
So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
" But *I will in*, to be reveng'd for this villainy."
Again:
" My cake is dough: But *I'll in*, among the reſt."
Steevens.

We ſhould undoubtedly read:
I'll in, and *haſte the writer, and withal*—
The two ſupplemental words which were ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, complete both the ſenſe and metre, and were certainly omitted in the firſt copy by the negligence of the tranſcriber or printer. Such omiſſions more frequently happen than almoſt any other errour of the preſs. The preſent reſtoration is ſupported by various other paſſages. So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. ſc. i:
" 1 *Lord.* Shall we *in?*
" 2 *Lord.* I'll keep you company."
Again, *ibidem*, Act V. ſc. iii:
" *in, and* prepare."
Again, more appoſitely, in *King Richard III*:
" *I'll in*, to urge his hatred more to Clarence."
Malone.

[9] ——*of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is ſaid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againſt King Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. Pope.

So, in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, 1559, Owen Glendower is introduced ſpeaking of himſelf:

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finleſs fiſh,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff[1]
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, but laſt night, at leaſt nine hours,[2]
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names,[3]

" And for to ſet us hereon more agog,
" A prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all!)
" Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
" Whom Merlyn doth a *mouldwarp* ever call,
" Accurs'd of God, that muſt be brought in thrall,
" By a wulf, a dragon, and a lyon ſtrong,
" Which ſhuld devide his kingdome them among."

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, ſo called becauſe it renders the ſurface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raiſes. Anglo-Saxon *molde*, and *weorpan*. STEEVENS.

So Holinſhed, for he was Shakſpeare's authority: " This [the diviſion of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as ſome have ſayde) through a fooliſh credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *molde-warpe*, curſed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which ſhould divide this realm between them." MALONE.

[1] ——*ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff*—] This cant word, formed by reduplication from *ſcamble*, occurs likewiſe in Taylor the water-poet's *Deſcription of a Wanton*:

" Here's a ſweet deal of *ſcimble-ſcamble ſtuff*."

STEEVENS.

[2] *He held me*, but *laſt night, at leaſt nine hours*,] I have inſerted the conjunction—*but*, which is wanting in the ancient copies. Without ſome ſuch aſſiſtance the metre would be defective. STEEVENS.

[3] *In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names*,] See Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, Book XV. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as ſeverely exerciſed as that of Hotſpur, and on the ſame occaſion. Shakſpeare muſt certainly have ſeen this book. STEEVENS.

That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—
go to,[4]—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horſe, a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoky houſe:[5]—I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments;[6] valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof;
But do not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;[7]

[4] ——*go to,*] Theſe two ſenſeleſs monoſyllables ſeem to have been added by ſome fooliſh player, purpoſely to deſtroy the meaſure. RITSON.

[5] ——*a* railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoky houſe:] Thus Chaucer, in *The Wif of Bathe's Prologue:*
" ——*ſmoke,*
" And *chiding wives* maken men to flee
" Out of hir owen hous." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*profited*
In ſtrange concealments;] Skilled in wonderful ſecrets. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*too wilful-blame;*] This is a mode of ſpeech with which

And ſince your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience.
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhow greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion,[8] and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts; and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd; good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the* Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpite that angers me,—
My wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh.

I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus:

Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful.

JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that our author wrote—

——to *wilful-blame*:

i. e. you are *wilfully to blame*; the offence you give is meditated, deſigned.

Shakſpeare has ſeveral compounds in which the firſt adjective has the power of an adverb. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved,) in *King Richard III.* we meet with *childiſh*-foolish, *ſenſeleſs*-obſtinate, and *mortal*-ſtaring. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*opinion*,] means here *ſelf-opinion*, or conceit.

M. MASON.

Glend. My daughter weeps; ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that ſhe, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to his Daughter in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's deſperate here; a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,[9]
One no perſuaſion[1] can do good upon.

[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks to* Mortimer *in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks: that pretty Welſh
Which thou pourеſt down from theſe ſwelling heavens,[2]
I am too perfect in; and, but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley would I anſwer thee.

[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks.*

I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:[3]
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

[9] ——*a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,*] Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the ſame terms:

"*A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry* it is." Ritson.

[1] *One no perſuaſion* &c.] A common ellipſis for—One *that* no perſuaſion &c. and ſo the ancient copies redundantly read. Steevens.

[2] *Which thou pourеſt down from theſe ſwelling heavens,*] The defect of harmony in this line, induces me to ſuppoſe (with Sir T. Hanmer) that our author originally wrote—

Which thou pour'ſt down from theſe two *ſwelling heavens,* meaning her *two prominent lips.* Steevens.

[3] ——*a feeling diſputation:*] i. e. a conteſt of ſenſibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms. Steevens.

Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,[4]
With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute.[5]

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe run mad.[6]
[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.[7]

Glend. She bids you
Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down,[8]

[4] *Sung by a fair queen* &c.] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. *Memoirs*, folio, p. 50. Malone.

[5] *With raviſhing* diviſion, *to her lute.*] This verſe may ſerve for a tranſlation of a line in Horace:

" ——gratæque fœminis
" Imbelli citharæ carmina *divides.*"

It is to no purpoſe that you (*Paris*) pleaſe the women by ſinging " with raviſhing diviſion," to the harp. See the Commentators, and Voſſius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

Diviſions were very uncommon in vocal muſick during the time of Shakſpeare. Burney.

[6] *Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe run mad.*] We might read, to complete the verſe:

Nay, if you melt, why *then will ſhe run mad.*
Steevens.

[7] O, *I am ignorance itſelf in this.*] Maſſinger uſes the ſame expreſſion in *The Unnatural Combat*, 1639:

" ——in this you ſpeak, ſir,
" *I am ignorance itſelf.*" Steevens.

[8] *She bids you*
Upon *the wanton* ruſhes *lay you down,*] It was the cuſtom in this country, for many ages, to ſtrew the floors with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. Johnson.

It ſhould have been obſerved in a note, that the old copies read *on*, not *upon*. This ſlight emendation was made by Mr. Steevens.

I am now, however, inclined to adhere to the original reading, and would print the line as it ſtands in the old copy:

She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you down.

And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,[9]
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep,[1]

We have ſome other lines in theſe plays as irregular as this. MALONE.

We have; but there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon for ſuppoſing ſuch irregularities aroſe from the badneſs of the playhouſe copies, or the careleſſneſs of printers. STEEVENS.

[9] *And on your eyelids crown the god of ſleep,*] The expreſſion is fine; intimating, that the god of ſleep ſhould not only *ſit* on his eyelids, but that he ſhould *ſit crowned*, that is, pleaſed and delighted. WARBURTON.

The ſame image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:

" —— who ſhall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a ſilent ſleep*
" *Upon my eyelid.*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ninth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" —— *Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,*
" Subdu'd the ſavage." STEEVENS.

The image is certainly a ſtrange one; but I do not ſuſpect any corruption of the text. The god of ſleep is not only to ſit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to ſit *crowned*, that is, with ſovereign dominion. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Him will I tear out of that cruel *eye*,
" Where he *ſits crowned* in his maſter's ſpite."

Again, in our poet's 114th Sonnet:

" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,
" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit,
" For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*
" Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
" *Crowned* with faith and conſtant loyalty." MALONE.

[1] *Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep,*] She will lull you by her ſong into ſoft tranquillity, in which you ſhall be ſo near to ſleep as to be free from perturbation, and ſo much

As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book,[2] I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo;
And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtraight they ſhall be here:[3] ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

GLENDOWER *ſpeaks ſome* Welſh *words, and then the Muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil underſtands Welſh;

awake as to be ſenſible of pleaſure; a ſtate partaking of ſleep and wakefulneſs, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*our book,*] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

[3] *And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,*
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet *ſtraight they ſhall be here:*] The old copies—*And*—. STEEVENS.

Glendower had before boaſted that he could call ſpirits from the vaſty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the ſpirits of the air. Sir, ſays he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you ſhall have heavenly muſick. The muſicians that ſhall play to you, now hang in the air a thouſand miles from the earth: I will ſummon them, and they ſhall ſtraight be here. "*And* ſtraight" is the reading of the moſt authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced the reading—*Yet* ſtraight, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted; but the change does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

And 'tis no marvel, he's ſo humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady P. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in Welſh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Iriſh.

Lady P. Would'ſt thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.[4]

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welſh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! ſhe ſings.

[4] *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly ſee what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

It is a woman's fault, is ſpoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expreſſion. I find it in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"*'Tis a woman's fault*: p—— of this baſhfulneſs."

Again:

"*A woman's fault*, we are ſubject to go to it, ſir."

Again, in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: "——*a woman's faulte*, to thruſt away that with her little finger, whiche they pull to them with both their hands."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotſpur having declared his reſolution neither to have his head broken, nor to ſit ſtill, ſlily adds, that ſuch is the uſual fault of a woman; i. e. never to do what they are bid or deſired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotſpur's converſation in this ſcene ſhows, that the ſtillneſs which he here imputes to women as a fault, was ſomething very different from ſilence; and that an idea was couched under theſe words, which may be better underſtood than explained.—He is ſtill in the Welſh lady's bedchamber. WHITE.

A Welſh SONG *ſung by Lady* M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! 'Heart, you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good ſooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God ſhall mend me; and, As ſure as day:
And giv'ſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dſt further than Finſbury.[5]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-gingerbread,[6]
To velvet-guards,[7] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

[5] *As* if *thou never walk'dſt further than Finſbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiſwell-ſtreet, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common reſort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. I ſuppoſe the verſe originally (but elliptically) ran thus:

As thou ne'er walk'dſt further than Finſbury.

i. e. as *if* thou ne'er &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſuch proteſt of* pepper-gingerbread,] i. e. proteſtations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *ſpice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

Such proteſtations as are uttered by *the makers* of gingerbread. MALONE.

Hotſpur had juſt told his wife that ſhe "*ſwore* like a *comfit-maker's* wife;" ſuch *proteſts* therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in ſooth*," &c. were to be left to perſons of that claſs. HENLEY.

[7] ——*velvet-guards,*] To ſuch as have their clothes adorned with ſhreds of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets, &c. (ſays Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*,) were guarded with *velvet-guards*, or elſe laced with

Lady P. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher.[8] An the indentures be drawn, I'll

coſtly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: they muſt be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or ſix fingers broad at the leaſt."

So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606:

"You are in good caſe ſince you came to court; *garded, garded*:

"Yes, faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet*."

Velvet-guards appear, however, to have been a *city faſhion*. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

"Nay, I myſelf will wear the *courtly* grace:
"Out on theſe *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd ſleeves,
"Theſe ſimp'ring faſhions ſimply followed!"

Again:

"I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow.——
"How?—you?—what fellow it?—gip, *velvet-guards!*"

STEEVENS.

To *velvet-guards* means, I believe, to *the higher rank of female citizens*, the wives of either merchants or wealthy ſhop-keepers. It appears from the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the beſt dreſs of a *city lady* in the time of our author:

"*Frances.* But, Tom, muſt I go as I do now, when I am married?

"*Civet.* No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood."

Fynes Moriſon is ſtill more expreſs to the ſame point, and furniſhes us with the beſt comment on the words before us. Deſcribing the dreſs of the various orders of the people of England, he ſays, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weere ſkarlet gownes, and their *wives* a cloſe gown of ſkarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*." Itin. fol. 1617, P. III. p. 179. See Vol. VI. p. 300, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] ——'*Tis the* next *way to turn* tailor, &c.] I ſuppoſe Percy means, that ſinging is a mean qu[illegible] and therefore he excuſes his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way—is the *neareſt* way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philoſopher's ſtone; and the *next* way to the Indies." *Tailors* ſeem to have been as remarkable for ſinging, as *weavers*, of whoſe muſical turn Shakſpeare

away within theſe two hours; and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as ſlow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn;[9] we'll but ſeal, and then

has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, ſpeak of this quality in the former: "Never truſt a *tailor* that does not *ſing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The Honourable Daines Barrington obſerves, that "a *gold-finch* ſtill continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in ſome parts of England; (particularly Warwickſhire, Shakſpeare's native county,) which renders this paſſage intelligible, that otherwiſe ſeems to have no meaning whatſoever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud tailor*, becauſe his plumage is varied like a ſuit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, ſuch as a *tailor* might be ſuppoſed to wear. The ſenſe then will be this: —The next thing to ſinging oneſelf, is to teach birds to ſing, the goldfinch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that ſinging is a quality deſtructive to its poſſeſſor; and that after a perſon has ruined himſelf by it, he may be reduced to the neceſſity of inſtructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable. Steevens.

One inſtance may ſuffice, to ſhew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: "——and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfaſt." Ives's *Select Papers*, 4to. 1773, p. 165.

This paſſage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the ſentence were explanatory of the former; but ſurely they are entirely diſtinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of ſinging, reduces himſelf to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of muſick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *ſinging* in our author's time, he has himſelf informed us elſewhere: "Do you make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, (ſays Malvolio in *Twelfth-Night*,) that ye ſqueak out your *coziers' catches*, without any mitigation or remorſe of voice?"

Malone.

[9] ——*our* book *'s drawn*;] i. e. our articles. Every compoſition, whether play, ballad, or hiſtory, was called a *book*, on the regiſters of ancient publications. Steevens.

To horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I,
Muſt have ſome conference: But be near at hand,[1]
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice[2] I have done,
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, in thy paſſages of life,[3]
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To puniſh my mis-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate, and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,[4]

[1] *Muſt have ſome conference: But be near at hand,*] The old copies redundantly read—ſome *private* conference; but, as the lords were diſmiſſed on this occaſion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object. Steevens.

[2] *For ſome diſpleaſing* ſervice —] *Service* for *action*, ſimply. Warburton.

[3] —— *in thy paſſages of life,*] i. e. in the paſſages of thy life. Steevens.

[4] —— *ſuch* lewd, *ſuch* mean attempts,] *Mean attempts*, are

Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal, and graſted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,[5]
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,[6]—
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,—
By ſmiling pick-thanks[7] and baſe newsmongers,

mean, unworthy undertakings. Lewd does not in this place barely ſignify *wanton*, but *idle, ignorant*, or *licentious*. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*:

" ——— great actions may be ſu'd
" 'Gainſt ſuch as wrong men's fames with verſes *lew'd*."

And again, in *Volpone*:

" —— they are moſt *lewd* impoſtors,
" Made all of terms and ſhreds."

This epithet is likewiſe employed to deſcribe a *lay* or an *ignorant* character, as in the following inſtance:

" He ſpared nether *lewde* nor clerke."
Romance of the *Sowdon*, &c. MS. Steevens.

The word is thus uſed in many of our ancient ſtatutes.
Malone.

[5] *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true*. I ſhould read *on reproof*, inſtead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakſpeare's particles there is no certainty.
Johnson.

[6] *As, in* reproof *of many tales devis'd,*] *Reproof* here means *diſproof*. M. Mason.

[7] —— *pick-thanks,*] i. e. officious paraſites. So, in the tragedy of *Mariam*, 1613:

" Baſe *pick-thank* devil——." Steevens.

Again, in *Euphues*, 1587: " I ſhould ſeeme either to *picke a thanke* with men, or a quarrel with women." Henderson.

I may, for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,[8]
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplied;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;[9]
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he*;

[8] *Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,*] The Prince was removed from being Preſident of the Council, immediately after he ſtruck the judge. Steevens.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachroniſm. The prince's removal from council in conſequence of his ſtriking the Lord Chief Juſtice Gaſcoigne, was ſome years after the battle of Shrewſbury (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed Preſident of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of King Henry IV. (1411). Malone.

[9] —— *loyal to poſſeſſion*;] True to him that had then poſſeſſion of the crown. Johnson.

Others would ſay,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,[1]
And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,

[1] *And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,*] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of Prometheus's theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courteſy* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Maſſinger has adopted this expreſſion in *The great Duke of Florence:*

" ——————— Giovanni,
" A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,
" *Stole courteſy from heaven*; and would not to
" The meaneſt ſervant in my father's houſe
" Have kept ſuch diſtance." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this paſſage appears to me very queſtionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courteſy* (even underſtanding it to ſignify *affability*) the characteriſtick attribute of thoſe deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—*I was ſo affable and popular, that I engroſſed the devotion and reverence of all men to myſelf, and thus* defrauded Heaven of its worſhippers.

Courteſy may be here uſed for the reſpect and obeiſance paid by an inferior to a ſuperior. So, in this play:

" To dog his heels and *court'ſy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is uſed for a reſpectful ſalute, in which ſenſe it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*:

" I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
" That he ſhall ſhrink under my *courteſy*."

Again, in the Hiſtory of Edward IV. annexed to Hardynge's *Chronicle*, 1543: " which thyng if I could have forſene,—I would never have wonne the *courtiſies* of men's knees with the loſs of ſo many heades."

This interpretation is ſtrengthened by the two ſubſequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

" And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
" That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,[2]
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at:[3] and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhowed like a feaſt;
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,[4]

Henry, I think, means to ſay, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worſhip*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his ſubjects.
MALONE.

[2] *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:
"The pope ſhall ſend his bulls through all thy realm,
"And *pull obedience from thy ſubjects' hearts.*"
In another place, in the ſame play, we meet with the phraſe uſed here:
"——Then here upon my knees
"*I pluck allegiance* from her." MALONE.

[3] *My preſence, like a robe pontifical,*
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at:] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:
"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
"To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
"By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride." MALONE.

[4] ——*raſh bavin wits,*] *Raſh*, is heady, thoughtleſs: *bavin* is bruſhwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flaſhes, and youth their fancies, the one as ſoon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1606: "Love is like a *bavin*, but a blaze." STEEVENS.

Raſh is, I believe, *fierce, violent*. So, in *King Richard II*:
"His *raſh* fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt."
In Shakſpeare's time *bavin* was uſed for *kindling* fires. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, ch. i: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

Soon kindled, and ſoon burn'd: carded his ſtate;[5]
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;[6]

[5] —— carded *his ſtate*;] Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes that *carded* or *ſcarded*, (for ſo he would read,) means *diſcarded*, threw it off. MALONE.

The metaphor ſeems to be taken from mingling *coarſe* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the atter is diminiſhed. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal ſtate with capering fools, &c. A ſubſequent part of the ſpeech gives a ſanction to this explanation:

" For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege
" With *vile participation*."

To *card* is uſed by other writers for, to mix. So, in *The Tamer Tamed*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" But mine is ſuch a drench of balderdaſh,
" Such a ſtrange *carded* cunningneſs."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620: " —you *card* your beer, (if you ſee your gueſts begin to get drunk,) half ſmall, half ſtrong." &c. Again, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: " —he being conſtrained to betake himſelf to *carded* ale." Shakſpeare has a ſimilar thought in *All's well that ends well*: " The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr. Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly ſupports the old reading. The word is uſed by Shelton, in his tranſlation of *Don Quixote*. The Tinker in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, was *by education a cardmaker*. FARMER.

To *card* does not mean to mix coarſe wool with fine, as Mr. M. Maſon has juſtly obſerved, but ſimply to work wool with a card or teazel, ſo as to prepare it for ſpinning. MALONE.

By *carding his ſtate*, the King means that his predeceſſor ſet his conſequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loſes his fortune) at *cards*. RITSON.

[6] —— capering *fools*;] Thus the quarto, 1598, and rightly, I believe, becauſe ſuch a reading requires no explanation. The other copies, however, have—*carping*. STEEVENS.

Carping is jeſting, prating, &c. This word had not yet ac-

Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;

quired the ſenſe which it bears in modern ſpeech. Chaucer ſays of his *Wife of Bath*, Prol. 470:

" In ſelawſhip wele could ſhe laugh and *carpe*."

T. WARTON.

The verb, to *carp*, is whimſically uſed by Phaer in his verſion of the firſt Book of the *Æneid*:

" ——— *cithara crinitus Iopas*

" Perſonat *aurata*.

" ——— and on his golden harp

" Iopas with his buſhie locks in ſweete ſong gan to *carpe*."

STEEVENS.

In the ſecond quarto, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed into *carping*, and that word was tranſmitted through all the ſubſequent quartos. Hence, it is alſo the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive ſome ſtrength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretenſions of that kind.

It may be further obſerved, that " *capering* fools" were very proper companions for a "*ſkipping* king;" and that Falſtaff in the ſecond part of this play, boaſts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth: " To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will *caper* with me for a thouſand marks," &c.

Carping undoubtedly might alſo have been uſed with propriety; having had in our author's time the ſame ſignification as at preſent; though it has been doubted. Minſheu explains it in his DICT. 1617, thus: " To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words."

It is obſervable that in the original copy the word *capring* is exhibited without an apoſtrophe, according to the uſual practice of that time. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

" Whereat the ſaphir-viſag'd god grew proud,

" And made his *capring* Triton ſound aloud."

The original reading is alſo ſtrongly confirmed by Henry's deſcription of the *capering fools*, who, he ſuppoſes, will immediately after his death flock round his ſon:

" Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;

" Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, *dance*,

" Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

" The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of way," &c.

And gave his countenance, againſt his name,[7]
To laugh at gibing boys,[8] and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:[9]

A *carper* did not mean (as has been ſuppoſed) *a prating jeſter*, but a *cynical* fellow. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— Shame not theſe woods
" By putting on the cunning of a *carper*."

It cannot be ſuppoſed that the King meant to reproach the luxurious Richard with keeping company with four moroſe cynicks. MALONE.

[7] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name,*] Made his preſence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

I doubt the propriety of Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage; and ſhould rather ſuppoſe the meaning of it to be, " that he favoured and encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation." To *countenance*, or to *give countenance to*, are common expreſſions, and mean, to *patronize* or *encourage*. M. MASON.

Againſt his name is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain Engliſh, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and diſhonoured himſelf by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

[8] *To laugh at gibing boys,*] i. e. at the jeſts of gibing boys. MALONE.

[9] *Of every beardleſs vain comparative:*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the King's.

When Lewis XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Converſation.* JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing; and may therefore ſignify, in this place,—every one who thought himſelf on a level with the Prince. So, in the ſecond of *The Four Plays in One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— Gerrard ever was
" His full *comparative*——." STEEVENS.

I believe *comparative* means here, one who affects wit, *a dealer in compariſons*: what Shakſpeare calls, ſomewhere elſe, if I remember right, *a ſimile-monger*. " The moſt *comparative* prince" has already occurred in the play before us; and the fol-

Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity :[1]
That being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,[2]
They ſurfeited with honey ; and began
To loathe the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries ;[3]

lowing paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, is yet more appoſite, in ſupport of this interpretation :

" —— The world's large tongue
" Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks
" Full of *comparifons*, and wounding flouts."

MALONE.

[1] Enfeoff'd *himſelf to popularity :*] To *enfeoff* is a law term, ſignifying to inveſt with poſſeſſion. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled* : " I proteſted to *enfeoffe* her in forty pounds a year." STEEVENS.

Gave himſelf up *abſolutely and entirely* to popularity. *A feoffment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-ſimple for ſeveral ages, till the conveyance of Leaſe and Releaſe was invented by Serjeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of ſeiſin*, that is, with the delivery of corporal poſſeſſion of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

[2] *That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,*] Nearly the ſame expreſſion occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

" The people's *eyes* have *fed* them with my ſight."

MALONE.

[3] *As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries ;*] Strada, in his

Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:[4]
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Hen. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Hen. For all the world,[5]
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:[6]

imitation of Statius, deſcribing the look thrown by the German on his Portugueſe antagoniſt, has the ſame expreſſion:

"*Luſiademque tuens, & amaro* nubilus *ore*—."

STEEVENS.

[4] *And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"In this predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt." STEEVENS.

[5] *For all the world,*] Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the verſe, reads—

Harry, *for all the world,*——. STEEVENS.

[6] *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:] This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is—Hotſpur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power. JOHNSON.

Rather,—He better deſerves to inherit the kingdom than thyſelf, who art intitled by birth to that ſucceſſion of which thy vices render thee unworthy. RITSON.

For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprizes
Diſcomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbiſhop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[7] againſt us, and are up.

To have an intereſt *to* any thing, is not Engliſh. If we read,

He hath more worthy intereſt in *the ſtate,*

the ſenſe would be clear, and agreeable to the tenor of the reſt of the King's ſpeech. M. Mason.

I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.—

"From thy *ſucceſſion* bar me, father; I
"Am heir to my affection—"

ſays Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale.*

We ſhould now write—*in* the ſtate, but there is no corruption in the text. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—he is leſs frequent *to* his princely exerciſes than formerly." Malone.

[7] *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a ſubſequent ſcene, is to form articles. Steevens.

But wherefore do I tell theſe news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt[8] enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,——
To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhow how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo;
And God forgive them, that have ſo much ſway'd
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,[9]

Rather, *combine, confederate, indent.* To capitulate is *to draw up any thing in heads or articles.* Johnſon's *Dictionary.* Ritson.

To *capitulate,* Minſheu explains thus: "—*per* capita *ſeu* articulos *pacifci*;" and nearly in this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed here. The Percies, we are told by Walſingham, ſent about letters containing three *articles,* or principal grievances, on which their riſing was founded; and to this perhaps our author alludes. Malone.

[8] ——*deareſt*—] *Deareſt* is moſt fatal, moſt miſchievous. Johnson.

[9] *And ſtain my* favours *in a bloody maſk,*] We ſhould read—*favour,* i. e. countenance. Warburton.

Favours are *features.* Johnson.

I am not certain that *favours,* in this place, means *features,* or that the plural number of *favour* in that ſenſe is ever uſed. I believe *favours* mean only ſome decoration uſually worn by knights in their helmets, as a preſent from a miſtreſs, or a trophy from an enemy. So, afterwards, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy mangled face:"

where the Prince muſt have meant his ſcarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1630:

Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all-praiſed knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here:
The which if he be pleas'd I ſhall perform,
I do beſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[1]
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

"Aruns, theſe crimſon *favours*, for thy ſake,
"I'll wear upon my forehead maſk'd with blood."
STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage appears to be right. The word *garment*, in the preceding line, ſeems to confirm it.
M. MASON.

[1] ——*cancels all* bands;] i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently ſpelt. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"My maſter is arreſted on a *band*."
Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Macbeth*:
"*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*," &c.
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
"And *cancel* theſe cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

K. Hen. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this :—
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.[2]
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,[3]—
That Douglas, and the Engliſh rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewſbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a ſtate.

K. Hen. The earl of Weſtmoreland ſet forth to-day;

[2] *So* hath *the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.*] So alſo the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of, hath *ſpeed*; i. e. requires immediate attention and diſpatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion, unneceſſarily, by the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

[3] Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath ſent word,*] There was no ſuch perſon as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *Lord March of Scotland,* (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in diſguſt, attached himſelf ſo warmly to the Engliſh, and did them ſuch ſignal ſervices in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to beſtow ſome reward on him. He fought on the ſide of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of ſaving his life at the battle of Shrewſbury, as is related by Holinſhed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakſpeare deſigned to repreſent in the act of ſending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in theſe wars a Scottiſh lord on the King's ſide, who bore the ſame title with the Engliſh family, on the rebel ſide, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other, Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, inſtead of *March*. Steevens.

With him my ſon, lord John of Lancaſter;
For this advertiſement is five days old:—
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet
Forward; on Thurſday, we ourſelves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloſterſhire; by which account,
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat,[4] while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown;[5] I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome

[4] *Advantage feeds* him *fat,*] i. e. feeds *himſelf.* MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteemed *him*
"No better than a poor and loathſome beggar."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown;*] Pope has in *The Dunciad* availed himſelf of this idea:

"In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin."

MALONE.

liking;[6] I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe:[7] the inſide of a church![8] Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, ſing me a bawdy

[6] ——*while I am in ſome* liking;] While I have ſome fleſh, ſome ſubſtance. We have had *well-liking* in the ſame ſenſe in a former play. Malone.

So, in the Book of *Job*, xxxix. 4: "—their young ones are in good *liking*." Thus alſo P. Holland, in his tranſlation of the eleventh Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "—when they be well *liking*, the heart hath a kind of fat in the utmoſt tip thereof." Steevens.

[7] ——*a brewer's horſe:*] I ſuppoſe a *brewer's horſe* was apt to be lean with hard work. Johnson.

A *brewer's horſe* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horſe*, but the croſs-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The alluſion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horſe*, however, is mentioned in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a ſin as to call Pegaſus a *brewer's horſe*." Steevens.

The commentators ſeem not to be aware, that, in aſſertions of this ſort, Falſtaff does not mean to point out any *ſimilitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, ſome ſtriking *diſſimilitude*. He ſays here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe*; juſt as in Act II. ſc. iv. he aſſerts the truth of ſeveral parts of his narrative, on pain of being conſidered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddiſh—a horſe*. Tyrwhitt.

[8] ——*the inſide of a church!*] The latter words (*the inſide of a church*) were, I ſuſpect, repeated by the miſtake of the compoſitor. Or Falſtaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inſide of a church!*—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My firſt conjecture appears to me the moſt probable. Malone.

ſong; make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced, not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compaſs: and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir John, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs; out of all reaſonable compaſs, ſir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral,[9] thou beareſt the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.[1]

Bard. Why, ſir John, my face does you no harm.

[9] —— *Thou art our admiral,* &c.] Decker, in his *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, has the ſame thought. He is deſcribing the Hoſt of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *noſe*.——The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an Eaſt-Indian voyage, to have ſtoode a nightes *in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to ſave the charges of candles.*" Steevens.

This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did riſe to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his noſe was ſo redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in ſtore in his purſe, yet his noſe and cheeks were well ſet with curral and rubies."

Malone.

[1] —— *the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himſelf the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make ſport with it among thoſe whom it is his intereſt to pleaſe, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can uſe with freedom. Johnson.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning peſtle*, are both names invented with a deſign to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. Steevens.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, By this fire:[2] but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou ran'ſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,[3] an everlaſting bonfire-light! Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches,[4]

[2] ——*By this fire:*] Here the quartos 1599 and 1608 very profanely add:—*that's God's angel.* This paſſage is perhaps alluded to in *Hiſtriomaſtrix*, 1610, where Afinius ſays: "By this candle (which is none of *God's angels*) I remember you ſtarted back at ſprite and flame." Mr. Henley, however, obſerves, that "by the extruſion of the words now omitted, the intended antitheſis is loſt." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*thou art a perpetual* triumph,] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"And what now reſts but that we ſpend the time
"With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comick ſhows,
"Such as befit the pleaſures of the court."

A *triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, ſuch as a royal marriage, a grand proceſſion, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks* &c.] This paſſage ſtands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help ſeizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakſpeare's time, (long before the ſtreets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "—doſt roar? thou haſt a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle light.*" Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, among the Cries of London:

walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,[5] at the deareſt chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that ſalamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burned.

"*Lanthorn and candlelight* here,
"Maid ha' light here.
"Thus go the cries," &c.

Again, in *King Edward IV.* 1626:

"No more calling of *lanthorn* and *candlelight*."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is ſaid that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candle man*." Steevens.

[5] ——*good cheap*,] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. Johnson.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we ſhall have hay *good cheap*."

Again, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.*:

"Perhaps thou may'ſt agree *better cheap* now."

And again, in theſe two proverbs:

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home."
"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to aſk the price."

Cheap (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Tyll he came to the *chepe*
"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word, *Eaſt-cheap*, *Chep-ſtow*, *Cheap-ſide*, &c. are derived; indeed a paſſage that follows in *Syr Bevys* may ſeem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,
"The *Chepe ſyde* was of blode red." Steevens.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame Partlet[6] the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, ſir John! what do you think, ſir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearched, I have inquired, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. You lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhaved, and loſt many a hair: and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, ſir John; you do not know me, ſir John: I know you, ſir John: you owe me money, ſir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight ſhillings an ell. You owe money here beſides, ſir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

[6] —— *dame Partlet*—] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich?[7] let them coin his noſe, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me?[8] ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket picked?[9]

[7] —— *What call you rich?*] A face ſet with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* Johnson.

[8] —— *a* younker *of me?*] A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man eaſily gulled. So, in Gaſcoine's *Glaſs for Government*, 1575:

"Theſe *yonkers* ſhall pay for the roſt."

See Spenſer's *Eclogue on May*, and Sir Tho. Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, Book I. ch. xxiii.

This contemptuous diſtinction is likewiſe very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"I fear he'll make an aſs of me, a *yonker*."

I learn, however, from Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the ſenſes of the term—*younker*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the top-ſailes." They are mentioned as diſtinct characters from the ſailors, who "are the *ancient* men for hoiſing the ſailes," &c. Steevens.

[9] ——*ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket picked?*] There is a peculiar force in theſe words. *To take mine eaſe in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's houſe is his caſtle;" for *inne* originally ſignified *a houſe* or *habitation*. [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be uſed to ſignify *a houſe of entertainment*, the proverb, ſtill continuing in force, was applied in the latter ſenſe, as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare: or perhaps Falſtaff here humorouſly puns upon the word *inne*, in order to repreſent the wrong done him more ſtrongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleaſantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our Engliſh tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following:

I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.[1]

Host. O Jeſu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack,[2] a ſneak-cup;

"Reſty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take mine eaſe in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Eaſe in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne* ſo nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take eaſe by thee."

Otherwiſe:

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne,* but I ſee,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither eaſe nor profit by thee."

Now in the firſt of theſe diſtichs the word *inne* is uſed in its ancient meaning, being ſpoken by a perſon who is about to marry a widow for the ſake of a home, &c. In the two laſt places, *inne* ſeems to be uſed in the ſenſe it bears at preſent. PERCY.

Gabriel Harvey, in a MS. note to Speght's Chaucer, ſays, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are ſuppoſed to be the conceits and devices of pleaſant ſir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or a receſs, is frequently uſed by Spenſer, and other ancient writers. So, in *A World toſs'd at Tennis,* 1620: "Theſe great rich men muſt *take their eaſe in their inn.*" Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his eaſe in his inne,* as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *caſtles,* in not being of ſo much conſequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified. So *inns* of court, and in the univerſities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the ſite of ſeveral *inns.* LORT.

[1] ——*a* ſeal-ring *of my grandfather's, worth* forty mark.] This ſeems to have been the uſual price of ſuch a ring about Falſtaff's time. In the printed *Rolls of Parliament,* Vol. VI. p. 140, we meet with "A *ſignet of gold,* to the value of XL marcs." RITSON.

[2] ——*the prince is a* Jack,] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew,* Katharine calls her muſick-maſter, in deriſion, a twangling *Jack.* MALONE.

and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? muſt we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-faſhion?[3]

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. HEN. What ſayeſt thou, miſtreſs Quickly? How does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. HEN. What ſayeſt thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this houſe is turned bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. HEN. What didſt thou loſe, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. HEN. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

This term is likewiſe met with in *Coriolanus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, &c. &c. but is ſtill ſo much in uſe, as ſcarcely to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Newgate-faſhion.*] As priſoners are conveyed to Newgate, faſtened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1601: "Why then come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to *Newgate*." REED.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: And, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtewed prune;[4] nor no more truth in thee, than in

[4] *There's no more faith in thee than in a* ſtewed prune; &c.] The propriety of theſe ſimiles I am not ſure that I fully underſtand. A *ſtewed prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taſte. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for purſuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* ſuit better to the *prune*. Theſe are very ſlender diſquiſitions, but ſuch is the taſk of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, deſcribes a bawd thus: "This is ſhee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you ſhall know her dwelling by a *diſh of ſtewed prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches ſit knitting or ſowing in her ſhop."

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. the male bawd excuſes himſelf for having admitted Elbow's wife into his houſe, by ſaying, "that ſhe came in great with child, and longing for *ſtewed prunes*, which ſtood in a diſh," &c.

Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, who apparently wiſhes to recommend himſelf to his miſtreſs by a ſeeming propenſity to love as well as war, talks of having meaſured weapons with a fencing-maſter for a *diſh of ſtewed prunes*.

In another old dramatic piece entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and ſays, "This is the penſion of the ſtewes, you need not untie it; 'tis ſtew-money, ſir, *ſtewed prune caſh*, ſir."

Among the other ſins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagoniſt, Nath, "to be drunk with the ſirrop or liquor of *ſtewed prunes*," is not the leaſt inſiſted on.

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace!

a drawn fox;[5] and for womanhood, maid Marian

two diſhes of *ſtewed prunes*, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, a bawd ſays, "I will have but ſix *ſtewed prunes* in a diſh, and ſome of mother Wall's cakes; for my beſt cuſtomers are tailors." Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "——to be drunk with cream and *ſtewed prunes!* ——Pox on't, bawdy-houſe fare." Again, in Decker's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606; "Nay, the ſober Perpetuana-ſuited Puritane, that dares not (ſo much as by moone-light) come neare the ſuburb ſhadow of a houſe where they ſet *ſtewed prunes* before you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knows Candlelight is within, as if he were a new choſen conſtable."

The paſſages already quoted are ſufficient to ſhow that *a diſh of ſtewed prunes* was not only the ancient deſignation of a brothel, but the conſtant appendage to it.

From *A Treatiſe on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majeſty's ſurgeons, 1596, and other books of the ſame kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for thoſe perſons already infected; and that both *ſtewed prunes* and roaſted apples were commonly, though unſucceſsfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *ſtewed prunes*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has ſo fully diſcuſſed the ſubject of *ſtewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horſe in a Trance*, 1595, we have "a ſtock of wenches, ſet up with their *ſtewed prunes*, nine for a teſter."

FARMER.

[5] ——*a drawn fox*.] A *drawn fox* may be a fox drawn over the ground, to exerciſe the hounds. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*:

"——that *drawn fox* Moroſo."

Mr. Heath obſerves, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a ſcent, and exerciſe the hounds, may be ſaid to have no truth in it, becauſe it deceives the hounds, who run with the ſame eagerneſs as if they were in purſuit of a real fox."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly ſuppoſed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the ſagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to eſcape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XVIII. cap. xxxix: "Inſuper finget ſe mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the ſubtility of the fox, have been tranſlated by ſeveral ancient Engliſh writers. STEEVENS.

may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.[6] Go, you thing, go.

[6] —— maid Marian *may be* &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dreſſed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many paſſages in my old MS. to this purpoſe, but ſhall produce only one:

" Good Robin Hood was living then,
" Which now is quite forgot,
" And ſo was fayre *maid marian*," &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name aſſumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a ſtate of outlawry:

" Next 'tis agreed (if therto ſhee agree)
" That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name;
" And while it is the chance of *Robin Hoode*
" To live in Sherewodde a poor outlawes life,
" She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.
" *Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:
" Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian*."

This lady was poiſoned by King John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts on her chaſtity. Drayton has written her legend.

Shakſpeare ſpeaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded ſtate, when ſhe was repreſented by a ſtrumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2, in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's obſervation on it. STEEVENS.

Maid Marian ſeems to have been the lady of a *Whitſun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The Widow, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247,) ſays: " I have been *Miſtreſs Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." Morris is, indeed, there ſpelt wrong; the dance was not ſo called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spaniſh *moriſco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *mooriſh* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordſhire for a* Mayd-Marian, *and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance; or* 12 *Morris-dancers in Herefordſhire, of* 1200 *Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country. T. WARTON.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it; I am an honeſt man's wife: and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Host. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, ſir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh, nor fleſh;[7] a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou ſayeſt true, hoſteſs; and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and ſaid this other day, you ought him a thouſand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou oweſt me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, ſir John, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea; if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

[7] ——*neither fiſh, nor fleſh*;] So, the proverb: "*Neither fiſh nor fleſh*, nor good red herring." Steevens.

P. Hen. I ſay, 'tis copper: Dareſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knoweſt, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himſelf is to be feared as the lion: Doſt thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break![8]

P. Hen. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, ſirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreſon, impudent, emboſſed raſcal,[9] if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings,

[8] ——*I pray God, my girdle break!*] Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unbleſt." Thus, in *The Phantaſtick Age*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unbleſt*, the proverbe ſayes
"And they, to prove it right,
"Have got a faſhion now adayes
"That's odious to the ſight;
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they ſtand,
"No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis merry when Goſſips meet*, a poem, 4to. 1609:

"How ſay'ſt thou, Beſſe? ſhall it be ſo, girle? ſpeake:
"If I make one, *pray God my girdle break!*"

STEEVENS.

This wiſh had more force formerly than at preſent, it being once the cuſtom to wear the purſe hanging by the girdle; ſo that its breaking, if not obſerved by the wearer, was a ſerious matter.

MALONE.

[9] ——*impudent*, emboſſed *raſcal*,] *Emboſſed* is ſwoln, puffy.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

"A plague-ſore, or *emboſſed* carbuncle." STEEVENS.

memorandums of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain.[1] And yet you will ſtand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:[2] Art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou knoweſt, in the ſtate of innocency, Adam fell; and what ſhould poor Jack Falſtaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confeſs then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacified.—Still? —Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hoſteſs.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,— How is that anſwered?

P. Hen. O, my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

[1] —— *if thy pocket were enriched with any other* injuries *but theſe*, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phraſe, I ſuppoſe, the Prince calls the contents of Falſtaff's pocket—*injuries*. Stevens.

[2] —— *you will not pocket up wrong:*] Some part of this merry dialogue ſeems to have been loſt. I ſuppoſe Falſtaff in preſſing the robbery upon his hoſteſs, had declared his reſolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. Johnson.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſhed hands too.[3]

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. Hen. Bardolph——

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaſter,

[3] —— *do it with* unwaſhed hands *too.*] i. e. do it immediately, or the firſt thing in the morning, even without ſtaying to waſh your hands.

So, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of Epigrams, 1608:

" ——— as a ſchool-boy dares
" Fall to *ere waſh'd his hands*, or ſaid his prayers."

Perhaps, however, Falſtaff alludes to the ancient adage:—*Illotis manibus tractare ſacra.* I find the ſame expreſſion in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "Why be theſe holy thynges to be medled with *with unwaſhed hands?*" Steevens.

I cannot accede to this explanation. It appears to me, that Falſtaff means to ſay, do it *without retracting, or repenting of it.* When a man is unwilling to engage in a buſineſs propoſed to him, or to go all lengths in it, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, —I *waſh my hands* of it; and in the Goſpel of *St. Matthew*, we find that when Pilate was forced to condemn Chriſt by the tumult of the multitude, "he took water, and *waſhed his hands*, ſaying, I am innocent of the blood of this juſt perſon." And in *King Richard III.* the ſecond Murderer ſays:

" ——— a bloody deed!
" How fain, like Pilate, would I *waſh my hands*
" Of this moſt grievous guilty murder done."

M. Mason.

My brother John; this to my lord of Weſtmore-
land.—
Go, Poins, to horſe,[4] to horſe; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.——
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
There ſhalt thou know thy charge; and there re-
ceive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Rare words! brave world!——Hoſteſs, my
breakfaſt; come:—
O, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

[4] —— Poins, *to horſe,*] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I ſuppoſe the old copy had only a P——. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but Lieutenant to Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—Go, *Peto,* to horſe. In further ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's emendation, it may be obſerved, that Poins ſuits the metre of the line, which would be deſtroyed by a word of two ſyllables. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot: If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas[5] have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of ſoothers;[6] but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourſelf:
Nay, taſk me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.[7]

[5] ——*the Douglas*—] This expreſſion is frequent in Holinſhed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *I* defy
The tongues of ſoothers;] To *defy* means here to *diſdain*. M. MASON.

[7] *But I will* beard *him.*] To *beard* is *to oppoſe face to face* in a hoſtile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's *Queſt of Cynthia*:

"That it with woodbine durſt compare
"And *beard* the eglantine."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——met them dareful, *beard* to *beard*."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the firſt *Iliad*:

"——or in this proud kind bear
"Their *beards* againſt me."

This phraſe, which ſoon loſt its original ſignification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Meſſenger, *with Letters.*

What letters haſt thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. Theſe letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himſelf?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous ſick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leiſure to be ſick,
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.[8]

head a man, was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him, ſignified to *cut off his beard*; a puniſhment which was frequently inflicted by giants on ſuch unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 4:

"And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
"Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

[8] Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my* lord.] The old copies—not I *my mind*, and—not I *his mind*. STEEVENS.

The line ſhould be read and divided thus:

Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I.*
Hot. *His mind!*

Hotſpur had aſked, *who leads his powers?* The Meſſenger anſwers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to ſay, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

The earlieſt quarto, 1598, reads—*not I my* mind;—the compoſitor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the preſs. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not ſeeing how the miſtake had ariſen, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, changed *my* to *his*, reading, "not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the ſubſequent ancient editions. The preſent cor-

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.

Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward ſickneſs[9]—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So ſoon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd,[1] but on his own.

rection, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other ſpeeches ſpoken by the Meſſenger, he uſes the ſame language, nor is it likely that he ſhould addreſs Hotſpur, without this mark of reſpect. In his *firſt* ſpeech the Meſſenger is interrupted by the impetuoſity of the perſon whom he addreſſes, to whom, it may be ſuppoſed, he would otherwiſe have there alſo given his title. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Malone in printing this *firſt* ſpeech with a break after—*father*,——. At the ſame time I ſuſpect that the word—*come*, which deprives the ſentence of all pretenſions to harmony, was a playhouſe interpolation, and that the paſſage originally ran as follows:

Theſe letters from your father——. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that inward ſickneſs*—] A line, probably, has here been loſt. MALONE.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion. Hotſpur is abruptly enumerating the principal topicks of the letter he has before him. STEEVENS.

[1] *On any ſoul remov'd,*] On any *leſs near* to himſelf; on any whoſe intereſt is *remote*. JOHNSON.

Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,—
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;[2]
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it:—Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.[3]

So, in *As you like it:* "Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*no* quailing *now*;] To *quail* is to languiſh, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
"*Quail* to remember,——."

Perhaps from the timid caution occaſionally practiſed by the bird of that name. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale:*

"And thou ſhalt make him *couche as doth a quaille.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*for therein ſhould we* read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, *the very utmoſt bound*
Of all our fortunes.] To read *the bottom and the ſoul of hope, and the bound of fortune,* though all the copies, and all the editors have received it, ſurely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *riſque:*

——*therein ſhould we* riſque
The very bottom &c.

The *liſt* is the *ſelvage*; figuratively, the utmoſt line of circum-

Doug. 'Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains[4] a ſweet reverſion:
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what

ference, the utmoſt extent. If we ſhould with leſs change read *rend*, it will only ſuit with *liſt*, not with *foul* or *bottom*.
JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" ——we then ſhould *ſee the bottom*
" Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

I once wiſhed to read—*tread*, inſtead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harſh phraſe, but not more ſo than many others of Shakſpeare. At the ſame time that *the bottom* of their fortunes ſhould be diſplayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be neceſſarily expoſed to view. *Sight* being neceſſary to reading, *to read* is here uſed, in Shakſpeare's licentious language, for *to ſee*.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry VI.* ſtrongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
" Which *ſees* into the *bottom* of my grief?"

And this in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——and it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phraſes in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*: "She is the *liſt* of my voyage." The other [the *foul* of hope] occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in thoſe of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, we find —"the *foul* of counſel;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida*—"the *foul* of love." So alſo, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

" ————Your deſperate arm
" Hath almoſt thruſt quite through *the heart of hope*."
MALONE.

[4] Where *now remains*—] *Where* is, I think, uſed here for *whereas*. It is often uſed with that ſignification by our author and his contemporaries. MALONE.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act I. ſc. i:

" *Where* now you are both a father and a ſon."
STEEVENS.

Is to come in:[5]
A comfort of retirement[6] lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt[7]
Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide[8]

[5] *We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what Is to come in:*] Read:
We now *may boldly ſpend, upon the hope Of what is to come in.* RITSON.

[6] *A comfort of retirement*—] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe. JOHNSON.

[7] *The quality and* hair *of our attempt*—] The *hair* ſeems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We ſtill ſay ſomething is *againſt the hair*, as *againſt the grain*, that is, againſt the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy called *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expreſſion which very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation:
" ——They ſay I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may ſtand to't."
Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" ——— ſince he will be
" An aſs againſt the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:
" But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

[8] ——*we of the* offering *ſide*—] All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have ſeen, from the

Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father's draws a curtain,
That ſhows the ignorant a kind of fear[9]
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I, rather, of his abſence make this uſe;—
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we, without his help, can make a head

firſt quarto to the edition of Rowe, read—*we of the off'ring ſide.* Of this reading the ſenſe is obſcure, and therefore the change has been made; but ſince neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be miſtaken, I cannot but ſuſpect that *offering* is right, eſpecially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any ſingle edition, that I have yet ſeen, of a play written by Shakſpeare.

The *offering ſide* may ſignify that party, which, acting in oppoſition to the law, ſtrengthens itſelf only by *offers*; increaſes its numbers only by *promiſes*. The king can raiſe an army, and continue it by threats of puniſhment; but thoſe, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whoſe influence ariſes from *offers*, muſt keep danger out of ſight.

The *offering ſide* may mean ſimply the *aſſailant*, in oppoſition to the *defendant*; and it is likewiſe true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invaſion, that his cauſe ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's laſt explanation of the word *offering*, appears to be right. His firſt is far-fetched and unnatural. M. MASON.

[9] *This abſence of your father's* draws *a curtain,*
That ſhows the ignorant a kind of fear *&c.*] To *draw* a curtain had anciently the ſame meaning as to *undraw* one has at preſent. So, (ſays Mr. Malone,) in a ſtage direction in *King Henry VI.* Part II. (quarto, 1600,) "Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, Duke Humphrey is *diſcovered* in his bed."

Fear, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies a terrifick object. STEEVENS.

To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.[1]

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin Vernon! welcome, by my ſoul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Weſtmoreland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himſelf in perſon is ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too. Where is his ſon,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,[2]
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?

Ver. All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;[3]

[1] —— term *of fear.*] Folio—*dream* of fear. Malone.

[2] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakſpeare rarely beſtows his epithets at random. Stowe ſays of the Prince: "He was paſſing ſwift in running, inſomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park." Steevens.

[3] *All furniſh'd, all in arms,*
All plum'd like eſtridges, that wing *the wind;*
Bated like eagles &c.] The old copies—that *with* the wind.

Glittering in golden coats, like images;[4]

For the ſake of affording the reader a text eaſily intelligible, I have followed the example of Mr. Malone, by adopting Dr. Johnſon's emendation.

See the following notes. STEEVENS.

What is the meaning of *eſtridges, that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that,* in the uſual conſtruction, muſt relate to *eſtridges.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

All plum'd like eſtridges, and *with the wind*
Bating like eagles.

By which he has eſcaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety ſufficient to make his reading queſtionable.

I read:

All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that wing *the wind*
Bated like eagles.

This gives a ſtrong image. They were not only plumed like eſtridges, but their plumes fluttered like thoſe of an eſtridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively repreſentation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

I believe *eſtridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its aſſiſtance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horſeback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the ſwifteſt horſe to keep up with them. I ſhould have ſuſpected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the ſame reading.

In the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the ſame thought:

"Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
"The Mountfords *all in plumes, like eſtridges,* were ſeen."

STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that inſtead of *with,* ſome verb ought to be ſubſtituted here. Perhaps it ſhould be *whiſk.* The word is uſed by a writer of Shakſpeare's age. *England's Helicon,* ſign. Q:

"This ſaid, he *whiſk'd* his particoloured wings."

TYRWHITT.

This is one of thoſe paſſages, in which, in my apprehenſion, there can be no doubt that there is ſome corruption, either by the omiſſion of an entire line, or by one word being printed inſtead of another. The firſt quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads:

As full of ſpirit as the month of May,

All plum'd like eſtridges, that with *the wind,*
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.

From the context, it appears to me evident that two diſtinct compariſons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the Prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *eſtridges* to *eagles*, a conſtruction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the ſubſequent lines a diſtinct image is given.—Beſides, as Dr. Johnſon has remarked, "What is the meaning of *eſtridges that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that* in the uſual conſtruction muſt relate to eſtridges."

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have therefore adopted the ſlight alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon—that *wing* the wind; which gives an eaſy ſenſe.—The *ſpirit* and *ardour* of the troops are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; but the eſtridges appear to be introduced here, as in the paſſage quoted above, from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, ſolely on account of the ſoldiers' *plumes*; and the manner in which thoſe birds are ſaid to move, ſufficiently explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. If this emendation be not juſt, and *with* be the true reading, a line muſt have been loſt, in which the particular movement of the eſtridge was deſcribed. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a foregoing note,) militates but little in my mind againſt the probability of ſuch an omiſſion; for, in general, I have obſerved, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every ſubſequent one. Omiſſion is one of the moſt frequent errors of the preſs, and we have undoubted proofs that ſome lines were omitted in the early editions of theſe plays. See Vol. VI. p. 189, n. 3; Vol. XI. p. 59, n. 2; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. ſc. iv. See alſo *King Henry VI.* Part. II. Act III. ſc. iv. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

"Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?"

There is ſtill another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Suppoſing the expreſſion—"that *with* the wind bated like eagles"—was defenſible, and that theſe eſtridges were intended to be compared to eagles, why ſhould the compariſon be in the *paſt* time? Would it not be more natural to ſay,—The troops were all plumed like eſtridges, that, like *eagles*, *bate* with the wind, &c.

On the whole, I think it moſt probable that a line, in which the motion of eſtridges was deſcribed, was inadvertently paſſed

And gorgeous as the ſun at midſummer;

over by the tranſcriber or compoſitor, when the earlieſt copy was printed; an error which has indiſputably happened in other places in theſe plays. It is obſervable, that in this paſſage, as it ſtands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the loſt line it was very probably ſaid, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the paſſage with aſteriſks as imperfect, I have, as the leſſer evil, adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation. Mr. Steevens's notes perfectly explain the text as now regulated.

I have ſaid that nothing is predicated of theſe *plumed troops*, and this is a very ſtrong circumſtance to ſhow that a line was omitted, in which they probably were at once deſcribed as in motion, and compared (for the ſake of their plumage) to oſtridges. The omitted line might have been of this import:

All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like oſtridges, that with *the wind*
Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

MALONE.

All plum'd *like oſtridges,*] All dreſſed like the Prince himſelf, the *oſtrich-feather* being the coguizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

Bated *like eagles having lately* bath'd;] To *bate* is, in the ſtyle of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage from *David and Bethſabe*, 1599, will confirm Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion:

"Where all delights ſat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,
"Ready to neſtle in her naked breaſt."

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure," &c.

Writers on falconry alſo often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly neceſſary for their health and ſpirits.—All birds, after *bathing*, (which almoſt all birds are fond of,) ſpread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themſelves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakſpeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be obſerved that birds never appear ſo lively and full of ſpirits, as immediately after *bathing*. STEEVENS.

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver on,[5]

This appears to be juſtly explained by Steevens. When birds have bathed, they cannot fly until their feathers be diſentangled, by *bating* with the wind. M. Mason.

Bated, is, I believe, here uſed for *bating*, the paſſive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in *Othello*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" And careful hours with time's *deformed* hand."

To *bate*, as appears from Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they ſwoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, ſe devaller*, Fr. Hence it ſignifies, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, to flutter, " à Gal. *batre*, (ſays Minſheu,) i. e. to beat, becauſe ſhe [the hawk] beats herſelf with unquiet fluttering." Malone.

[4] *Glittering in golden coats like images*,] This alludes to the manner of dreſſing up images in the Romiſh churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, Book I. ch. iii:

" He was to weet a ſtout and ſturdie thiefe
" Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments, &c.
" The *holy ſaints* of their *rich veſtiments*
" He did diſrobe," &c. Steevens.

[5] *I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver* on,] We ſhould read—*beaver* up. It is an impropriety to ſay *on*: for the beaver is only the viſiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the ſoldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, ſo that his face might be ſeen, (hence Vernon ſays he *ſaw young Harry* &c.) But, when upon action, it was let down to cover and ſecure the face. Hence, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* it is ſaid:

" Their armed ſtaves in charge, their *beavers* down."

Warburton.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the Prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down.

Johnson.

Dr. Warburton ſeems not to have obſerved, that Vernon only ſays, he ſaw " young *Harry*," not that he ſaw his *face*.

Malone.

His cuiſſes on his thighs,[6] gallantly arm'd,—
Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted[7] with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,[8]
And witch the world[9] with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come;

Bever and *viſiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raiſed up to enable him to ſee. Lort.

Shakſpeare, however, confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays, that he ſaw the old king's face, becauſe "he wore his *beaver up*." Nor is our poet ſingular in the uſe of this word. This was the common ſignification of the word, for Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, defines *beaver* thus: "In armour it ſignifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." Malone.

The poet is certainly not guilty of the confuſion laid to his charge with reſpect to the paſſage in *Hamlet*; for the beaver was as often made to *lift up* as to *let down*. Douce.

[6] *His* cuiſſes *on his thighs*,] *Cuiſſes*, French. Armour for the thighs. Pope.

The reaſon why his *cuiſſes* are ſo particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horſemanſhip is here praiſed, and the *cuiſſes* are that part of armour which moſt hinders a horſeman's activity. Johnson.

[7] *And* vaulted —] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one ſyllable will not ſuit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote *vault it*, a mode of phraſeology of which there are ſome examples in theſe plays. Malone.

[8] *To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus*,] This idea occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "—— her hotteſt fury may be reſembled to the paſſing of a brave cariere by a *Pegaſus*." Steevens.

[9] *And* witch *the world* —] For bewitch, charm. Pope.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"To fit and *witch* me, as Aſcanius did." Steevens.

They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry ſhall, hot horſe to horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us make a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomſday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto [1] meet me at the town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

FAL. If I be not aſhamed of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouced gurnet.[2] I have miſuſed the king's preſs

[1] ——*lieutenant Peto*—] This paſſage proves that Peto did not go with the Prince. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*ſouced gurnet.*] This is a diſh mentioned in that very laughable poem called *The Counter-ſcuffle*, 1658:

"Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
"Well ſtuff'd with ſage, and for the ſmack,
"Daintily ſtrew'd with pepper black,
"*Souc'd gurnet.*"

Souced gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"Punck! you *ſouc'd gurnet!*"

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"Out you *ſouced gurnet*, you wool-faſt!"

damnably.[3] I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſeholders,[4] yeomen's ſons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſked twice on the bans; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a caliver, worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.[5] I

Among the Cotton MSS. is a part of an old houſehold book for the year 1594. See *Veſp.* F. xvi:

"Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d." STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fiſh very nearly reſembling a piper.

It ſhould ſeem from, one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A Bawd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *fowced gurnet* was ſometimes uſed in the ſame metaphorical ſenſe in which we now frequently uſe the word *gudgeon*: "Though ſhe, [a bawd] live after the fleſh, all is fiſh that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of fryc: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's ſon is her *fows'd gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*." MALONE.

[3] ——*I have miſuſed the king's preſs damnably.*] Thus, in the *Voyage to Cadiz*, 1597. [See Hakluyt, Vol. I. p. 607.] "—about the 28 of the ſaid moneth, a certaine Lieutenant was degraded and caſhierd, &c. for the taking of money by the way of corruption of *certaine preſt ſouldiers in the countrey*, and for pleaſing of *others in their roomes, more unfit for ſervice*, and of leſs ſufficiency and abilitie." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I preſs me none but good houſeholders*, &c.] This practice is complained of in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wiſhe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 62: "Sir, I perceive by the ſound of your words you are a favourite to Captaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to ſerve the expedition of theſe times, we ſhould take up honeſt *houſeholders*, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, ſuch as your captaines might chop and chaunge, and make marchandiſe of," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.*] The repetition of the ſame image diſpoſed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in oppoſition to all the copies, a *ſtruck deer*, which is indeed a proper expreſſion, but not likely

preſſed me none but ſuch toaſts and butter,[6] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices; and now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as, indeed, were never ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers,[7] revolted

to have been corrupted. Shakſpeare, perhaps, wrote a *ſtruck ſorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not ſkilled in hunter's language, was eaſily changed to *ſtruck fowl*. *Sorrel* is uſed in *Love's Labour's Loſt* for a young *deer*; and the terms of the chaſe were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

——*fowl*,] Thus the firſt quarto, 1598. In a ſubſequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneouſly printed *fool*, that error was adopted in the quarto 1613, and conſequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

Fowl ſeems to have been the word deſigned by the poet, who might have thought an oppoſition between *fowl*, i. e. domeſtick birds, and *wild-fowl*, ſufficient on this occaſion. He has almoſt the ſame expreſſion in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Alas poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into ſedges." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſuch toaſts and butter*,] This term of contempt is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"They love young *toaſts and butter*, Bow-bell ſuckers."
STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the ſound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cockneis, and *eaters of buttered toſtes*." Moryſon's *Itin.* 1617. MALONE.

[7] ——*younger ſons to younger brothers*, &c.] Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on War*, uſes the very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the book was printed before the *Diſcourſe*.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this ſpeech, for the ſarcaſm which he threw out on the ſoldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are moſt of them *old decayed ſerving men* and *tapſters*," &c. STEEVENS.

tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace;[8] ten times more diſhonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:[9]

[8] —— *cankers of a* calm world, *and a long peace*;] So, in *The Puritan:* "—hatched and nouriſhed in the idle *calmneſs* of peace." Again, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "—— all the *canker-wormes that breed on the reſt of peace.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *ten times more diſhonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:*] Shakſpeare uſes this word ſo promiſcuouſly to ſignify an enſign or ſtandard-bearer, and alſo the colours or ſtandard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his alluſion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning muſt be, as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an enſign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who underſtands it in the ſecond conſtruction, has ſuſpected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation: "How is an old-faced *ancient* or *enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is eſteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will reſtore it to its original ſenſe, which contains a touch of the ſtrongeſt and moſt fine-turned ſatire in the world: —— *ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old* feaſt *ancient*; i. e. the *colours* uſed by the city-companies in their feaſts and proceſſions; for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was uſually diſplayed and borne about on ſuch occaſions. Now nothing could be more witty or ſarcaſtical than this compariſon: for as Falſtaff's raggamuffins were reduced to their tattered condition through their riotous exceſſes; ſo this old *feaſt ancient* became torn and ſhattered, not in any manly exerciſe of arms, but amidſt the revels of drunken bacchanals."

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiouſneſs of our author's diction may not allow us to ſuppoſe that he meant to repreſent his ſoldiers, as *more ragged*, though leſs honourably ragged, *than an old ancient.*

JOHNSON.

An old faced ancient, is an old ſtandard mended with a different colour. It ſhould not be written in one word, as *old* and *faced* are diſtinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expreſſion at preſent in uſe. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the ſtuff itſelf. So, in this play:

and ſuch have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſſed the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;[1] for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half[2] in all my company: and the

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With ſome fine colour."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Your tawny coats with greaſy *facings* here."

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607: " ——full of *holes*, like a ſhot *ancient*." The modern editors, inſtead of *diſhonourable* read *diſhonourably*; but the change is unneceſſary, for our author frequently uſes adjectives adverbially. So again in this play:

" And ſince this buſineſs ſo *fair* is done."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*: " He is *equal* ravenous as he is ſubtle." Again, in *Hamlet*: " I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" Her only fault—
" Is that ſhe is *intolerable* curſt."

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 348, n. 7. MALONE.

[1] ——gyves *on*;] i. e. ſhackles. POPE.

So, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:

" And I will go fetch a pair of *gyves*."

Again:

" They be yeomen of the wrethe, that be ſhackled in *gyves*." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*There's* but *a ſhirt and a half*—] The old copies read —*There's* not *a ſhirt* &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In *The Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:

" Repent *but* you that you ſhall loſe your friend."

MALONE.

half-ſhirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt at Saint Albans, or the red-noſe innkeeper of Daintry.[3] But that's all one; they'll find[4] linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire?—My good lord of Weſtmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

West. 'Faith, ſir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all night.[5]

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to ſteal cream.

[3] ——*of* Daintry.] i. e. Daventry. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſtolen from my hoſt* &c.] This propenſity of ſoldiers in a march to purloin, is noticed by a writer contemporary with Shakſpeare. Barnabie Rich ſays, "Fyrſt by the way as they travayle through the countrey where they chaunce to lye all night, the good wyfe hath ſpedde well if ſhee fynde hyr ſheetes in the morning, or if this happe to fayle, yet a coverlet or curtens from the bed, or a carpet from the table, ſome bed clothes or table napkins, or ſome other thing muſt needs packe away with them, there comes nothing amiſſe if it will ſerve to by drinke." *A right excellent and pleaſaunt Dialogue betwene Mercury and an Engliſh Souldier*, &c. 1574, bl. l. ſig. H. 5. REED.

[5] —— *we muſt away all night.*] Read—*we muſt away all to-night.* M. MASON.

Perhaps Weſtmoreland means—"we muſt *travel* all night." STEEVENS.

P. Hen. I think, to ſteal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toſs;[6] food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, ſir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſs,—I am ſure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be ſworn; unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, ſir John; I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——*good enough to toſs*;] That is, to toſs upon a pike. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
"The ſoldiers ſhould have *toſs'd me on their pikes*,
"Before I would have granted," &c. Steevens.

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you my lord, or any Scot that lives:[7]—
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.

[7] *As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:*] The old copies: —— *that* this day *lives*. STEEVENS.

We ſhould omit the words, *this day*, which weaken the ſenſe and deſtroy the meaſure. M. MASON.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading,[8]
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horſe
Of my couſin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worceſter's horſe came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half the half himſelf.[9]

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours is full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.
[*The Trumpet ſounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſerving, and good name;

[8] ——*ſuch great leading,*] Such conduct, ſuch experience in martial buſineſs. Johnson.

The old copies—
——*ſuch great leading* as you are.
By the advice of Mr. Ritſon I have omitted the words—*as you are,* which only ſerve to deſtroy the metre. Steevens.

[9] ——*half himſelf.*] Old copies—*half of himſelf.* Steevens.

Becauſe you are not of our quality,[1]
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed majeſty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs;[2] and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,—
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein misled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:[3]

[1] ——*of our* quality,] *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *fellowſhip* or *occupation*. So, in *The Tempeſt*: "Taſk Ariel and all his *quality*," i. e. all thoſe who were employed with Ariel in ſimilar ſervices or occupations; his fellows. Again, in *Hamlet*: "——give me a taſte of your *quality*." Malone.

[2] ——*of your* griefs;] That is, *grievances*. So, in *A Declaration of the Treaſons of the late Earle of Eſſex*, &c. 1601: "The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Eſſex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately." Malone.

[3] *My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,*
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:] The Percies were in the higheſt favour with King Henry the Fourth for ſome time after his acceſſion. Thomas Earl of Worceſter was ap-

And,—when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw ſneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And,—when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his livery,[4] and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.

pointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the cuſtody of Iſabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when ſhe was ſent back to France after that king's depoſition. Hotſpur, who accompanied him on that occaſion, in the preſence of the Ambaſſadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, proteſted "upon his ſoul" that ſhe was a virgin, "found and entire even as ſhe was delivered to King Richard, and if any would ſay to the contrary, he was ready to prove it againſt him by combat." *Speed*, p. 753. MALONE.

[4] *To ſue his livery,*] This is a law phraſe belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to ſue out the delivery or poſſeſſion of his lands from thoſe perſons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, ſeized their lands, till the heir *ſued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

Before the 32d year of *King Henry the Eighth*, wardſhips were uſually granted as court favours, to thoſe who made ſuit for, and had intereſt enough to obtain them. RITSON.

During the exiſtence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inqueſt of office, called *inquiſitio poſt mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died ſeized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in thoſe caſes where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was ſeized by its officers, and continued in its poſſeſſion, or that of the perſon to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *ſued out his livery*, or *ouſterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate theſe inquiries, which were greatly abuſed, many perſons being compelled to ſue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32, Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackſtone's *Comm.* II. 61. III. 258. MALONE.

Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and leſs[5] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,[6]
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently,—as greatneſs knows itſelf,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg;[7]
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

[5] *The* more *and leſs* —] i. e. the *greater* and the leſs. Steevens.

Steevens has given the words, *the more and leſs*, the only explanation they can bear; but I have little doubt that we ought to read—

They *more and leſs, came in* &c. M. Mason.

[6] *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. Malone.

[7] *Upon the naked ſhore* &c.] In this whole ſpeech he alludes again to ſome paſſages in *Richard the Second*. Johnson.

Hot. Then, to the point.——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that,[8] taſk'd the whole ſtate:[9]
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,[1]
There without ranſome to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety;[2] and, withal, to pry

[8] *And, in the* neck *of that,*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1566: "Great miſchiefes ſuccedyng *one in another's necke.*" HENDERSON.

[9] —— taſk'd *the whole ſtate*:] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be *tax'd* the whole ſtate. JOHNSON.

Taſk'd is here uſed for *taxed*; it was once common to employ theſe words indiſcriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines*, by Danett, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip, by the ſpace of many years levied neither ſubſidies nor *taſks*." Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "——like a greedy ſurveiour being ſent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and ſpoyled them of all their treaſure with unreaſonable *taſkes*."

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 422: "There was a new and ſtrange ſubſidie or *taſke* granted to be levied for the king's uſe." STEEVENS.

[1] —— incag'd *in Wales*,] The old copies have *engag'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

No change was neceſſary. *Engag'd* ſignifies *delivered as a hoſtage*; and is again uſed in that ſenſe. See p. 409, n. 8. DOUCE.

[2] *This head of ſafety*;] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the king?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again,
And in the morning early ſhall mine uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbiſhop's Houſe.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and a* Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Michael; bear this ſealed brief,[3]
With winged haſte, to the lord mareſhal;[4]
This to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.

Gent. My good lord,
I gueſs their tenor.

[3] ——*ſealed* brief,] A *brief* is ſimply a letter. Johnson.

[4] ——*to the* lord mareſhal;] Thomas Lord Mowbray. Malone.

Arch. Like enough, you do.[5]
To-morrow, good ſir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt 'bide the touch: For, ſir, at Shrewſbury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, ſir Michael,—
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
(Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion,)[6]
And what with Owen Glendower's abſence, thence,
(Who with them was a rated ſinew too,[7]
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas,
And Mortimer.[8]

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worceſter; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

[5] Gent. *My* good *lord,*
I gueſs their tenor.
Arch. *Like enough,* you do.] Read:
Gent. *My lord, I gueſs their tenor.*
Arch. *Like enough.* Ritson.

[6] —— *in the firſt proportion,*] Whoſe quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. Johnson.

[7] —— *rated ſinew too,*] A *rated ſinew* ſignifies a ſtrength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. Johnson.

[8] *And Mortimer.*] Old copies, redundantly:
And lord *Mortimer.* Stevens.

Arch. And ſo there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no leſs, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worſt, ſir Michael, ſpeed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,——
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
Therefore, make haſte. I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewell, ſir Michael.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.[9] SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.[1]

K. HEN. How bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill![2] the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. HEN. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes;[3]
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.

K. HEN. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis not well,

[9] *Act V.*] It ſeems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into Acts. The diviſion which was made by the players in the firſt folio, ſeems commodious enough; but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himſelf able to make a better. JOHNSON.

[1] In the old and modern editions the Earl of Weſtmoreland is made to enter here with the King; but, it appears from a paſſage in the next ſcene that he was left as a hoſtage in Hotſpur's camp, till Worceſter ſhould return from treating with Henry. See p. 408, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] —— buſky *hill!*] *Buſky* is woody. (*Boſquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *boſky*. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to his purpoſes*;] That is, to the ſun's, to that which the ſun portends by his unuſual appearance. JOHNSON.

That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our truſt;
And made us doff our eaſy robes[4] of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:[5]
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Hen. You have not ſought for it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.[6]

[4] ——doff *our eaſy robes*—] i. e. *do* them *off*, put them off. So, in *King John*:

"Thou wear a lion's hide! *doff* it for ſhame——."

Steevens.

[5] *To cruſh* our old limbs *in ungentle ſteel*:] Shakſpeare muſt have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four* years older than he was at the depoſition of King Richard. And indeed in the next play, he makes him expreſsly tell us, that it was then—

"——but *eight years* ſince
"Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard
"Gave him defiance."

But it is altogether fruitleſs to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology. Ritson.

[6] *Peace*, chewet, *peace*.] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noiſy chat-

Wor. It pleas'd your majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends.
For you, my ſtaff of office[7] did I break
In Richard's time; and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You ſwore to us,—
And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,——
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter:
To this we ſwore our aid. But, in ſhort ſpace,

tering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falſtaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jeſt. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, ſeem to have been fat greaſy puddings; and to theſe it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio ſpell the word as it now ſtands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Natural Hiſtory*: "As for *chuets*, which are likewiſe minced meat, inſtead of butter and fat, it were good to moiſten them partly with cream, or almond and piſtachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in *The Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery, compiled about A. D.* 1390, *by the Maſter Cook of King Richard II.* and publiſhed by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that theſe *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83, of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie reſembling *our chuet*.

STEEVENS.

See alſo Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "Frilingotti. A kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie." MALONE.

[7] ——*my ſtaff of office*—] See *Richard the Second*.

JOHNSON.

It rain'd down fortune ſhowering on your head;
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the abſent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;[8]
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us ſo
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,[9]
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight,
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for ſafety ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed[1] by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf;

[8] —— *the injuries of a* wanton *time*;] i. e. the injuries done by King Richard in the wantonneſs of proſperity. MUSGRAVE.

[9] *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe. JOHNSON.

Thus, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the tenth Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* ch. 9: "The Titling, therefore, that fitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge and bringeth up the chicke of another bird:—and this ſhe doth ſo long, untill the young *cuckow* being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is ſo bold as to ſeize upon the old Titling, and eat up her that hatched her." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *we ſtand oppoſed* &c.] We ſtand in oppoſition to you. JOHNSON.

By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,[2]
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour,[3] that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents,[4]
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time[5]
Of pellmell havock and confuſion.

[2] —— *articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. Book V:

" How to *articulate* with yielding wights."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" To end thoſe things *articulated* here."

Again, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

" Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not *articulate.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] *To face the garment of rebellion*
With ſome fine colour,] This is an alluſion to our ancient fantaſtick habits, which were uſually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

" His hoſen ſhall be freſhly garded
" Wyth *colours* two or thre." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *poor* diſcontents,] Poor *diſcontents* are *poor diſcontented people*, as we now ſay—*malcontents*. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

" What, play I well the free-breath'd *diſcontent?*"

MALONE.

[5] —— ſtarving *for a time*—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" And now again clean *ſtarved* for a look." MALONE.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This preſent enterprize ſet off[6] his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,[7]
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majeſty,——
I am content, that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation;
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it:—No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well;[8] even thoſe we love,

[6] ——*ſet off his head,*] i. e. taken from his account. Musgrave.

[7] *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*more valued young.* I think the preſent gingle has more of Shakſpeare. Johnson.

The ſame kind of gingle is in Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:
" —— young-wife, wife-valiant." Steevens.

[8] —— No, *good Worceſter,* no,
We love our people well;] As there appears to be no reaſon for introducing the negative into this ſentence, I ſhould ſuppoſe it an error of the preſs, and that we ought to read:
Know, *good Worceſter,* know, &c.
There is ſufficient reaſon to believe that many parts of theſe

That are misled upon your couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your couſin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their anſwer, will we ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt!

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me,[9] ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. Hen. Nothing but a coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

plays were dictated to the tranſcribers, and the words, *know* and *no*, are preciſely the ſame in ſound. M. MASON.

[9] —— *and beſtride me,*] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendſhip for his brother the Duke of Glouceſter. STEEVENS.

So again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"When I *beſtrid thee in the wars*, and took
"Deep ſcars, to ſave thy life." MALONE.

P. Hen. Why, thou oweſt God a death.

[*Exit.*[1]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere ſcutcheon,[2] and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

[1] *Exit.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton. Johnson.

[2] —— *Honour is a* mere ſcutcheon,] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only ſome honourable bearing in the ſhields of arms beſtowed upon deſervers. But Falſtaff having ſaid that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *ſcutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions; and by *mere ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

Warburton.

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion ſhall be all ſtuck full of eyes:[3]
For treaſon is but truſted like the fox;
Who, ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;

[3] Suſpicion *ſhall be all ſtuck full of eyes:*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. William Alabaſter. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to meaſure, it ſtood thus:

"Suſpicion, *all our lives*, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes."

All the old copies read—*ſuppoſition*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur,[4] govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter Hotspur *and* Douglas; *and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmoreland.[5]—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland.[6]

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.[7]

Doug. Marry, and ſhall, and very willingly.
[*Exit.*

[4] —— *an adopted name of privilege,—*
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur,] The name of *Hotſpur* will privilege him from cenſure. Johnson.

[5] ——— *Deliver up*
My lord of Weſtmoreland.] He was "impawned as a ſurety for the ſafe return" of Worceſter. See Act IV. ſc. iii.
Malone.

[6] Doug. *Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland.*] This line, as well as the next, (as has been obſerved by one of the modern editors,) properly belongs to Hotſpur, whoſe impatience would ſcarcely ſuffer any one to anticipate him on ſuch an occaſion.
Malone.

[7] *Lord* Douglas, *go you* &c.] *Douglas* is here uſed as a triſyllable. Malone.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Weſtmoreland, that was engag'd,[8] did bear it;
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales ſtepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhow'd his taſking?[9] ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,

[8] *And Weſtmoreland, that was* engag'd,] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hoſtage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worceſter, he orders Weſtmoreland to be diſmiſſed. Johnson.

[9] *How ſhow'd his* taſking?] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio, read—*talking*. Steevens.

I know not whether *tasking* is not here uſed for *taxing*; i. e. his ſatirical repreſentation. So, in *As you like it*:

" —— my *taxing*, like a wild gooſe, flies."

See p. 395, n. 9. *Tasking*, however, is ſufficiently intelligible in its more uſual acceptation. We yet ſay, " he took him to *task*." Malone.

Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:[1]
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf;[2]
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd[3] there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.

[1] *By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:*] This fooliſh line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonſenſe. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the firſt folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have ſeen. Why it ſhould be cenſured as nonſenſe I know not. To vilify praiſe, compared or *valued* with merit ſuperior to praiſe, is no harſh expreſſion. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no ſuch hyperboles as might repreſent him above praiſe; and there ſeems to be no reaſon why Vernon ſhould magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakſpeare forget the foregoing ſcene? or are ſome lines loſt from the Prince's ſpeech? JOHNSON.

I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion. Our author in repeating letters and ſpeeches of former ſcenes in his plays, ſeldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in theſe caſes he always truſted to memory. MALONE.

[2] *He made a bluſhing* cital *of himſelf:*] Mr. Pope obſerves, that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital.* The verb is uſed in that ſenſe in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" ——for we *cite* our faults,
" That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives."

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii:

" Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
" Which you have *cited*," &c. COLLINS

[3] —— *he* maſter'd —] i. e. was maſter of. STEEVENS.

Where did he pauſe: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear[4]
Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty:[5]—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.——
Arm, arm, with ſpeed:——And, fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

[4] Upon *his follies; never did I hear*—] The old copies—*on* his follies. Mr. Pope introduced the ſyllable neceſſary to metre, Mr. Malone, however, tells us, that—*hear* is uſed, in this inſtance, as a diſſyllable, and conſequently, I ſuppoſe, would read the line as follows:

On his | follies; | never | did I | he-ar. STEEVENS.

[5] *Of any prince, ſo wild, at* liberty:] Of any prince that played ſuch pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*ſo wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*ſo wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Tie up the libertine* in a field of feaſts."

The oldeſt reading, however, may be the true one; for in *The Comedy of Errors* the ſame phraſeology occurs again:

"——prating mountebanks,
"And many ſuch like *liberties* of ſin." STEEVENS.

Our author uſes the expreſſion in the text again, in *King Richard III*:

"My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.
"And ſo doth mine. I muſe, why ſhe's *at liberty*."
MALONE.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conſcience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his beſt: and here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Eſperance![6]—Percy!—and ſet on.—
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,

[6] *Now,*—Eſperance!] This was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. Pope.

Eſperance, or *Eſperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Eſperance en Dieu* is the preſent motto of the Duke of Northumberland, and has been long uſed by his predeceſſors. Sometimes it was expreſſed *Eſperance ma Comforte*, which is ſtill legible at Alnwick caſtle over the great gate.

Percy.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinſhed. He ſeems to have uſed *Eſperance* as a word of four ſyllables. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"And *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſé*, write." Malone.

And by that muſick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth,[7] ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*The Trumpets ſound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewſbury.

Excurſions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle[8] thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for, inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

In French metre, the *e* final always makes a ſyllable, though it does not in proſe. M. MASON.

[7] *For, heaven to earth,*] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

[8] —— *in* the *battle*—] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the ſake of the meaſure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;[9]
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* Blunt *is ſlain.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triúmph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furniſh'd like the king himſelf.[1]

[9] *I was not born* a yielder, *thou* proud *Scot*;] The folio reads, I think, better:

I was not born to yield, *thou* haughty *Scot.* Ritson.

[1] Semblably *furniſh'd* &c.] i. e. in reſemblance, alike. This word occurs in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"So, *femblably* doth he with terror ſtrike."

Again, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609:

"*Semblably* priſoner to your general."

The ſame circumſtance is alſo recorded in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The next, ſir Walter Blunt, he with three others ſlew,
"*All armed like the king*, which he dead ſure accounted;
"But after, when he ſaw the king himſelf remounted,
"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have ſlain,
"And ſwore out of the earth he thought they ſprang again." Steevens.

Doug. A fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes![2]
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London,[3] I fear the ſhot here; here's no ſcoring, but

[2] A *fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!*] The old copies read: Ah, *fool, go with thy ſoul,* &c. but this appears to be nonſenſe. I have ventured to omit a ſingle letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following paſſage in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With one fool's head I came to woo,
"But I go away with two."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has but partially eradicated the nonſenſe of this paſſage. Read:

A fool go with thy ſoul, where-e'er *it goes.* RITSON.

Whither, I believe, means—*to whatever place.* So, p. 268:

"——But hark you, Kate;
"*Whither* I go, thither ſhall you go too." STEEVENS.

[3] ——ſhot-free *at London,*] A play upon *ſhot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a miſſive weapon diſcharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—the beſt *ſhot* to be diſcharged is the tavern bill; the beſt alarum is the ſound of healths."

upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity![4] —I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty[5] left alive; and they

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Then after your drinking, how fal! ye to winking?

"Sir, after drinking, while the *ſhot* is tinking."

Again, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

"And it is yll commynge, I have heard ſay,

"To the end of a *ſhot*, and beginnyng of a fray."

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays:

"O here's *no foppery!*

"'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better."

Meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *foppery* was exceſſive. And ſo in many other places. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well ſupported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the ſame ironical kind of expreſſion occurs in *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Here's *no villainy!*

"I am glad I came to the hearing."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"Here was *no ſubtle device* to get a wench!"

Again, in the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"Here's *no fine villainy!* no damned brother!"

Again, in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: "Here's *no* knavery!" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *there's* but *three of my hundred and fifty*—] All the old copies have—*There's* not *three* &c. They are evidently erroneous. The ſame miſtake has already happened in this play, where it has been rightly corrected. See p. 387, n. 2. So again, in *Coriolanus*, 1623:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire?

"1 *Cit.* How, *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hooſs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy ſword.[6]

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms,[7] as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.[8] Lend me thy ſword, I pr'ythee.

[6] ——*Pr'ythee, lend thy ſword.*] Old copies, redundantly, ——*Pr'ythee, lend* me *thy ſword.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——Turk Gregory *never did ſuch deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of inveſtiture of biſhops, which his predeceſſors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his Hiſtory, hath made Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

On the ſubject of Hildebrand's exploits an ancient tragedy was written, though the title of it only has reached us. Hence, perhaps, our author's acquaintance with *Turk Gregory.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I have paid Percy, I have made him* ſure.
P. Hen. *He is, indeed; and* &c.] The Prince's anſwer, which is apparently connected with Falſtaff's laſt words, does not cohere ſo well as if the knight had ſaid—

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will ſack a city.[9]

[*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of ſack.*[1]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.[2] If

I have made him ſure; Percy's ſafe enough.
Perhaps a word or two like theſe may be loſt. Johnson.

Sure has two ſignifications; *certainly diſpoſed of*, and *ſafe*. Falſtaff uſes it in the *former* ſenſe, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*. Steevens.

[9] ——ſack *a city.*] A quibble on the word *ſack*. Johnson.

The ſame quibble may be found in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—it may juſtly ſeem to have taken the name of *ſack* from the *ſacking* of cities." Steevens.

[1] ——*a bottle of ſack.*] The ſame comic circumſtance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakſpeare,) bl. l. no date:

"*Glotony.* We ſhall have a warfare it ys told me.
"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?
"*Glotony.* Mary, here may ye ſe,
"Here ys harnes inow.
"*Wrath.* Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys?
"*Glotony.* What the devyll harnes ſhould I mys,
"Without it be a *bottell*?
"Another *bottell* I wyll go purvey,
"Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way,
"Or happely none to ſell." Steevens.

[2] ——*if Percy be alive, I'll* pierce *him.*] Certainly, *he'll pierce him*, i. e. Prince Henry will, who is juſt gone out to ſeek him. Beſides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the ſpeech. Warburton.

he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.[3] I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

I rather take the conceit to be this: To *pierce* a veſſel is to *tap* it. Falſtaff takes up his bottle, which the Prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries: *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame quibble in his *New Inn*, Act III:

"Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogſhead."

I believe Falſtaff makes this boaſt that the Prince may hear it; and continues the reſt of the ſpeech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakſpeare has the ſame play on words in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. VII. p. 94, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the ſerious etymology of the Scottiſh hiſtorian: "*Piercy a penetrando* oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius." *Skinner.*

HOLT WHITE.

[3] ——*a* carbonado *of me.*] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſs-wiſe for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spaniſh Gypſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

"*Carbonado* thou the old rogue my father,——
"While you ſlice into collops the ruſty gammon his man."

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the King, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt too much :[4]—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.[5]

K. Hen. I will do ſo :—
My lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this;
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in maſſacres!

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, couſin Weſtmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's ſake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

[4] ——*thou bleed'ſt too much :*] Hiſtory ſays, the Prince was wounded in the face by an arrow. STEEVENS.

[5] ——amaze *your friends.*] i. e. throw them into *conſternation.* STEEVENS.

P. Hen. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. Hen. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.[6]

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king?

K. Hen. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyſelf, about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:

[6] *I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,*
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for &c.] So, Holinſhed, p. 759: "—the earle of Richmond withſtood his violence, and *kept him at the ſword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companions either thought or judged.*"
Steevens.

But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight*; *the* King *being in danger, enter* *Prince* HENRY.

P. HEN. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits
Of Shirley,[7] Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.[8]—
[*They fight*; DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton ſtraight.

K. HEN. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion;[9]
And ſhow'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. HEN. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.

[7] *Of Shirley,* &c.] The old copies, redundantly, *Of* valiant *Shirley,* &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Who never promiſeth, but* he *means to pay.*] We ſhould certainly read:

Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.

which agrees with what the Prince ſays in the firſt Act:

"And pay the debts I never promiſed." M. MASON.

[9] *Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt* opinion;] i. e. thy loſt *reputation*; for in that ſenſe the word was then uſed. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret:*

"What *opinion* will the managing
"Of this affair bring to my wiſdom! my invention
"Tickles with approbation on't!"

Again, in *The Gameſter,* by Shirley, 1637:

"Patience! I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour againſt odds." REED.

If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your ſon.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to ſir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit King* Henry.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Well ſaid, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

HOT. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth,[1]
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:——
But thought's the ſlave of life,[2] and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop.[3] O, I could prophecy,

[1] *O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:*] Shakſpeare has choſen to make Hotſpur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinſhed ſays, "The king ſlew that day with his own hand ſix and thirty perſons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and ſlew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotſpur." Speed ſays Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

[2] But *thought's the ſlave of life,*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"*Purpoſe* is but the *ſlave to memory.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,——
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time,——
Muſt have a ſtop.] Hotſpur in his laſt moments endeavours to conſole himſelf. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, muſt ceaſe with it, and will ſoon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itſelf of no great value, being the *fool* and ſport of *time*; of

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk![4]
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound;
But now, two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough:[5]—This earth, that bears thee dead,[6]
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo dear a ſhow[7] of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;[8]

time, which with all its dominion over ſublunary things, *muſt* itſelf at laſt be ſtopped. Johnson.

Hotſpur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient farces, or the repreſentations commonly called *Death's Dance*, &c. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Love's Labour's Loſt*. Steevens.

The ſame expreſſion is to be found in our author's 106th Sonnet:

"Love's not *Time's fool*." Malone.

[4] *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which ſhrinks when it is ill-weaved, when its texture is looſe. Johnson.

[5] *A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound*; &c.]

"Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;
"Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit." *Ovid.* Johnson.

[6] —— *that bears* thee *dead*,] The moſt authentick copy, the quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—*the* dead. The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right. Malone.

[7] ——*ſo* dear *a ſhow*—] Thus the firſt and beſt quarto. All the ſubſequent copies have—ſo *great* &c. Malone.

[8] *But let my* favours *hide thy mangled face*;] We ſhould

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy [9] ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He ſees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer [1] to-day,
Though many dearer,[2] in this bloody fray:—

read—*favour*, face, or countenance. He is ſtooping down here to kiſs Hotſpur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a ſcarf, to hide the ghaſtlineſs of death. JOHNSON.

See p. 349, n. 9. MALONE.

[9] ——*ignomy*—] So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii:

"Hence broker lacquey! *ignomy* and ſhame," &c.

REED.

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"With ſcandalous *ignomy* and ſlanderous ſpeeches."

See Vol. VI. p. 281, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] ——*ſo* fat *a deer*—] There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falſtaff. I wiſh all play on words had been forborn.

JOHNSON.

I find the ſame quibble in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Life is as *dear* in *deer*, as 'tis in men."

Again, in *A Maidenhead well loſt*, 1632, a comedy, by Heywood:

"There's no *deer* ſo *dear* to him, but he will kill it."

STEEVENS.

Fat is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1598, the moſt authentick impreſſion of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*. MALONE.

Embowell'd will I ſee thee by and by:
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

FAL. [*Riſing ſlowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,[3] and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him ſure: yea, and I'll ſwear I killed him. Why may not he riſe, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

P. HEN. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword.

So *fat* a deer, ſeems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in *The Terms of the Ages of all Beaſts of Venerie and Chaſe*, obſerves: "—You ſhall ſay by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unleſs it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke." TOLLET.

[2] ——*many dearer,*] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*to* powder *me,*] To *powder* is to ſalt. JOHNSON.

P. John. But, ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
Upon the ground.[4]——
Art thou alive? or is it phantaſy
That plays upon our eyeſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:[5] but if I be not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look to be either earl or duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh:[6] if the man were alive,

[4] Upon *the ground.*] Old copies—
On *the ground.*—— Steevens.

[5] ——*a double man:*] That is, I am not Falſtaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I ſeem double. Johnson.

Dryden has adopted this phraſe in his *Indian Emperor:*
"I kill'd *a double man*; the one half lay
"Upon the ground, the other ran away." Steevens.

[6] ——*I gave him this wound in the thigh:*] The very learned Lord Lyttelton obſerves, that Shakſpeare has applied an

and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

P. John. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.——

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A Retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* Henry *and Prince* John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*

action to Falſtaff, which William of Malmſbury tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Lyttelton ſuppoſed Shakſpeare to have read this old Monk. The ſtory is told likewiſe by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Weſtminſter; and by many of the Engliſh Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c.

Farmer.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *priſoners.*

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.[7]—
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter! did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a chriſtian, thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he ſaw

[7] *Thus ever did* rebellion *find* rebuke.] Thomas Churchyard, in a catalogue of his own printed works, prefixed to his *Challenge*, 1593, informs us, that he had publiſhed "a booke called *A Rebuke to Rebellion* [dedicated] to the good old Earle of Bedford." STEEVENS.

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomeleſs, and free:
His valour, ſhown upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us[8] how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries.[9]

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmoreland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,

[8] *Hath* taught *us*—] This reading, which ſerves to exclude an inelegant repetition, (and might have been derived from the quarto 1598, corrected by our author,) is refuſed by Mr. Malone. See the ſubſequent note: and yet, are we authorized to reject the fitteſt word, merely becauſe it is not found in the earlieſt copy? In a note on p. 425, Mr. Malone accepts a reading from a late quarto, which he acknowledges to be of no value. Steevens.

Hath ſhown *us*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. In that of 1599, *ſhown* was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which conſequently is the reading of the folio. The repetition is much in our author's manner. Malone.

[9] Here Mr. Pope inſerts the following ſpeech from the quartos:

"*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courteſy,
"Which I ſhall give away immediately."

But Dr. Johnſon judiciouſly ſuppoſes it to have been rejected by Shakſpeare himſelf. Steevens.

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms:
Myſelf,—and you, ſon Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſs ſo fair is done,[1]
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *And ſince this* buſineſs *ſo* fair *is done,*] *Fair* for *fairly*. Either that word is here uſed as a diſſyllable, or *buſineſs* as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Buſineſs is undoubtedly the word employed as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

The following Obſervations arrived too late to be inſerted in their proper place, and are therefore referred to the concluſion of Mr. Malone's note, p. 198.

Neither evidence nor argument has in my opinion been yet produced, ſufficient to controvert the received opinion, that the character of *Falſtaff* was originally repreſented under the name of *Oldcaſtle*. The contradiction of the original name *Old*, left ſtanding in the firſt edition, as the prolocutor of one of Falſtaff's ſpeeches, this addreſs of "*Old* lad of the *caſtle*," the *Epilogue to King Henry V.* plainly underſtood, the tradition mentioned by Mr Rowe, and the united teſtimony of contemporary or ſucceeding writers, not to inſiſt on the opinions of the moſt eminent criticks and commentators, ſeem irrefragable. It has been obſerved, that "if the verſes be examined in which the name of *Falſtaff* occurs, it will be found that *Oldcaſtle* could not have ſtood in thoſe places;" and that "thoſe only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's hiſtory and works, can ſuppoſe him to have undergone the labour of new-writing each verſe." Theſe verſes, I believe, are in number *ſeven*; and why he, who wrote between thirty and forty plays with eaſe, cannot be reaſonably ſuppoſed to have ſubmitted to the drudgery of new-writing *ſeven lines*, to introduce an alteration commanded by his ſovereign,

is to me utterly incomprehenſible. But what need after all, of new-writing? There was but a ſingle ſyllable, in difference between the two names, to be ſupplied; which might ſurely be effected, in ſome places at leaſt, without an entirely new line. The verſes in queſtion are, at preſent, as follows:

1. "Away, good Ned. *Falſtaff* ſweats to death;"
2. "And aſking every one for ſir John *Falſtaff*;"
3. "Give me my ſword and cloak; *Falſtaff* good night;"
4. "Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?"
5. "Fare you well, *Falſtaff*, I, in my condition:"
6. "Well, you muſt now ſpeak ſir John *Falſtaff* fair;"
7. "Go, carry ſir John *Falſtaff* to the Fleet;"

And may be ſuppoſed to have ſtood originally thus:

1. "Away, good Ned. *Oldcaſtle* ſweats to death;"
2. "And aſking every one for ſir John *Oldcaſtle*;"
3. "Give me my ſword and cloak; good night, *Oldcaſtle*;"
4. "Now, *Oldcaſtle*, where've you been all this while?" or,
   "*Oldcaſtle*, where have you been all this while?"
5. "Fare you well, *Oldcaſtle*, I, in my condition;"
6. "You muſt now ſpeak ſir John *Oldcaſtle* fair;"
7. "Go, carry ſir John *Oldcaſtle* to th' Fleet;" or,
   "Carry ſir John *Oldcaſtle* to the Fleet."

Now, it is remarkable, that, of theſe ſeven lines, the *firſt* actually requires the name of *Oldcaſtle* to perfect the metre, which is at preſent a foot deficient, and conſequently affords a proof that it was originally written to ſuit that name and no other; the *ſecond* and *fifth* do not require the alteration of a ſingle letter; the *third* but a ſlight tranſpoſition; and the *fourth*, *ſixth*, and *ſeventh*, the addition at moſt of a ſingle ſyllable. So that all this mighty labour, which no one acquainted with our author's hiſtory and works can ſuppoſe him to have undergone, conſiſted in the ſubſtitution of *Falſtaff* for *Oldcaſtle*, the tranſpoſition of *two words*, and the addition of *three ſyllables!* a prodigious and inſurmountable fatigue to be ſure! which might have taken no leſs ſpace than two long minutes; and which, after all, he might probably and ſafely commit to the players.

However the character of Sir John Oldcaſtle, in the original play, might be performed, he does not, from any paſſage now in it, appear to have been either *a pamper'd glutton* or *a coward*; and therefore it is a fair inference that all thoſe extracts from early writers, in which *Oldcaſtle* is thus deſcribed, refer to our author's character ſo called, and not to the old play. If it be true that Queen Elizabeth, on ſeeing both or either of theſe plays of *Henry IV.* commanded Shakſpeare to produce his fat knight in a different ſituation, ſhe might at the ſame time, out of reſpect

to the memory of Lord Cobham, have ſignified a deſire that he would change his name; which, being already acquainted with another cowardly knight of the ſame chriſtian name, one *Sir John Falſtaffe*, in the old play of *Henry VI.* (for both Hall and Holinſhed call him rightly *Faſtolfe*,) he was able to do without having the trouble to invent or hunt after a new one; not perceiving or regarding the confuſion which the transfer would naturally make between the two characters. However this may have been, there is every reaſon to believe that when theſe two plays came out of our author's hands, the name of *Oldcaſtle* ſupplied the place of *Falſtaff*. He continued *Ned* and *Gadshill*, and why ſhould he abandon *Oldcaſtle?* a name and character to which the public was already familiariſed, and whom an audience would indiſputably be much more glad to ſee along with his old companions than a ſtranger; if indeed our author himſelf did not at the time he was writing theſe dramas, take the *Sir John Oldcaſtle* of the original play to be a real hiſtorical perſonage, as neceſſarily connected with his ſtory as *Hal* or *Hotſpur*.

RITSON.

Mr. TOLLEY'S *Opinion concerning the* MORRIS DANCERS *upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is repreſented upon my window of painted glaſs, is a very ancient cuſtom, that has been obſerved by noble and royal perſonages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court, both moſt and leſt, to fetche the flouris freſh, and braunch, and blome." Hiſtorians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "roſe on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows ſhooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every pariſh there, or two or three pariſhes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverſe warlike ſhews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for paſtime all the day long." Shakſpeare* ſays it was "impoſſible to make the

* *King Henry VIII.* Act V. ſc. iii. and *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act IV, ſc. i.

people ſleep on May morning; and that they roſe early to obſerve the rite of May." The court of King James the Firſt, and the populace, long preſerved the obſervance of the day, as Spelman's *Gloſſary* remarks, under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the inſtitution of this feſtivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic anceſtors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, Lib. XV. c. viii. ſays "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a cuſtom to welcome the returning ſplendor of the ſun with dancing, and mutually to feaſt each other, rejoicing that a better ſeaſon for fiſhing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and ſouthern Swedes had a mock battle between ſummer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Iſle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time maſters. It appears from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks choſe a ſummer king and queen for ſport to dance about Maypoles. There can be no doubt but their majeſties had proper attendants, or ſuch as would beſt divert the ſpectators; and we may preſume, that ſome of the characters varied, as faſhions and cuſtoms altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition ſeems to have been made to the diverſion by the introduction of the Morris or Mooriſh dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, with great probability conjectures, was firſt brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to aſſiſt Peter, King of Caſtile, againſt Henry the Baſtard. "This dance," ſays Mr. Peck, "was uſually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their ſhirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd perſon beſides, being a boy* dreſſed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the ſport."—"Thus," as he obſerves in the words of Shakſpeare,† "they made more matter for a May morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-Tueſday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonſon and Drayton, to call ſome of the repreſentations on my window Morris Dancers,

* It is evident from ſeveral authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unſullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth-Night*, Act III. ſc. iv. *All's well that ends well*, Act II. ſc. ii.

though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Mooriſh perſonage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandiſh ſwords or ſtaves in their hands,* nor are they in their ſhirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with braſs bells about their knees, and ſuch we have upon ſeveral of theſe figures, who may perhaps be the original Engliſh performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diverſion of our anceſtors in all its principal parts. I ſhall endeavour to explain ſome of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the deſcription with the front rank, in which ſhe is ſtationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1. may be deſigned for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the ſlabbering bib, as Bavon, in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, means a bib for a ſlabbering child; and this figure has ſuch a bib, and a childiſh ſimplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that ſeveral of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occaſionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aſide the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, hornpipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to deſcribe the colours of the dreſſes, but the taſk is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hoſe red, and his ſhoes black.

Figure 2. is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of ſummer. The flower ſeems deſigned for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like miſtake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raiſing of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the ſuppoſition of the like practice† here will

* In the Moriſco the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward, ſays Dr. Johnſon's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. ix. The Goths did the ſame in their military dance, ſays *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XV. ch. xxiii. Haydocke's tranſlation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, B. II. p. 54, ſays: "There are other actions of dancing uſed, as of thoſe who are repreſented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering ſkilfully, *ſhaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting," &c. "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

† Markham's tranſlation of Hereſbatch's *Huſbandry*, 1631, obſerves,

account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the ſeaſon of its natural production in this climate. Her veſture was once faſhionable in the higheſt degree. It was anciently the cuſtom for maiden ladies to wear their hair* diſhevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all ſplendid ſolemnities. Margaret, the eldeſt daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, King of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This ſingle example ſufficiently explains the dreſs of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her ſurcoat blue, her cuffs white, the ſkirts of her robe yellow, the ſleeves of a carnation colour, and her ſtomacher red with a yellow lace in croſs bars. In Shakſpeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinſhed ſays, "her hair hanged down," but on her head ſhe had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich ſtones.

Figure 3. is a friar in the full clerical tonſure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expreſſive of his profeſſed humility, his eyes are caſt upon the ground. His corded girdle, and his ruſſet habit, denote him to be of the Franciſcan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a ruſſet or a brown ruſſet, as Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 789, obſerves. The mixture of colours in his habit may be reſembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the riſing ſun, and ſtreaked with black; and ſuch perhaps was Shakſpeare's Aurora, or "the morn in ruſſet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. i. The friar's ſtockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twiſt, and with a golden taſſel.† At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of proviſion, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was cuſtomary‡ in former times for the

"that gilliflowers, ſet in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmneſs of the place."

* Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 210, 293, Vol. V. p. 332, and Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 891, 931; and ſee Capilli in Spelman's *Glossary*.

† Splendid girdles appear to have been a great article of monaſtick finery. Wykeham, in his *Viſitatio Notabilis*, prohibits the Canons of Selborne any longer wearing ſilken girdles ornamented with gold or ſilver: "Zoniſve ſericis auri vel argenti ornatum habentibus." See *Natural History, and Antiquities of Selborne*, p. 371, *and Appendix*, p. 459. HOLT WHITE.

‡ See Maii inductio in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*. When the pariſh prieſts were inhibited by the dioceſan to aſſiſt in the May games, the Franciſcans might give attendance, as being exempted from epiſcopal juriſdiction.

prieſt and people in proceſſion to go to ſome adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a ſort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and ſuch like tokens of the ſpring; and as the grey friars were held in very great eſteem, perhaps on this occaſion their attendance was frequently requeſted. Moſt of Shakſpeare's friars are Franciſcans. Mr. Steevens ingeniouſly ſuggeſts, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved miſtreſs, and as ſhe was the queen of May, the Morris friar was deſigned for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is ſtyled in Sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Univerſal Kirk*, in the year 1576.

Figure 4. has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-uſher. Mr. Steevens conſiders him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a cuſtom for betrothed perſons to wear ſome mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the croſs-ſhaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their eſpouſals or contract. Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, ſpecifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilli-flowers, carnations, and ſops in wine. I ſuppoſe the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a ſtock-gilliflower, or the Heſperis, dame's violet, or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be deſigned for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botaniſt apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure reſemble Abſolon, the pariſh clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, ſuch as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hoſe, and Paul's windows corvin on his ſhoes, that is, his ſhoes pinked and cut into holes, like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow ſcrip or pouch, in which he might, as treaſurer to the company, put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier muſt, by the rules of his order, carry no money about him. If this figure ſhould not be allowed to be a pariſh clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or ſome juggler attendant upon the maſter of the hobby-horſe, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's *French Dictionary*, ſignifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red ſtomacher has a yellow lace, and his ſhoes are yellow. Ben Jonſon mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a ſhort kirtle, and ſuch ſeems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5. is the famous hobby-horſe, who was often forgotten or diſuſed in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the

friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben Jonſon's maſque of *The Metamorphoſed Gypſies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe.** Our hobby is a ſpirited horſe of paſteboard, in which the maſter dances,† and diſplays tricks of legerdemain, ſuch as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the noſe, &c. as Ben Jonſon, edit. 1756, Vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the ſwords in the man's cheeks. What is ſtuck in the horſe's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its uſe was to receive the ſpectators' pecuniary donations. The crimſon foot-cloth fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden taſſel, and ſtudded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the ſimplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jeſters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only ſent for ſuch actors upon great feſtivals, but out of complaiſance to the people was obliged to aſſiſt at their plays, though he was averſe to publick ſhews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horſe is a reddiſh white, like the beautiful bloſſom of the peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right ſide of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured‡ jacket, and hoſe in the like

* Vol. VI. p. 93, of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"*Clo.* They ſhould be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horſe.

"*Clo.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongſt them, which is the ſurer mark."

Vol. V. p. 211:

"But ſee, the hobby-horſe is forgot,
"Fool, it muſt be your lot
"To ſupply his want with faces,
"And ſome other buffoon graces."

† Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horſe and ſix others.

‡ Holinſhed, 1586. Vol. III. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonſon, Vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, Book V. p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

manner, were occaſionally faſhionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonſon's, who, in Epigram 73, ſpeaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in ſolemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6. ſeems to be a clown, peaſant, or yeoman, by his brown viſage, notted hair, and robuſt limbs.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him on the file, or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his ſleeves yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with red, the upper part of his hoſe is like the ſleeves, and the lower part is a coarſe deep purple, his ſhoes red.

Figure 7. by the ſuperior neatneſs of his dreſs, may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered ſleeves, and his yellow ſtomacher is laced with red. His hoſe red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with a whitiſh brown, and ſpotted brown. His cod-piece is yellow, and ſo are his ſhoes.

Figure 8. the May-pole, is painted yellow and black in ſpiral lines. Spelman's *Gloſſary* mentions the cuſtom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakſpeare, in the play of *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. ſpeaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are diſplayed St. George's red croſs, or the banner of England, and a white pennon or ſtreamer emblazoned with a red croſs terminating like the blade of a ſword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inſpection of the window, that the upright line of the croſs, which is diſunited in the engraving, ſhould be continuous.† Keyſler, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that

* So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus deſcribed: "A nott hede had he, with a brown viſage."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "——your *not-headed* country gentleman."

† St. James was the apoſtle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the moſt honourable there; and the enſign that they wore, was white, charged with a red croſs in the form of a ſword. The pennon or ſtreamer upon the May-pole ſeems to contain ſuch a croſs. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the enſign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumſtance we may infer that the glaſs was painted during the marriage of King Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the enſign of the knights of St. James, ſee Aſhmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *History of Spain*.

the French uſed to erect them appears alſo from Mezeray's Hiſtory of their King Henry IV. and from a paſſage in Stowe's *Chronicle*, in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly ſome of the characters in them, became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament * in April, 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the conſtables and church-wardens, &c. After the Reſtoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we ſtill on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was eſpecially honoured on the ſame feſtival by our Gothic anceſtors.

To prove figure 9. to be Tom the Piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted theſe lines from Drayton's 3d Eclogue:

" Myſelf above Tom Piper to advance,
" Who ſo beſtirs him in the Morris dance
" For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-ſtick, and pipe, atteſt his profeſſion; the feather in his cap, his ſword, and ſilver-tinctured ſhield, may denote him to be a ſquire minſtrel, or a minſtrel of the ſuperior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, ſays: " Minſtrels uſed a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the ſleeves blue, turned up with yellow, ſomething like red muffettees at his wriſts, over his doublet is a red garment, like a ſhort cloak with arm-holes, and with a yellow cape, his hoſe red, and garniſhed acroſs and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming ſeems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of Butler's *Hudibras*; and ſomething almoſt ſimilar occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. ii. where the poet mentions, " Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe." His ſhoes are brown.

Figures 10. and 11. have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Moriſco. The bonnet of figure 10. is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red ſleeves down the arms, his ſtomacher white with a red lace, his hoſe yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with blue, and ſpotted blue, the under part of his hoſe blue, his ſhoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loſs to name the pennant-like ſlips waving from his ſhoulders, but I will venture to call them ſide-

* This ſhould have been called the *Long* Parliament. The *Rump* Parliament was in Oliver's time. REED.

ſleeves or long ſleeves, ſlit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions ſide-ſleeves of pennyleſs grooms, which ſwept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the uſe or faſhion of two pair of ſleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is aſked, in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What uſe is there of any other than arming ſleeves, which anſwer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. a lady's gown is deſcribed with down-ſleeves, and ſide-ſleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with ſleeves down the arms, and with another pair of ſleeves, ſlit open before from the ſhoulder to the bottom or almoſt to the bottom, and by this means unſuſtained by the arms and hanging down by her ſides to the ground or as low as her gown. If ſuch ſleeves were ſlit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinſhed ſays: "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered ſleeves;" and I conſider the bipartite or tripartite ſleeves of figures 10. and 11. as only a ſmall variation of that faſhion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged ſleeves of figures 10. and 11. are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Pilgrim*:

"——That fairy rogue that haunted me
"He has ſleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from theſe perhaps the fluttering ſtreamers of the preſent Morris dancers in Suſſex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be "without hanging ſleeves, waving looſe, like ſails."

Figure 11. has upon his head a ſilver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he perſonates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be repreſented upon my window. He has a poſt of honour, or, "a ſtation in the valued file,"* which here ſeems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the maſter of the hobby-horſe, denotes pre-eminence of rank over figure 11. not only by the greater value of the metal,† but by the

* The right hand file is the firſt in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to Count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts wore ſilvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raiſed Points of Coronets*.

ſuperior number of points raiſed upon it. The ſhoes are blackiſh, the hoſe red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow ſide-ſleeves, and red arming ſleeves, or down-ſleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dreſſes and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular obſervation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal deſcription.

Figure 12. is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houſes, to make ſport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with aſſes ears on his head. The top of the hood riſes into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's comb*, obſerves, that "natural idiots and fools have [accuſtomed] and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and a head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c. His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its ſcalloped bottom, his doublet is red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left ſide hoſe yellow, with a red ſhoe, and his right ſide hoſe blue, ſoled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth-ſtockings ſoled with white leather called "caſhambles," that is, "Chauſſes ſemelles de cuir," as Mr. Anſtis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, obſerves. The fool's bauble and the carved head with aſſes ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jeſter, with ſeveral bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with aſſes ears, a feather, and the reſemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jeſters ſeem to have been formerly much careſſed by the northern nations, eſpecially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean ſuch a perſon.

A gentleman of the higheſt claſs in hiſtorical literature, apprehends, that the repreſentation upon my window is that of a Morris dance proceſſion about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the perſonages in it rank in the bouſtrophedon form. By this arrangement (ſays he) the piece ſeems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following mannner: Figure 12. is the well known fool. Figure 11. is a Moriſco, and Figure 10. a Spaniard, perſons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard ob-

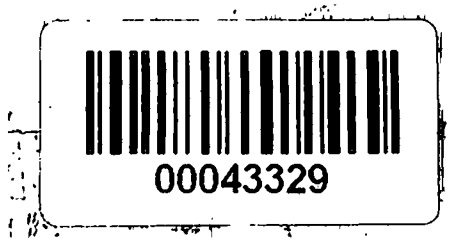
viouſly forms a ſort of middle term betwixt the Mooriſh and the Engliſh characters, having the great fantaſtical ſleeve of the one, and the laced ſtomacher of the other. Figure 9. is Tom the Piper. Figure 8. the May-pole. Then follow the Engliſh characters, repreſenting as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life. Figure 7. is the franklin, or private gentleman. Figure 6. is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5. the man within the hobby-horſe, to be perhaps a Mooriſh king, and from many circumſtances of ſuperior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greateſt perſonage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended conſort of our Engliſh Maid Marian. Figure 4. is a nobleman. Figure 3. the friar, the repreſentative of all the clergy. Figure 2. is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1. the leſſer fool, cloſes the rear.

My deſcription commences where this concludes, or I have reverſed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not aſſert that ſuch a diſpoſition was deſignedly obſerved by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glaſs there is no memorial or traditional account tranſmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the houſe. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, publiſhed by King James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the ſetting up of May-poles; and, as Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *The Metamorphoſed Gypſies*, intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horſe, were ſometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glaſs might be ſtained about that time; but my preſent objections to this are the following ones. It ſeems from the prologue to the play of *King Henry VIII.* that Shakſpeare's fools ſhould be dreſſed "in a long motley coat guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not ſo habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakſpeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon aſſert, and they ſeem juſtified in doing ſo from King Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of ſpelling the inſcrolled inſcription upon the May-pole, upon which is diſplayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red croſs and St. Andrew's white croſs joined together, which was ordered by King James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the

MORRIS-DANCERS.

From an Ancient Window in the House of GEORGE TOLLETT Esq.r at BETLEY in STAFFORDSHIRE.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